Oct. 21, 1950
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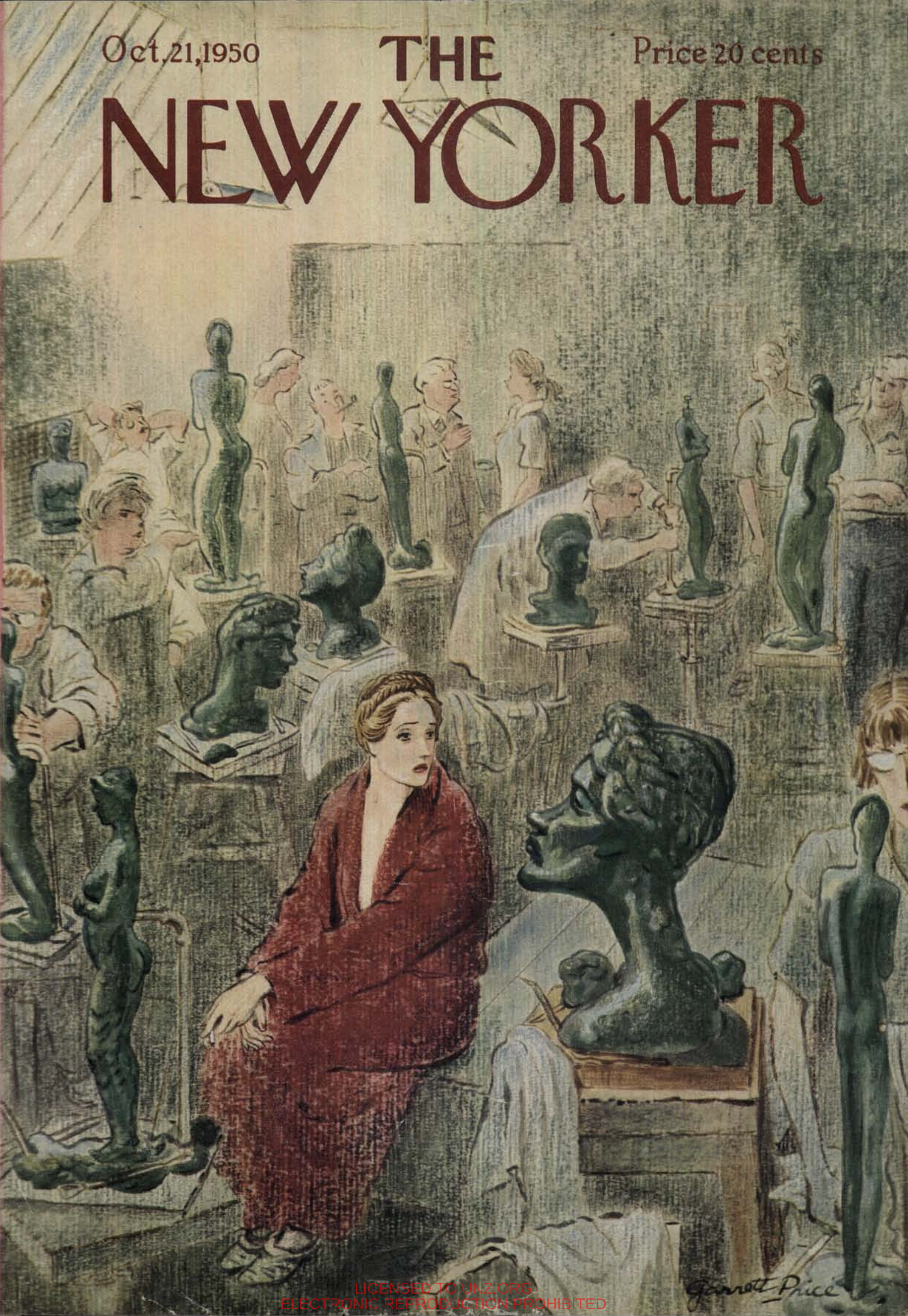
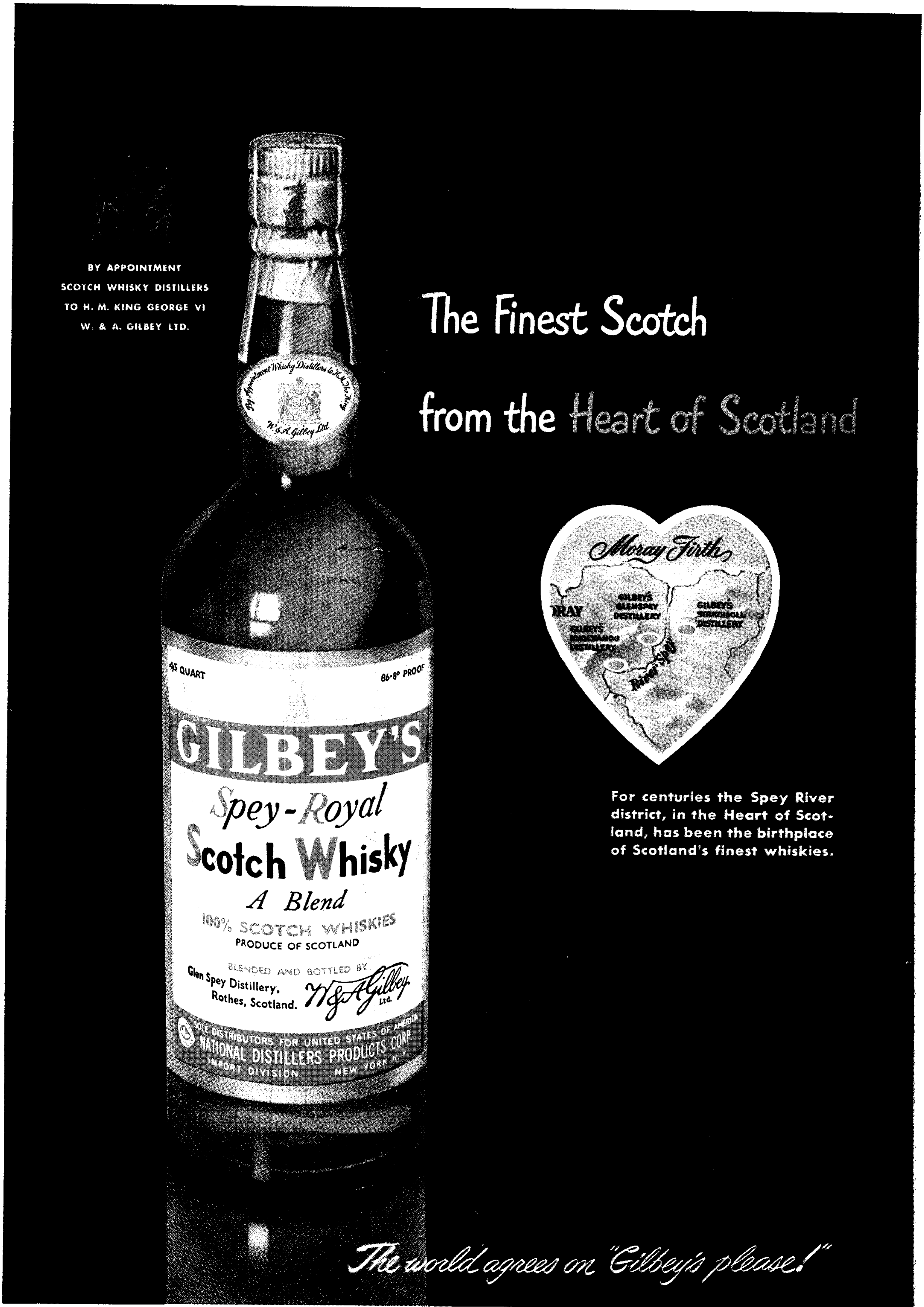
# THE NEW YORKER


Garrett Price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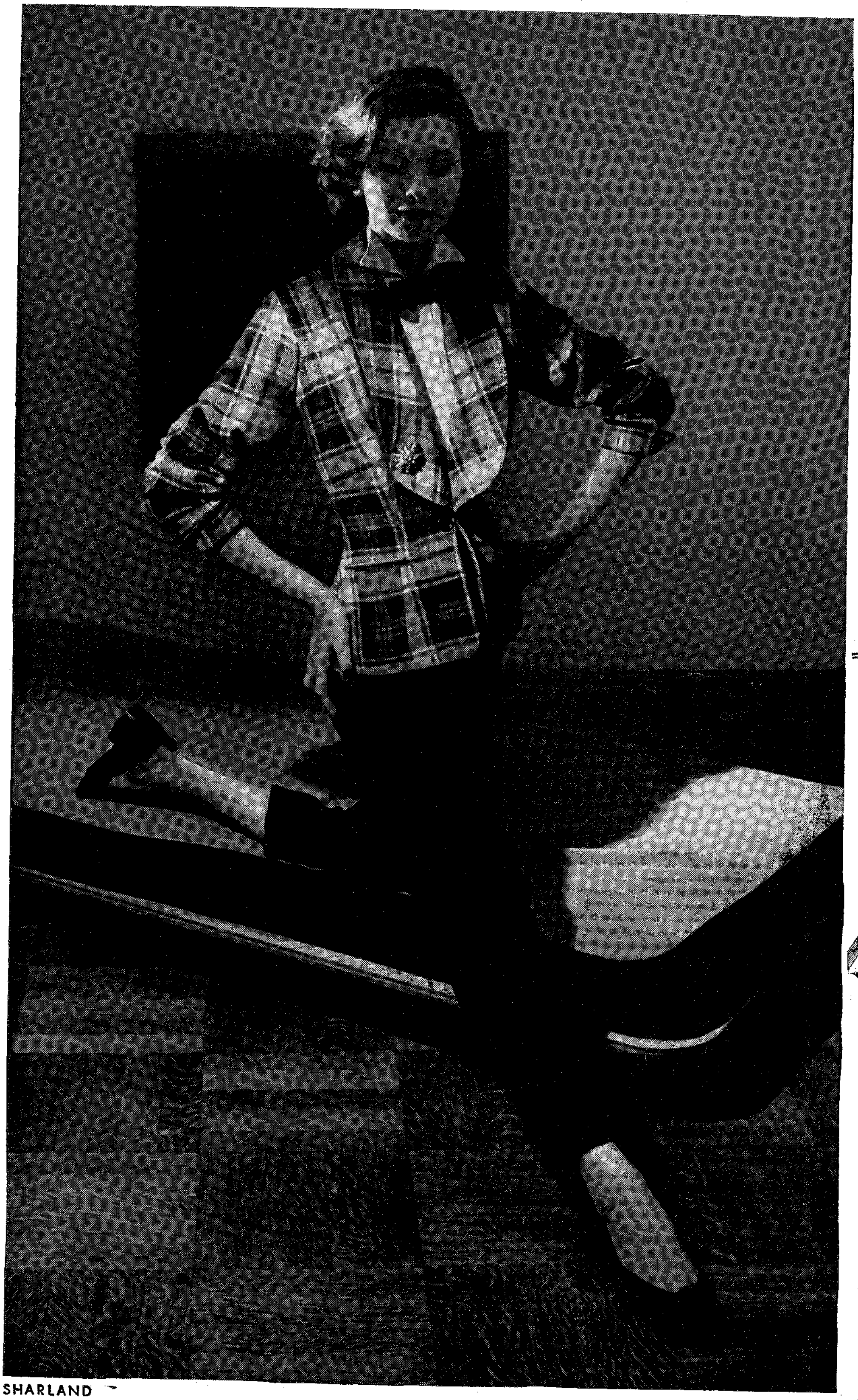

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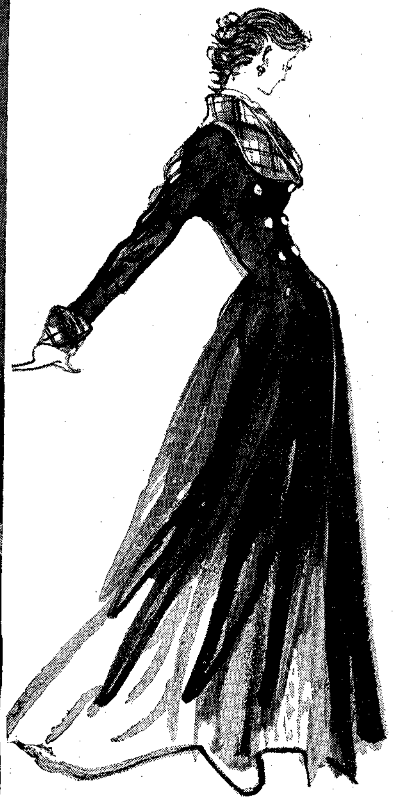

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Affairs of State**—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Black Chiffon**—(Will reopen Monday, Oct. 23.) A mighty slender British exercise in psychiatry, played for more than it is worth by Flora Robson and the other members of a mighty strong British cast. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Daphne Laureola**—A small, somewhat muddy comedy from England, notable chiefly for its acting, which is spearheaded by Dame Edith Evans, as a drunk of great charm and refinement. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Gioconda Smile**—Aldous Huxley did this adaptation of his famous short story, but very little of the original quality has survived. Basil Rathbone, Valerie Taylor, and George Relph have leading roles, and Shepard Traube is the producer and director. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Legend of Sarah**—As much as anything else, this comedy, by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau, seems to demonstrate that the transition from serious drama to light comedy is not an easy one. The plot has something to do with the restoration of a community not unlike Williamsburg, and the cast is headed by Marsha Hunt, Tom Helmore, and Ethel Griffies. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Peter Pan**—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Season in the Sun**—The first comedy hit to come along this semester. It was written by Wolcott Gibbs, and is based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Eddie Mayehoff, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs**—**the cocktail party:** T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy concerning a man who has come to the end of his rope. Thomas Mitchell is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the happy time:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann has taken over the lead from Claude Dauphin. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play, with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Burning Bright**—A new play by John Steinbeck, with Kent Smith, Barbara Bel Geddes, Howard Da Silva, and Brooks Martin. Produced by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and directed by Guthrie McClintic. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Call Me Madam**—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; George Abbott is the director; and the subsidiary cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Consul**—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and a stirring work of art. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 107
BOOKS 130
THE CURRENT CINEMA 128
FOOTBALL 58
LETTER FROM MARGATE 93
LETTER FROM TRIESTE 70
MUSICAL EVENTS 60
OF ALL THINGS 83
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 100
THE RACE TRACK 89
TELEVISION 84
THE THEATRE 55
THE WAYWARD PRESS 117

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**Michael Todd's Peep Show**—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Pardon Our French**—The audience participation in this new Olsen-and-Johnson frolic is not quite as violent as it has been in the past, but the wear and tear on your nerves may still be considerable. The two stars are abetted by Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and, for no reason in particular, six midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Tickets, Please!**—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 22.)

**Long Runs**—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now play the leads in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton has assumed Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**The Curious Savage**—Lillian Gish in a comedy by John Patrick. Produced by the Theatre Guild and Lewis & Young, and directed by Peter Glenville. Also in the cast are Isobel Elsom, Marta Linden, and Brandon Peters. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 24. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Day After Tomorrow**—A British comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, with Beatrice Pearson, Melville Cooper, Ralph Michael, and Bramwell Fletcher. Directed by Gerald Savory, and produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert. Opens Thursday, Oct. 26. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### BALLET

**Les Ballets de Paris**—"L'Œuf à la Coque," "Les Forains," "Carmen," and starting on Tuesday, Oct. 24 (tentative), "Le Bal des Blanchisseuses." With Roland Petit and Colette Marchand. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-

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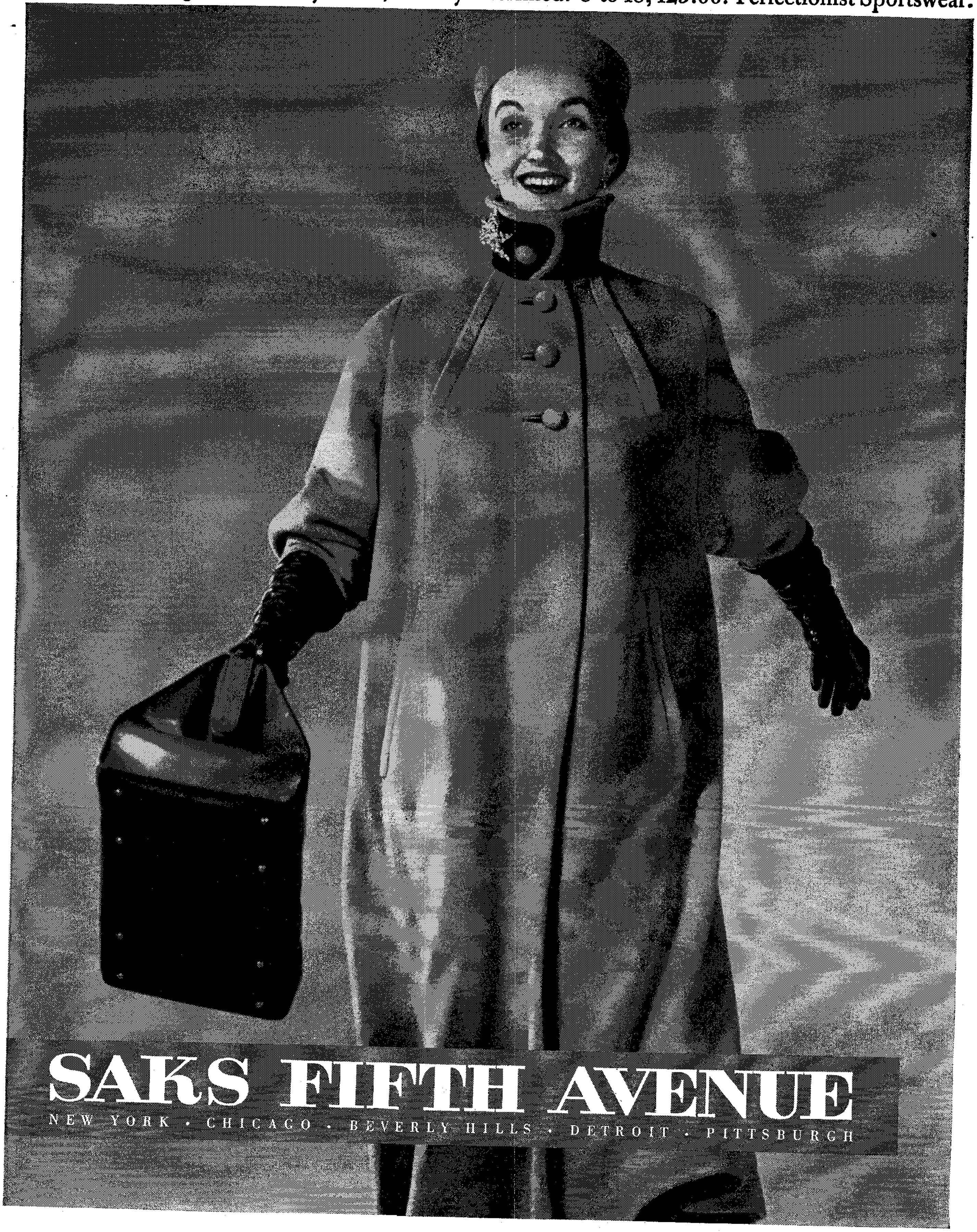
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |

8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 5.)

### MISCELLANY

**ARMS AND THE MAN**—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. Opens Thursday, Oct. 19. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**RODEO**—Brahma-bull-riding, bronco-busting, calf-roping, and wild-steer-wrestling, plus songs and dances by Gene Autry and Champion. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 22.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMBASSADOR,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays, Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' well-bred orchestras for dancing.

**BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel plays for dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Joe Bushkin, at his piano, is more or less in command of a howling mob of hot musicians, among them Peanuts Hucko, Sid Weiss, and Morey Feld. Lea Mathews, who sings, is sweeter-tongued and lots prettier than any of the company she keeps here. The perennial Cliff Jackson is at the piano during the interludes. Dancing.

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis, the Pittsburgh stogie's and the travelling salesman's best friend, holds forth in no uncertain terms. Now and then, if Mr. Lewis can be pried off the stage, there is other divertissement, notable principally for the warbling of Patti Page and Betty Harris. Dancing.

**DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An enormous and sometimes lethargic minstrel show, fortunately including some fine old museum pieces, such as the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, Harry Armstrong, Noble Sissle, and Billy Banks, none of whom makes a single false move. Dancing—hours of it.

**EL MOROCCO,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The dawn always comes up like thunder on this section of the Gold Coast. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing, as if anyone had time for it.

**NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show twice a night involving Jean Arlen and some other pretty girls, plus a supply of the usual horseplay on skates. Bernie Cummins' and Peter Kent's dance orchestras. Closed Sundays.

**PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mimi Benzell, or grand opera made easy, appears in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band turn out good, polite dance music. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton, at the piano, sings to her own accompaniment.

**PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Persian Room, a mélange of song (Jane Froman) and dance (Mary Raye and Naldi). Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. On Thursday, Oct. 26, a new show, comprising Elsa Lanchester, accompanied at the piano by Ray Henderson, and Blanche and Alan Lund. Miss Lanchester will introduce the comedy turns she's been doing on the Pacific Coast for a rather intramural audience; the Lunds, two young Canadians, will do their pleasant ballroom dances. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music from the cocktail hour to midnight in the Palm Court. No dancing.

**RITZ-CARLTON,** Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra muses in the splendid old Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

**ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo surveys his ancestral acres in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

**ST. REGIS,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a stylish glade if there ever was one, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras thumping merrily away all evening, and (at dinner and supper) song recitals by Margaret Phelan. Closed Sundays.

**SAVOY-PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

**SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, another of those nooks with a state-dinner atmosphere, has some of Lester Lanin's men and Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble playing dance music during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Don Abney is at the piano in the Café bar from six to twelve, except Sundays.

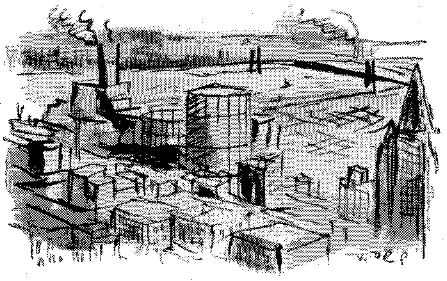
**STATLER,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey, whose hand has lost none of its cunning, is in the Café Rouge to make dance music at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**STORK CLUB,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Easily the dressiest and most bumptious of our youth hostels. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide dance music.

**VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—There are a lot of French songs that sound like nothing until Edith Piaf, with her mobile face and her mobile hands, takes charge of them. She gets sturdy support from an invisible choir, an invisible accordionist, and an invisible Emile Petti, who at other times operates a visible orchestra in alternation with Panchito's rumba band.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, there is Roger Price, with a message for all of us on two timely subjects—how to avoid winning friends, and what to do until the psychiatrist comes. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a bit noisy, play for dancing, and Kitty Kallen sings. Everybody shows up at dinner and supper, except Sundays, when (until midnight) Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement. . . . ¶ The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six o'clock until two. Closed Sundays.

**NOTE**—The enormous Rainbow Room is again open, but only for cocktails from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Take the 30 Rockefeller Plaza elevator marked "Rainbow Room," and go early enough to get one of the north window tables, from which New York really looks like Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. Incidental music by Ford Harrison and some helpers. The phone, CI 6-5800.



### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

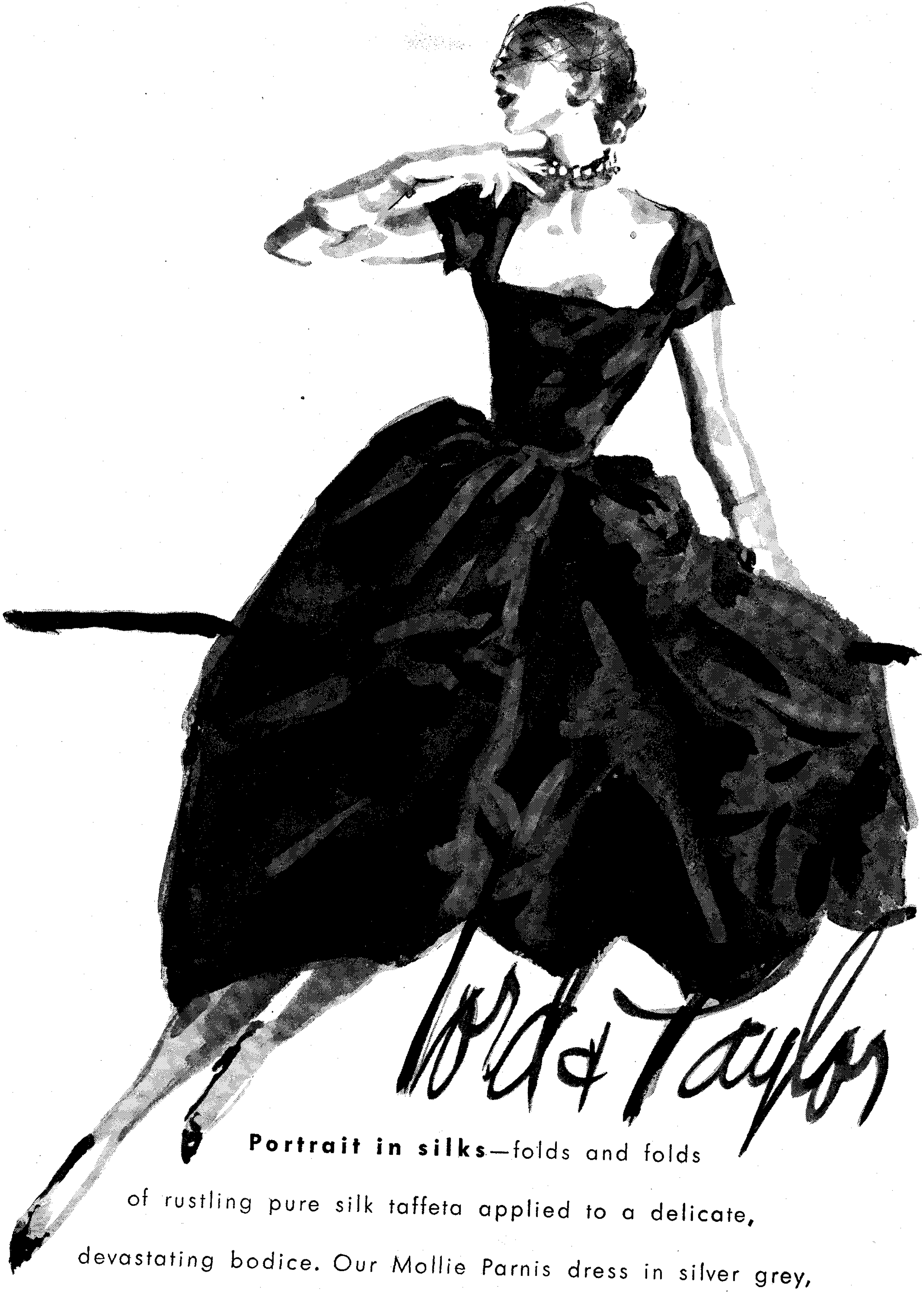
(No dancing, unless noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in this opulent retreat. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of life after dark, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Mr. Davis also presides over the Saturday tea dances, which run from five to seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a restless group of midtowners. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Felix Romaine's string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. On Monday, Oct. 23, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio will take over from Mr. Romaine. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, putting on her one-girl circus, mostly on top of a grand piano. Harold Fonville, Bob Downey, and Hazel Webster play reliable piano when Mlle. Dolphen isn't swarming over the instrument, and Jim Hawthorne sings. Amateur nights Sundays; ancient movies Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the phenobarbital school of décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent to amuse, starts off around six in his New Orleanian inglenook above L'Aiglon Restaurant. He operates through dinner and supper, except Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's unique portfolio of songs on the vicissitudes of life in this vast metropolis. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty birdcage in which Spivy, after ten, lets fly with her conversation pieces about the penthouse set. Herbert Kingsley is at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, an L.P. record of yesteryear's best tunes, strokes his piano from dinnertime on; after eleven Portia Nelson does an appealing job on some lovelorn ballads, and Burke McHugh and Strat Walling do some nonsense duets. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is pacing her old pals—Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. Alice Ghostley, a newcomer, is often a very funny girl indeed as she rambles through the raffish ditties of G. Wood, her accompanist. The fur starts flying around ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **RALEIGH ROOM,** Hotel Warwick, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): Cy Coleman's experimental trio, still in its formative stage but well worth a visit. William Adler's violin is also in operation. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano and cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's band for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, a brilliant group of musicians—Ralph Strain at the piano during cocktails and dinner; Eadie and Rack at their unique piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, Wally Cox's soliloquies on his fantastic childhood, the Weavers' hearty and witty folk-songs of all nations, the Mad Moiselles' robust clowning, and Barbara Cook's enchant-



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Et même en mon absence
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...demeure...la hante
.mon parfum...moi...Toujours Moi.

He says—
my laugh...my shrug...
my touch are me...
only me...Toujours Moi.
And even after I have gone...
something of me still lingers...
hauntingly...inimitably...
my fragrance...me...Toujours Moi.

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PARIS NEW YORK

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing young voice. Stuart Ross is at the piano, the Herman Chittison Trio is on the stand, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, the mentor of this institution of higher learning, has a pretty bright class of boys—Michael Brown, the Surrealist ballad maker; George Hall, a protean comedian, and the Deuces Wild, whose lyric sense of humor is fairly unrestrained. The love interest is supplied by Shirl Conway, a slim and stately soprano; the music is by Norman Paris's virtuoso trio. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A supply of promising youngsters—Charlotte Rae, a boisterous comic; Ed McCurdy, a Canadian folk singer; and Mildred Joann Smith, who sings more contemporary songs. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others play the dance music. Closed Mondays.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Nary a zither player in this hallowed hall, where Wild Bill Davison has returned to the fold. Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon help him rattle the doors, and Ralph Sutton gets off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Oct. 25, Al Hibbler, who sings, and a group headed by Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt, as well as Machito and his Afro-Cuban orchestra. The next night, a new collection. Jam sessions Mondays. ... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On Oct. 20, Wild Bill Davison's gang (Bob Wilber, Vic Dickenson, Frank Signorelli, John Kirby, and Art Trappier) will go to bat against Jimmy McPartland's crew (Wilbur de Paris, Buster Bailey, Freddie Moore, and Marian Page). ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (Oct. 20), a bumper crop of rollickers—Benny Morton, Big Sid Catlett, Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, Kansas Fields, and Oran Page. Dancing.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, weekdays.)

### GALLERIES

**African Sculptures**—A large collection, including some extremely unusual examples, at a newly opened gallery that plans to specialize in this field. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 9.)

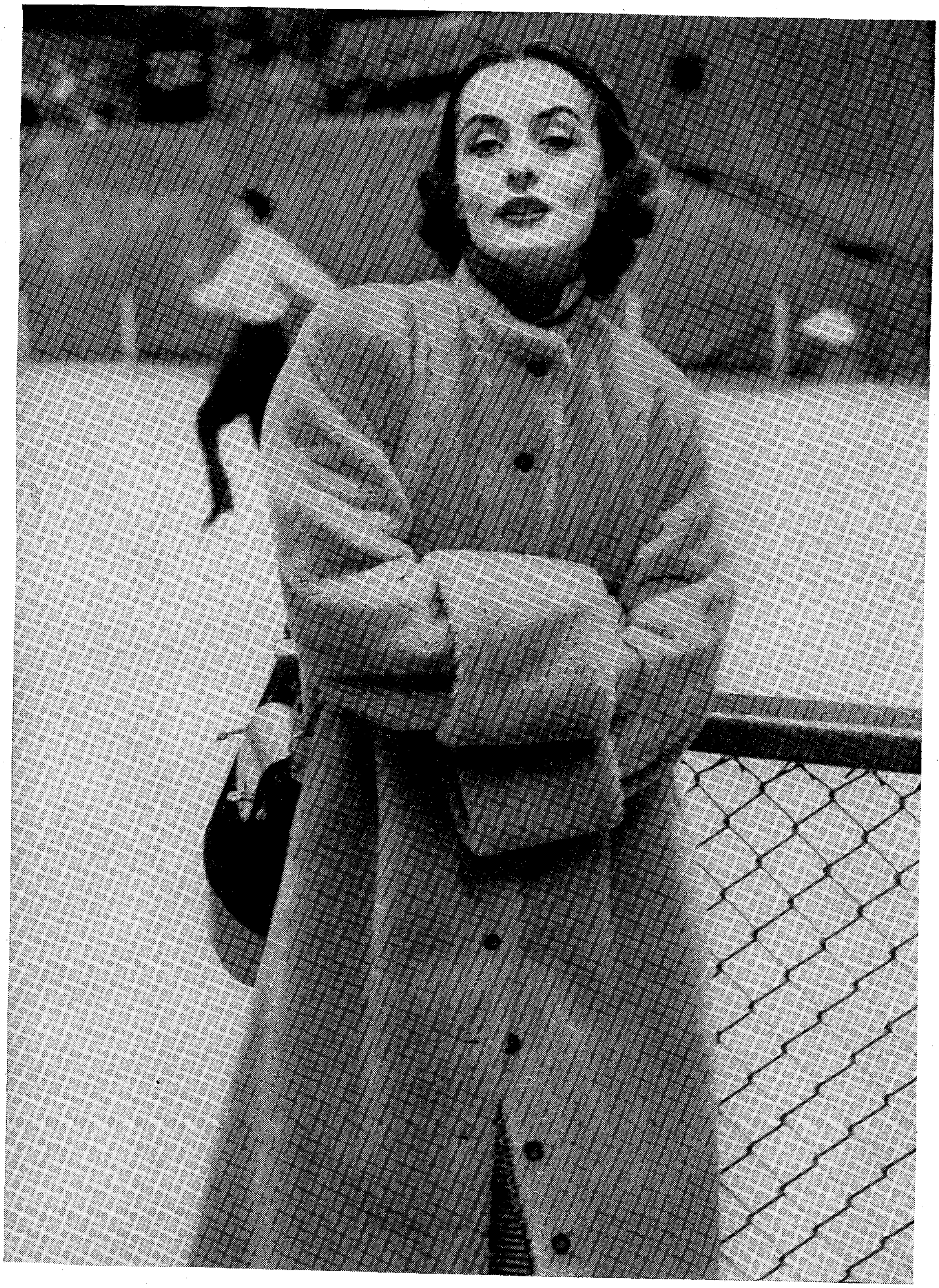
**American Abstract Artists**—Fifteenth annual exhibition, devoted exclusively to small pieces, a number of which are quite charming. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Oct. 28.)

**Art Students League**—A cheerfully chaotic and lively big exhibition of works by League students, alumni, and instructors, celebrating the school's seventy-fifth anniversary. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

**Darrel Austin**—A ten-year retrospective (1940-50) that clearly shows the development of his highly individualistic style and ideas. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 28.)

**Eugenie Baizerman**—A memorial showing of oils and water colors by an artist who died last year. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Nov. 9.)

**Group Shows**—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.:



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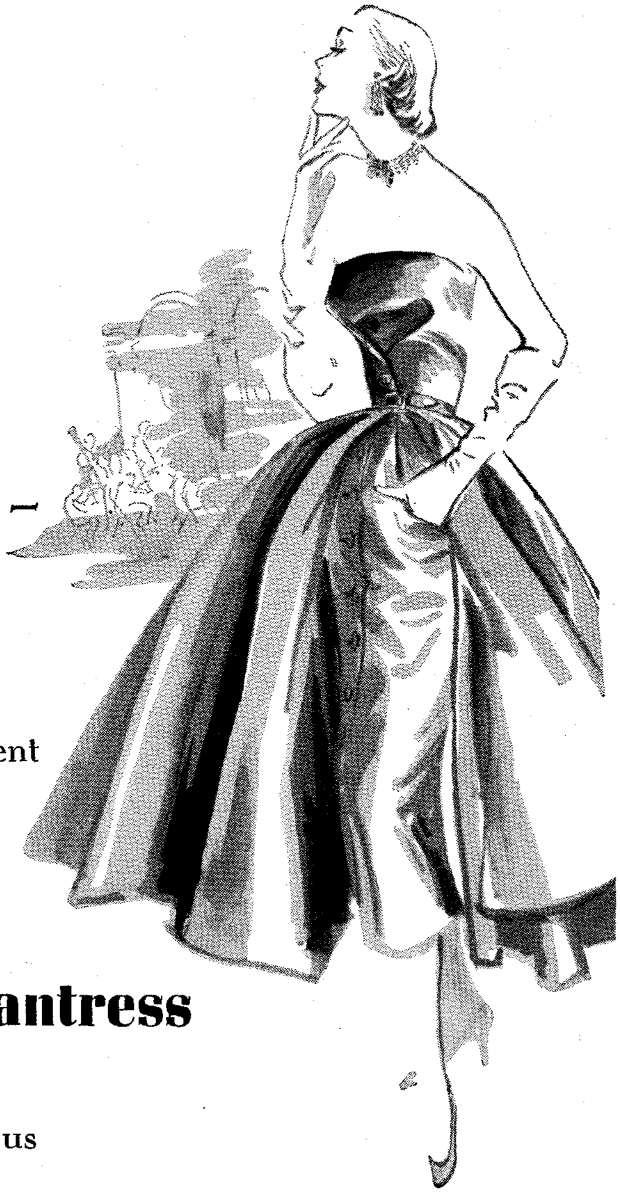


# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Water colors and caseins by members of the gallery, including Sol Wilson, John Costigan, and Harold Weston; through Oct. 21. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: A generally spirited twenty-fifth-anniversary selection of paintings and sculptures by Julian Levi, Bernard Karfiol, and Niles Spencer; through Oct. 21. . . . GANSO, 125 E. 57th St.: This gallery's first exhibition, a pleasant group showing by Milton Avery, Frank Gebhart, Esther and Jenne Magafan, and others, along with a roomful of works by the late Emil Ganso; through Oct. 28. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Extreme modern pieces, some chosen as much for their shock quality as for their artistic value. Paul Delvaux and Marcel Duchamp are among the contributors. Through Oct. 21. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Water colors and gouaches by Louise Stanton, John Hartell, and others, in a roundup of this gallery's younger artists; through Oct. 21.

**Dahlov Ipcar**—Farm scenes, direct in approach and simple in style, by this Maine artist. (Wellons, 43 E. 50th St.; through Oct. 27.)

**Benjamin Kopman**—Figure studies and landscapes in oils, solidly conceived and somewhat reminiscent of Daumier and Cézanne. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 21.)

**James Lechay**—Loosely drawn but occasionally powerful semi-Expressionist studies of dockside and harbor scenes. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 28.)

**Modern French**—Water colors and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, among them Ingres, Braque, Picasso, and Redon. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 21.) . . . ¶ Paintings and other works, most of them never before exhibited in this country, by Léger, Masson, Lurçat, and others. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Oct. 20.)

**Modern Italian**—A nicely selected group showing of gouaches and drawings, chiefly, by Afro, Mirko, Vespignani, and other new Italian artists. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 31.)

**Mural Designs**—A group of artists (including Hofmann, Motherwell, and Hare) and architects (including Breuer and Gropius) collaborating on designs for murals and buildings. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

**Leo Quanchi**—Rather rigidly patterned but effective abstractions. (Salpeter, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Oct. 20.)

**Hannah Small**—New sculptures, done with a good combination of warmth and assurance, in this artist's first solo show in seven years. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 28.)

**John Tunnard**—A small retrospective, 1938 to the present, of paintings by one of England's more important abstractionists, as yet little known in this country. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

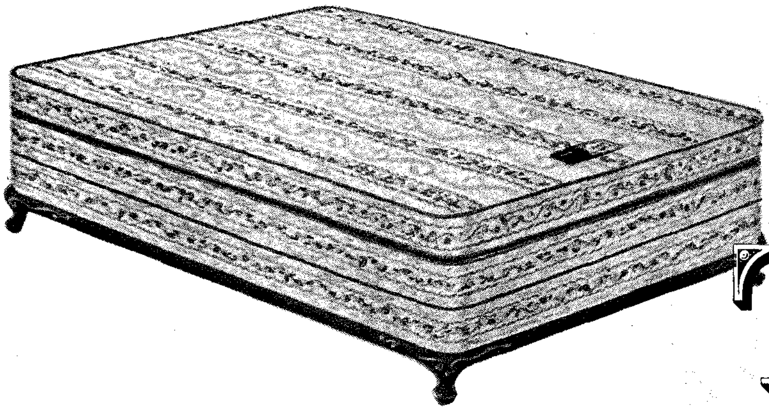
**Some of This Week's Openings**—At AN AMERICAN PLACE, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.: Georgia O'Keeffe; through Nov. 25. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: John Rood; through Nov. 4. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: John Piper; through Nov. 4. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 130 E. 56th St.: Group show; through Nov. 1. . . . HEWITT, 18 E. 69th St.: T. Lux Feininger; through Nov. 4. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Fifty years of British art; through Oct. 28. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Seymour Lipton; through Nov. 4.

## MUSEUMS

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions at the moment; just the permanent collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Four thousand years of silk weaving, in a display called "The World of Silk;" starting Oct. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Models, photographs, and plans of buildings designed by the firm of Skidmore, Owings &



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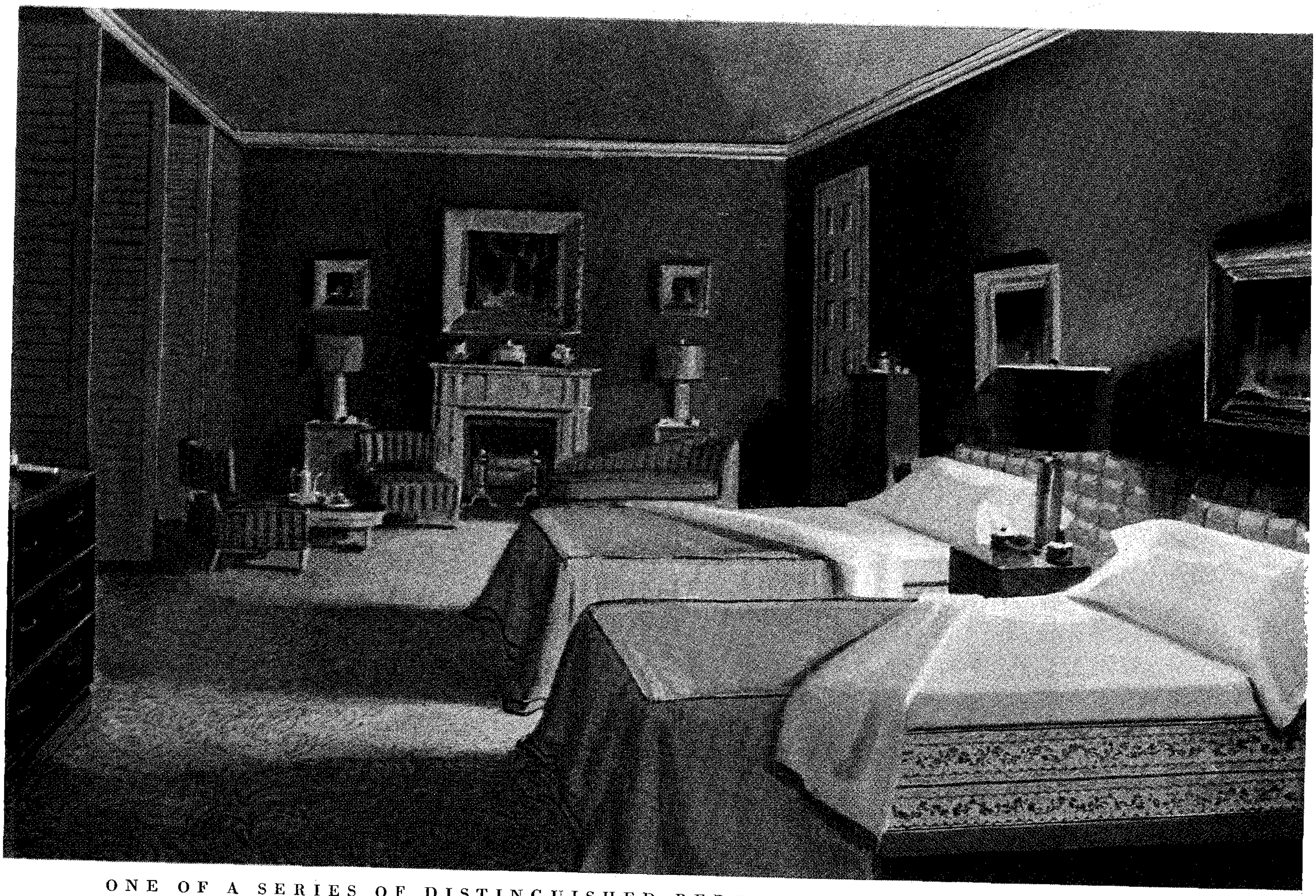

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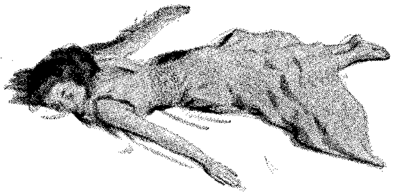

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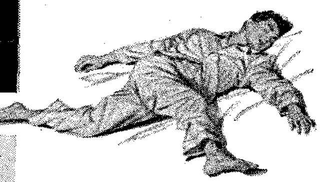

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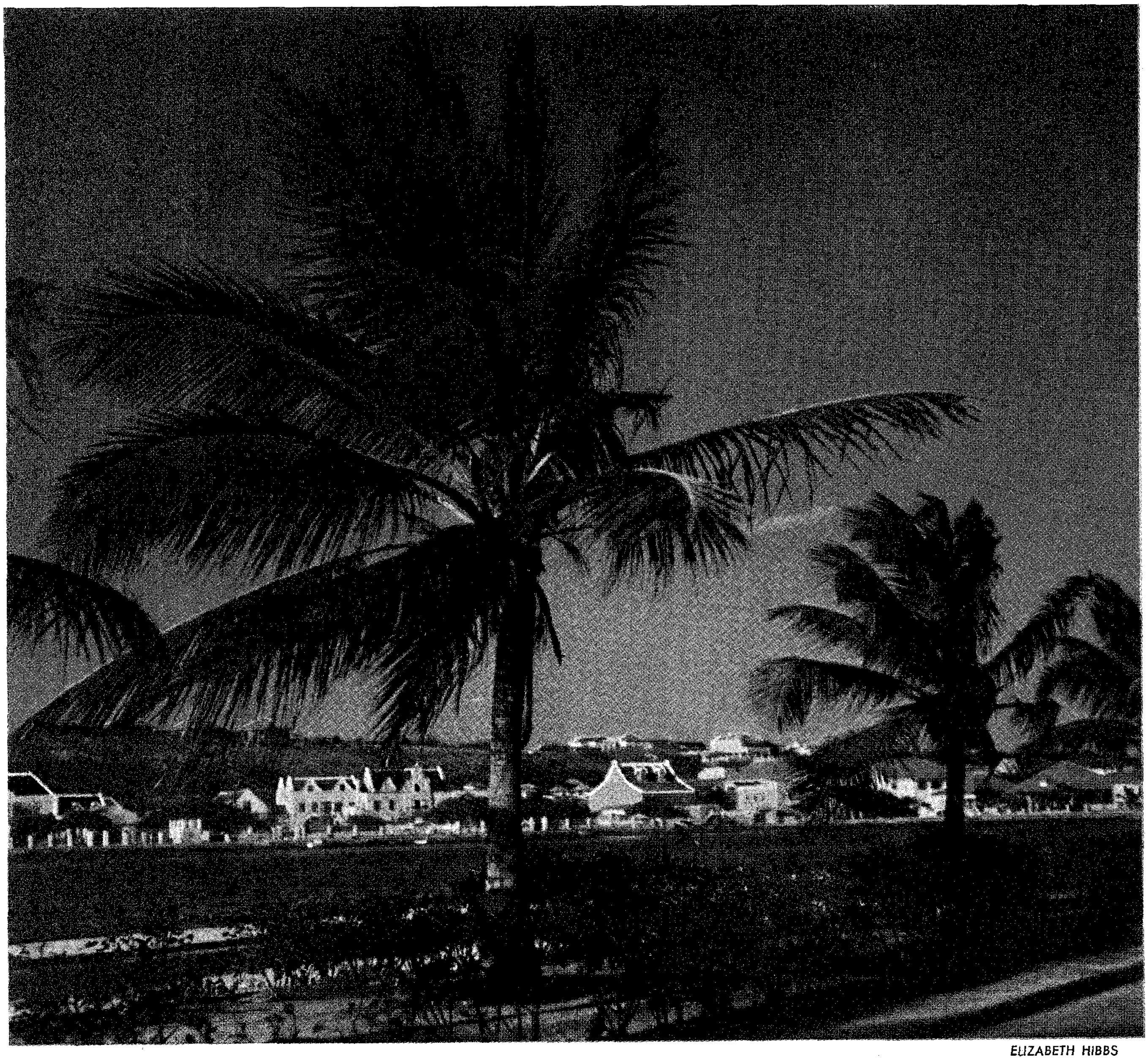

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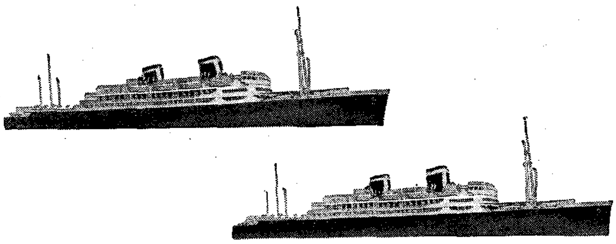

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Merrill, among them the N.Y.U.-Bellevue Medical Center, at 1st Ave. and 34th St., and Lever House, at Park Ave. and 53rd St. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Nov. 5.)

**Riverside Museum,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Spiral Group, represented by Michael Loew, Seong Moy, Augustus Goertz, and others, in a showing of oils. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

**Whitney Museum,** 10 W. 8th St.—A display of American art, part of the permanent collection, that includes oils, water colors, sculpture, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera Company**—Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 20, at 2:30; and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:45 (all with Ossy Renardy, violin); Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 27, at 2:30; and Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:45 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

**Little Orchestra Society**—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Barbara Troxell, soprano; William Warfield, baritone; Leslie Chabay, tenor; and the Westminster Choir. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

**Chamber Art Society**—Robert Craft conducting a chamber orchestra, with Edward Steuermann, piano, and vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 5:30.)

**Little Singers from Paris**—L'Abbé Maillet directing a children's chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30.)

**Polytech Chorus of Finland**—Ossi Elokas directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**Burl Ives**—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

**Jacques Abram**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Susan Reed**—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

**Mona Paulee**—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

**Eileen Farrell**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

**Gorodnitzki**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

**Rosalyn Tureck**—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:40.)

**Guilet String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

### MISCELLANY

**Béla Bartók Memorial Concert**—Max Pollikoff, violin, and Leonid Hambro, piano, along with

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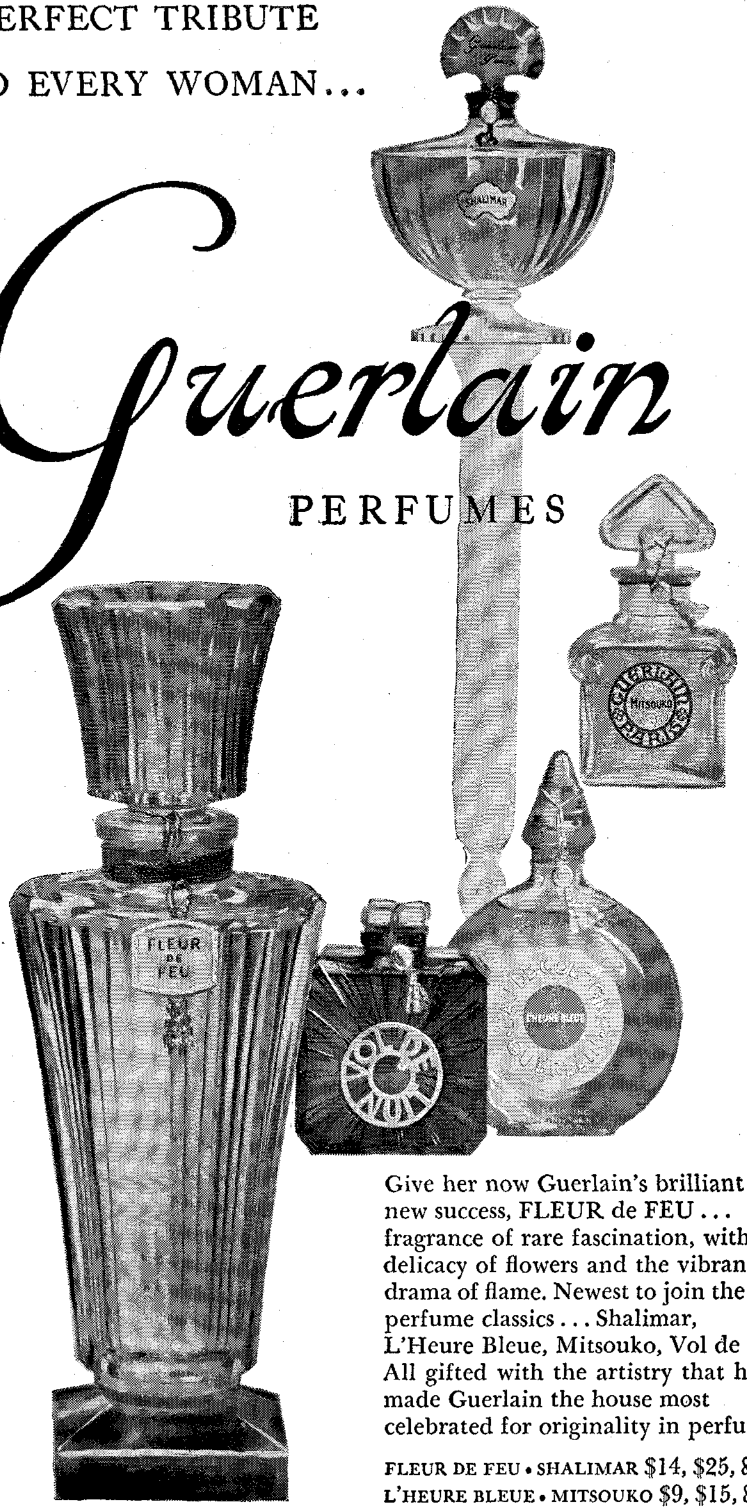

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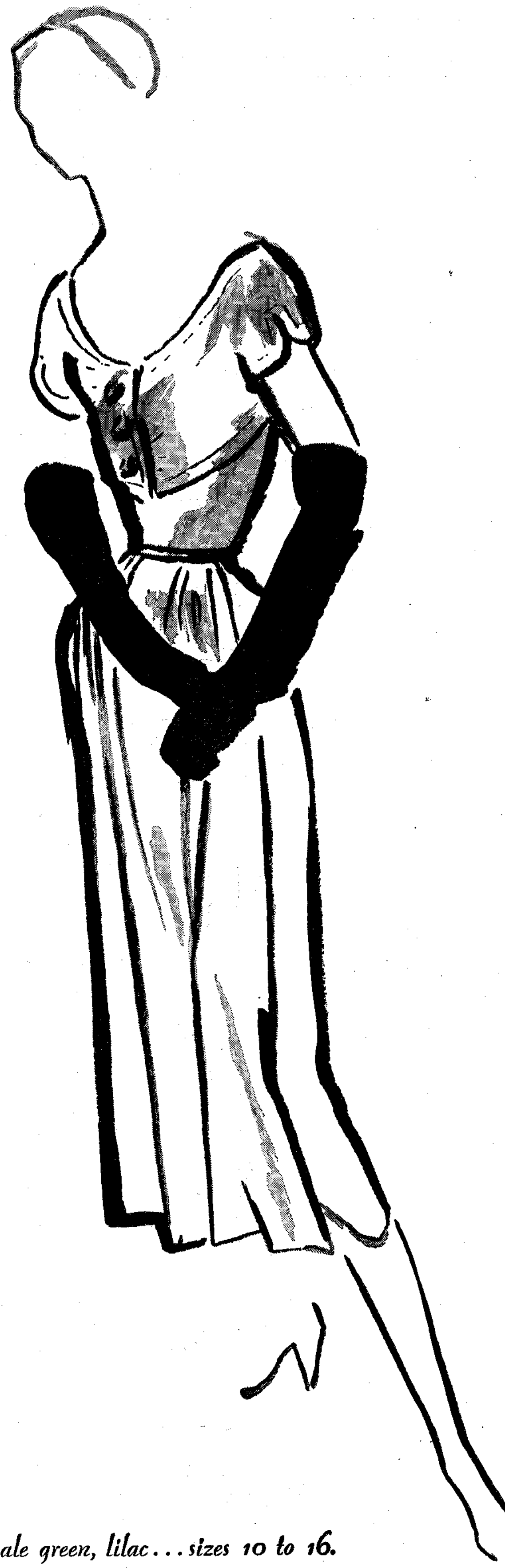


## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Juilliard String Quartet and Cantor Bela Herskovits. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Boxing**—Rocky Graziano vs. Tony Janiro, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**College Football**—On SATURDAY, OCT. 21, all at 2: Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence.... ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field. ... ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Lehigh, at Hanover.... ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, at Worcester.... ¶ Navy vs. Southern California, at Baltimore.... ¶ Rutgers vs. N.Y.U., at New Brunswick.... SATURDAY, OCT. 28: Boston University vs. Syracuse, at Boston, at 1:30.... ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 2.... ¶ Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field, at 2.... ¶ Fordham vs. San Francisco, at the Polo Grounds, at 2.... ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2.... ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 2. ... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 2.

**Professional Football**—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yanks vs. Green Bay Packers, Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:05.

**Hockey**—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

**Horse Show**—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Monday through Saturday, Oct. 23-28.)

**Hunt Racing**—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 21.) ... ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 28.)

**Racing**—At EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, Oct. 19, through Wednesday, Nov. 15. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Oct. 21, and the Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 4. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 21. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10.) ... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 1:30; through Wednesday, Nov. 1. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 28.

**Tennis**—Jack Kramer, Pancho Segura, Gussie Moran, and Pauline Betz Addie, in professional singles and mixed-doubles matches. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

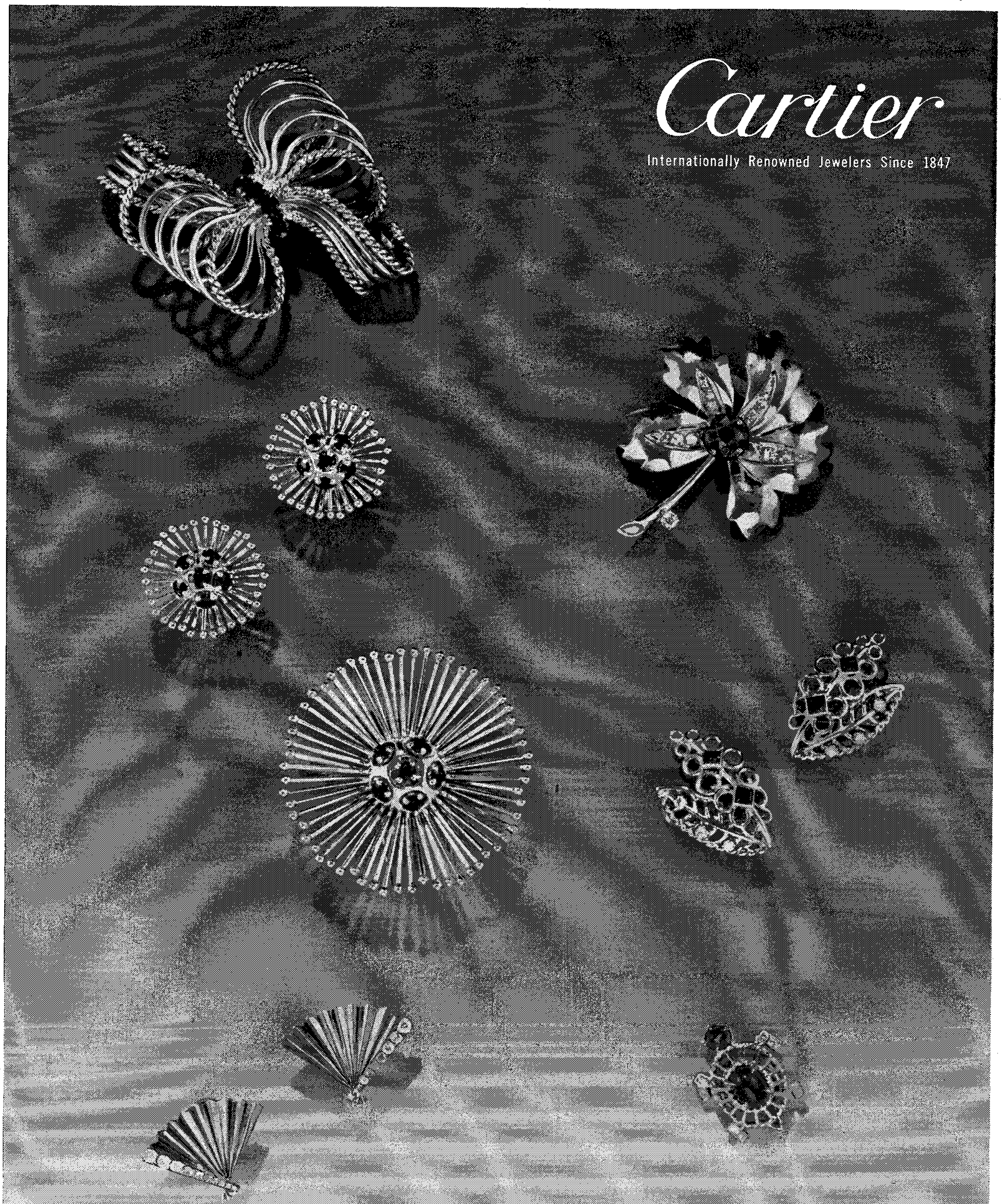
**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

### FOR CHILDREN

**Concert**—Opening children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with Burl Ives narrating "Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

**Plays**—By the PLAY-MART: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays, Oct. 21 and 28, at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Rip Van Winkle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

**Marionettes**—The SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 11 and 3.) ... TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES: Saturday, Oct. 21, at 12 and 3: "The Guardsman Who Wasn't Afraid." ...



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 12 and 3: "Fire Boy: A Pueblo Indian Legend." (Baroque Suite, Hotel Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

**Variety Shows**—A magic show with music. For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3.) . . . ¶ The Gangler Circus, with clowns, a bear named Bruno, and dogs, ponies, and monkeys. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct 21, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

**Movies**—Features and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10.)

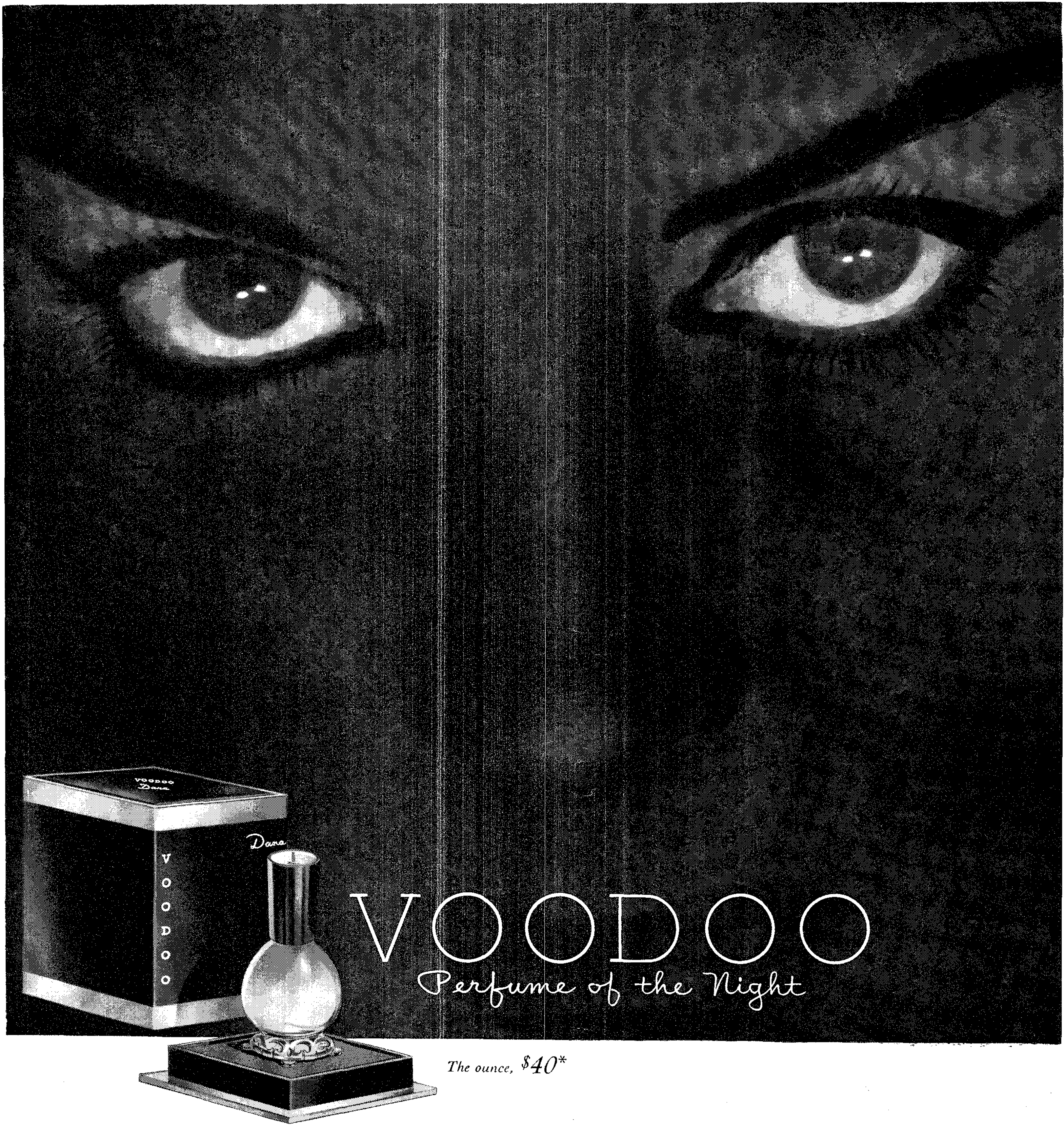
## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—President Truman will address a special session of the General Assembly, at Flushing Meadow, on Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 11:30. The occasion is the fifth anniversary of the date the United Nations charter became effective. Most radio and television networks will carry the program. . . . ¶ The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

**New York Antiques Fair**—Hundreds of thousands of items, displayed by more than a hundred and fifty dealers, from about fifteen states; the articles range from the rare and very expensive to the country-fair variety. You'll find a silver chalice by Paul Revere, a pair of Adam *torchères*, and a William and Mary black lacquer bookcase, as starters. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19-20, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 21, from 1 to 6.)

**Flower Show**—An outdoor display of hardy chrysanthemums, together with an indoor exhibit by the National Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 27, from 2 to 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 28-29, from 10 to 5.)

**Auctions**—At **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French Provincial furniture and bibelots, owned by Albert de Latour, of St. Chamar, Provence, and others. (Exhibition Thursday, Oct. 19, from 9:30 to 5; auction Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 2.) . . . ¶ Rare Oriental rugs, Chinese art, and European and American paintings, from the estate of the late Berenice C. Ballard. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 21, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 23-26, from 9:30 to 5; auction Friday, Oct. 27, at 2.) . . . ¶ Furniture, including eighteenth-century English pieces and American country styles; American paintings, largely primitive portraits and landscapes; and decorations; all the property of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 21, and Monday through Friday, Oct. 23-27, from 9:30 to 5; auction Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2.) . . . **H. R. HARMER, INC.**, 32 E. 57th St.: United States postage stamps, the first part of the William L. Moody III collection, comprising nine hundred and ninety-two lots of issues to 1867. (Exhibition Friday, Oct. 20, from 9:30 to 5:30; auction Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 23-25, each day at 2.)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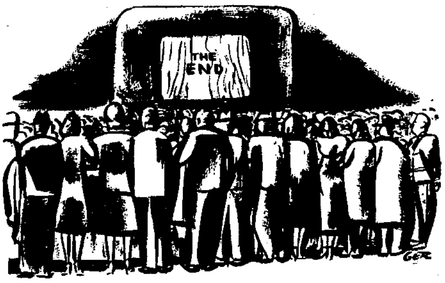
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



**All About Eve**—An account of how a young lady with long nails gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting, film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000. Four showings daily; no one will be seated after the start of each performance. Tickets may be purchased at the box office in advance.)

**Bitter Rice**—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, described in an Italian film that is long on both violence and fine documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is outstanding, as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

**The Breaking Point**—John Garfield in an adaptation of Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not" that is just as tough and entertaining as the Master's original. Phyllis Thaxter, Patricia Neal, Wallace Ford, and Juano Hernández help Mr. Garfield through the film's tight spots. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; Oct. 19.)

**The Glass Menagerie**—The Tennessee Williams drama presented as a film, without much alteration. An interesting work, though a trifle static. With Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Oct. 25.)

**The Happiest Days of Your Life**—A funny English film about the unexpected merger of a boys' school and a girls' school, with Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford leading the little ones through all kinds of confusion. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

**The Men**—Marlon Brando being utterly convincing as a paraplegic veteran. He is assisted by Everett Sloane, Teresa Wright, and forty-five men from a government hospital in California. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 19. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Oct. 25.)

**Panic in the Streets**—Some hair-raising moments in New Orleans during a desperate attempt by Richard Widmark (a United States Public Health doctor) and Paul Douglas (a city detective) to head off a plague. Elia Kazan's direction is impressive, and Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Palance, and Zero Mostel are good in supporting roles. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Oct. 25.)

**The Red Shoes**—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Rocking Horse Winner**—A fine English adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's moody tale of a small boy who finds a mysterious method of picking winners at the track by endlessly riding a rocking horse around his nursery. John Howard Davies is superb as the boy, and he is ably assisted by Valerie Hobson, Ronald Squire, and John Mills. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 20.)

**Treasure Island**—Even Long John Silver's parrot ("Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!") is pretty wonderful in this rip-roaring version of Stevenson's great story. Robert Newton and Bobby Driscoll head a large and splendid cast. Produced by Walt Disney, in England. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; through Oct. 23.)

**Trio**—Another batch of Somerset Maugham short stories on film, similar to "Quartet." The picture has in its favor some top-notch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**The Winslow Boy**—The story of how a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy, told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

### REVIVALS

**The Adventuress** (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 22-23.)

**Casablanca** (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 24-25.)

**City Lights** (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Oct. 22-24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 25.)

**Daybreak** (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 21.)

**Henry V** (1946)—Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 22-24.)

**Lost Horizon** (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-La, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 21-24.)

**Million Dollar Legs** (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 25.)

**Mr. Smith Goes to Washington** (1939)—A Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 22-23.)

**Night Train** (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 20-21. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 22-24.)

**The Philadelphia Story** (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in Philip Barry's play. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 22-24.)

**The Scarlet Empress** (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 25.)

**Symphonie Pastorale** (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 21.)

**Tabu** (1931)—The Flaherty film about life in the South Seas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 20. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Oct. 25, tentative.)

**Thunder Rock** (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Oct. 25, tentative.)

**Treasure of Sierra Madre** (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 21.)

**The Young Mr. Pitt** (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. A British film, with Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 20-21.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Oct. 22: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903); and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 23: "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1924), with Greta Garbo. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger.

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
**THE RED SHOES.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Oct. 25 (tentative): "A Life of Her Own," Lana Turner, Ray Milland.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 20 (tentative): "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.
From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Deported," Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli.

**Little CinéMet**, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Two Orphans" (in Italian), Valli.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 23: **TREASURE ISLAND.**
From Oct. 24: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 25: **THE GLASS MENAGERIE.**

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Two Flags West," Linda Darnell, Jeff Chandler, Joseph Cotten.

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
**ALL ABOUT EVE.**

**State**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza.

**Strand**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Oct. 19: **THE BREAKING POINT.**
From Oct. 20: "Three Secrets," Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
**BITTER RICE** (in Italian).

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**THE WINSLOW BOY.**

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Oct. 19: "Gigi" (in French), revival.
From Oct. 20: **THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.**

**Embassy Cinema,** 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
Through Oct. 20: "Broken Journey," revival, Phyllis Calvert.
Oct. 21-24: "Once Upon a Dream," revival, Googie Withers.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

**Beverly,** 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Oct. 25 (tentative): "Sylvie and the Phantom" (in French), Odette Joyeux.

**Lexington,** Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 24: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.
From Oct. 25: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Oct. 21: **LOST HORIZON,** revival.
Oct. 22-24: **CITY LIGHTS,** revival.
From Oct. 25: **THE MEN.**

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**TRIO.**

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 22: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae; and "Sierra," Audie Murphy, Wanda Hendrix, Burl Ives.
Oct. 23-24: "This Side of the Law," Viveca Lindfors, Kent Smith; and "Homicide," Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott.
From Oct. 25: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 22: **THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.**
Oct. 23-25: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles.

**Park Avenue,** Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Madness of the Heart," Margaret Lockwood.

**Trans-Lux 60th St.,** Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

**York,** 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Oct. 20: **THE MEN;** and "When You're Smiling," Jerome Courtland, Frankie Laine.
Oct. 21: "The Unfinished Dance," revival, Margaret O'Brien, Danny Thomas; and "A Southern Yankee," revival, Red Skelton.
Oct. 22-23: "Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion," Bud Abbott, Lou Costello; and "Spy Hunt," Howard Duff, Marta Toren.
Oct. 24-25: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart; and "Bunco Squad," Robert Sterling.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 21: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival.
Oct. 22-24: **NIGHT TRAIN,** revival.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

**Loew's 72nd St.,** 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 24: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.
From Oct. 25: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

**Trans-Lux 72nd St.,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 21: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival.
Oct. 22-23: **MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON,** revival.
Oct. 24-25: **CASABLANCA,** revival.

**Trans-Lux Colony,** 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 21: **THE MEN;** and "When You're Smiling," Jerome Courtland, Frankie Laine.
Oct. 22-23: **THE ADVENTURESS,** revival; and "Caravan," revival, Loretta Young, Charles Boyer.
Oct. 24-25: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart; and "Bunco Squad," Robert Sterling.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 21: **DAYBREAK** (in French), revival.
Oct. 22-24: **HENRY V,** revival.
From Oct. 25: **CITY LIGHTS,** revival.

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 22: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae; and "Sierra," Audie Murphy, Wanda Hendrix, Burl Ives.
Oct. 23-24: "This Side of the Law," Viveca Lindfors, Kent Smith; and "Homicide," Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott.
From Oct. 25: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 22: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.
Oct. 23-24: "The Savage Horde," William Elliott, Adrian Booth; and "Cassino to Korea," a documentary film.
From Oct. 25: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

**Gracie Square,** 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Oct. 19: **THE MEN;** and "When You're Smiling," Jerome Courtland, Frankie Laine.
Oct. 20: "Outrages of the Orient;" and "Samurai," revival, both documentary films.
Oct. 21: "Pittsburgh," revival, Marlene Dietrich; and "Green Hell," revival, Joan Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Oct. 22-23: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart; and "Bunco Squad," Robert Sterling.
Oct. 24-25: "The Furies," Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey; and "Father Is a Bachelor," William Holden, Coleen Gray.

## WEST SIDE

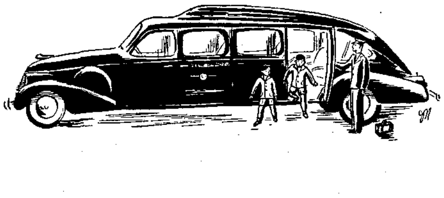
**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Oct. 19: "The Furies," Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey; and "Guilty of Treason," Charles Bickford.
Oct. 20-21: **NIGHT TRAIN,** revival; and **THE YOUNG MR. PITT,** revival.
Oct. 22-23: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney; and "Return of the Frontiersman," Gordon MacRae.
From Oct. 24: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; and "Reign of Terror," revival, Robert Cummings, Arlene Dahl.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Oct. 19: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart.
Oct. 20-22: "Beware of Pity," revival, Lilli Palmer, Cedric Hardwicke.
From Oct. 23: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles.

**5th Ave. Playhouse,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Oct. 24: "Star Without Light" (in French), revival, Edith Piaf; and "Zero for Conduct" (in French), revival.
From Oct. 25 (tentative): **TABU,** revival; and **THUNDER ROCK,** revival.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 23: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.
Oct. 24: "The Savage Horde," William Elliott, Adrian Booth; and "Cassino to Korea," a documentary film.
From Oct. 25: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 20: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney; and "Return of the Frontiersman," Gordon MacRae.
Oct. 21-24: **LOST HORIZON,** revival; and "Hatter's Castle," revival, James Mason, Deborah Kerr.
From Oct. 25: **THE SCARLET EMPRESS,** revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS,** revival.



**R.K.O. 23rd St.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 22: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae; and "Sierra," Audie Murphy, Wanda Hendrix, Burl Ives.
Oct. 23-24: "This Side of the Law," Viveca Lindfors, Kent Smith; and "Homicide," Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott.
From Oct. 25: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

**Terrace,** 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Oct. 21: **HENRY V,** revival.
Oct. 22-23: "Side Show," Don McGuire; and "There's a Girl in My Heart," revival, Lee Bowman.
Oct. 24-25: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; and "Cargo to Capetown," Broderick Crawford, Ellen Drew.

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Film Without a Name" (in German).

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
**THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE.**

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through afternoon of Oct. 23 (last showing at 5:45): "Souvenir" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Jean Marais.
From Oct. 23, at 8:30: "Paris 1900," a pictorial anthology culled from various sources and dealing with Paris between 1900 and 1914. (Opening night is a benefit for five French charities; for tickets, call the box office.)

**Loew's 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 24: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.
From Oct. 25: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 19: "French White Cargo" (in French), Jean Pierre Aumont; and "A Girl in a Million," Joan Greenwood, Basil Radford.
From Oct. 20: **TABU,** revival; and "Secrets of Nature," a documentary film.

**Riverside,** B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Oct. 22: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae; and "Sierra," Audie Murphy, Wanda Hendrix, Burl Ives.
Oct. 23-24: "This Side of the Law," Viveca Lindfors, Kent Smith; and "Homicide," Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott.
From Oct. 25: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

**Carlton,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Oct. 19: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney; and "Return of the Frontiersman," Gordon MacRae.
Oct. 20-21: "The Next Voice You Hear . . . ," James Whitmore; and "A Lady Without Passport," Hedy Lamarr, John Hodiak.
Oct. 22-24: **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY,** revival; and "San Francisco," revival, Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald.
From Oct. 25: **THE MEN;** and "When You're Smiling," Jerome Courtland, Frankie Laine.

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Oct. 24: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.
From Oct. 25: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

**Nemo,** B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Oct. 22: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae; and "Sierra," Audie Murphy, Wanda Hendrix, Burl Ives.
Oct. 23-24: "This Side of the Law," Viveca Lindfors, Kent Smith; and "Homicide," Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott.
From Oct. 25: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

**Coliseum,** B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Oct. 22: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae; and "Sierra," Audie Murphy, Wanda Hendrix, Burl Ives.
Oct. 23-24: "This Side of the Law," Viveca Lindfors, Kent Smith; and "Homicide," Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott.
From Oct. 25: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

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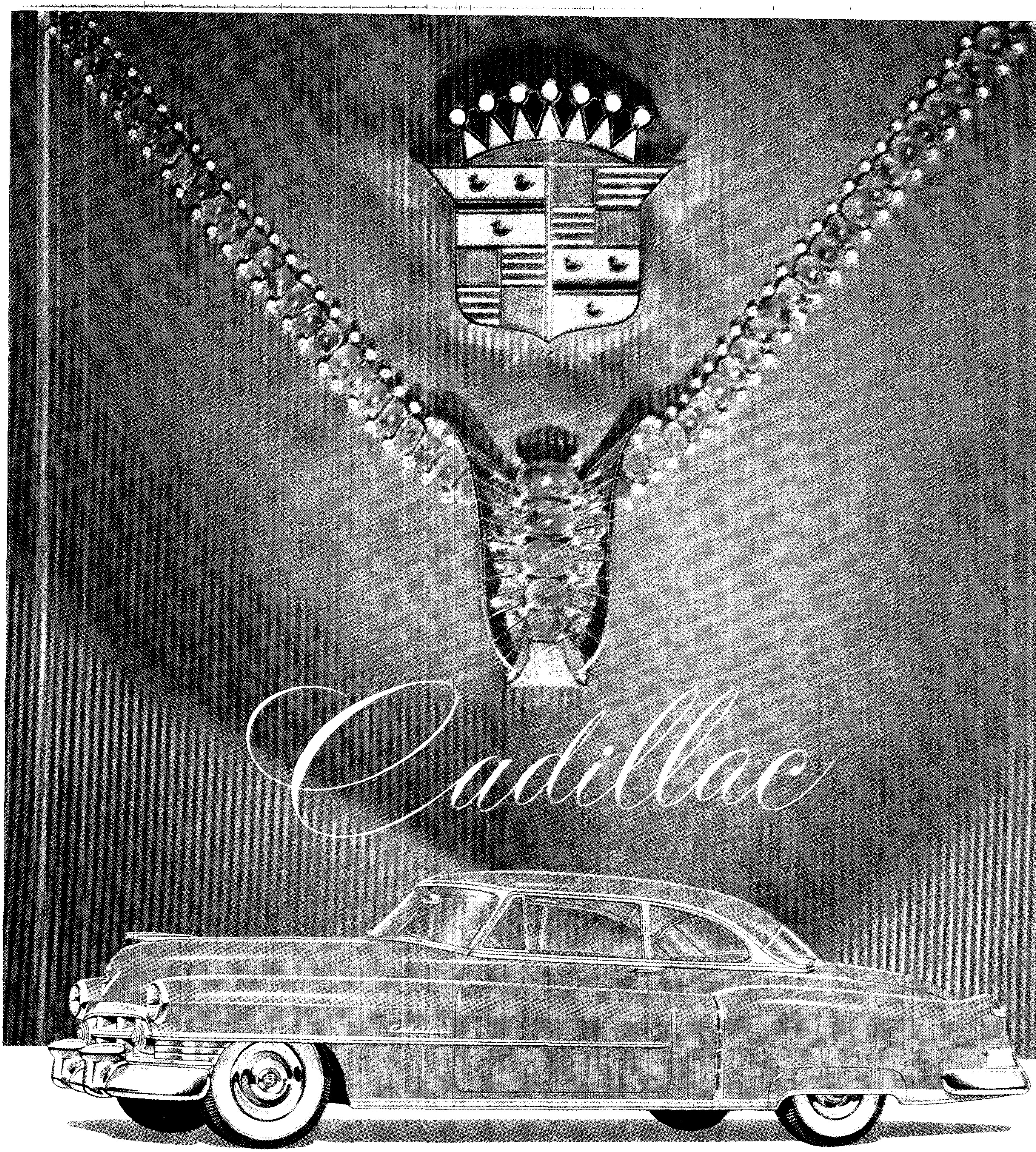

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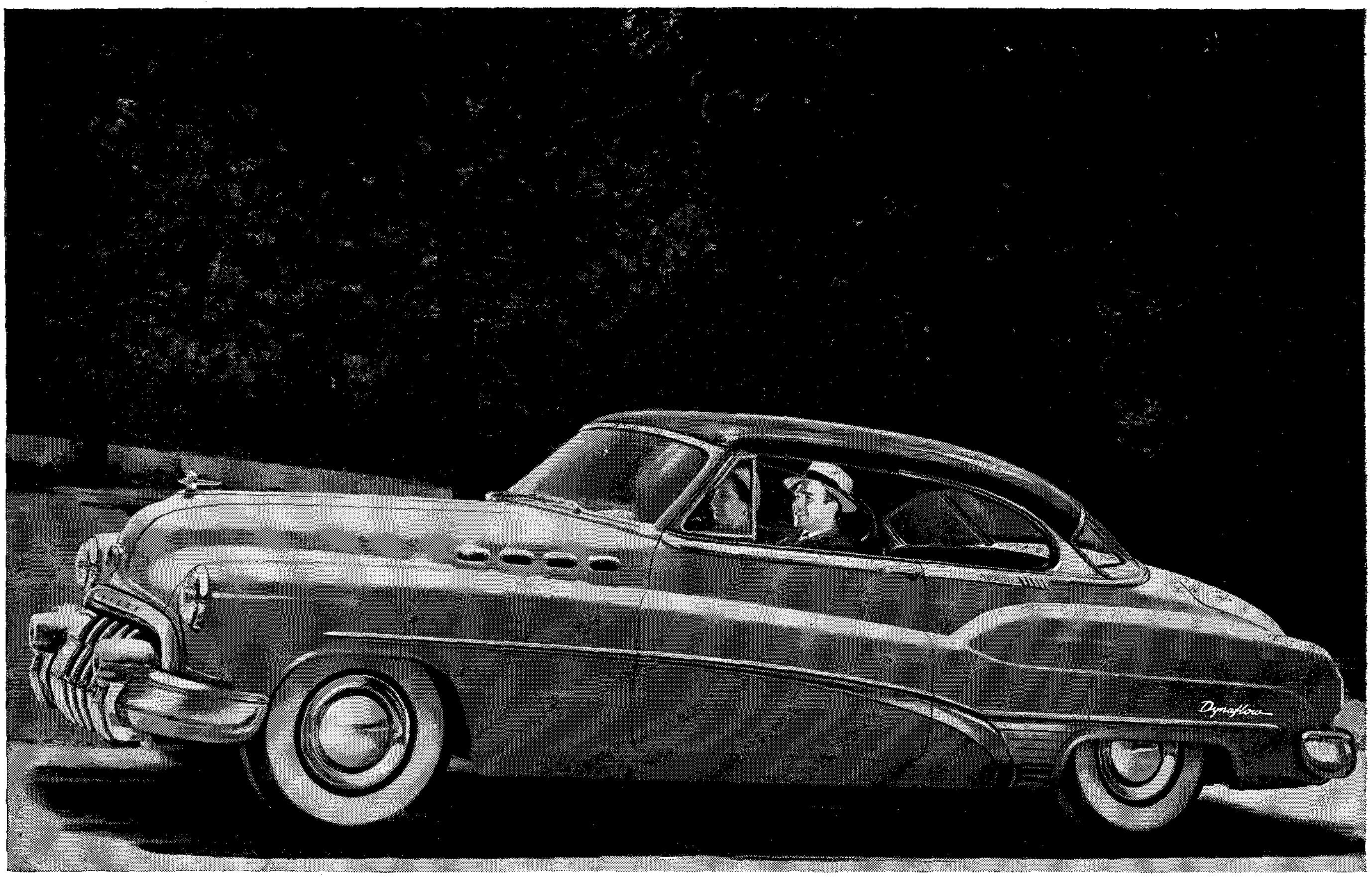

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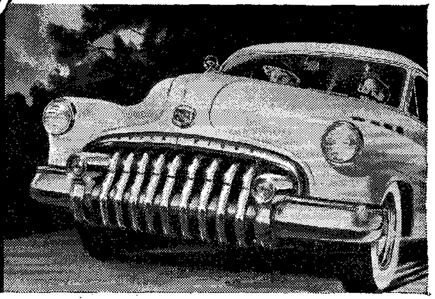

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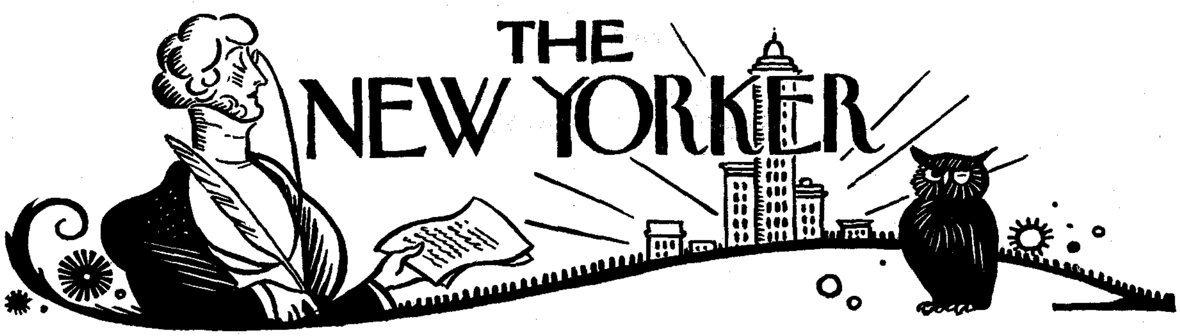


# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

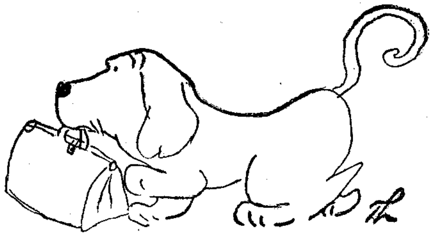
## *Notes and Comment*

SINCE September 20th, the day Secretary Acheson spoke at length to the General Assembly, we have reread his speech at intervals to see whether it was as good as it sounded on that day. It is. To our mind, it is not only a great speech but a pivotal one. Listeners could almost feel in their stomachs the halt in the five-year descent of the roller coaster, feel the lift as the car began its giddy rise into the air. "The world," said Mr. Acheson, "waits to see whether we can build on the start we have made." The world does wait; furthermore, it seems ready to contribute men, money, and materials to make sure there is no hitch in the performance. The place to begin, said the Secretary, is Korea. We think it is the place to begin, all right. Korea should be made to bloom like the rose. It should be restored until it makes the Tennessee Valley look like Tobacco Road. By such an act, the United Nations not only can recreate a demoralized nation, it can recreate itself.

THE Acheson speech, although it sketched the national policy of a member nation, was no mere exercise in diplomacy; it was the first solid, detailed indication that national policy from now on is impotent unless it contains the fertilizing agent for world policy, unless it is a sperm entering the world's egg. The speech not only covered tremendous ground and was noble, magnanimous, and detached, but it was a speech that contained the little words. It will be heard and loved by the distant people "whose deep concern is whether the children are well or sick, whether there is food, whether the roof leaks." It should be distributed lavishly over the face of the earth, as a tree sends forth its seed on the wind.

COLLECTIVE security, which is what we are watching in Korea, is not a complete foundation for a peaceable world. It is inadequate for the great situations, and it is essentially hazardous because it is the "security" of arms meeting arms. But, given the conditions the Soviet Union has imposed on the world since 1945, collective security is our best bet, and our only bet for a preliminary foundation. It prepares the site for the true foundation, meantime raising a lot of local hell, like a bulldozer. In 1945 there seemed a reasonable chance that the new world organization would assume at least the general outlines of a government. That hope blew up almost immediately and the cold war settled in. The reason the Korean affair jiggled everyone's spine was that, in setting out on the adventure of meeting an aggressor head on, the U.N. suddenly began performing the function and duty of government without at all possessing the shape and characteristic of government. This was indeed a sight for tired eyes. The prompt use of police power was revolutionary and staggering—as though the Northwest Mounties of the World were riding. Such police power is a mere beginning of true police power. But it was, by God, a beginning, as events have shown.

THE inadequacy of collective security is that it proposes the use of force to make good a majority decision of independent nations. This is all right when it works to the advantage of free nations (as it did in Korea), but it would be all wrong if it were to work to the advantage of tyrants. The non-Communist nations have a substantial and convincing voting strength in the U.N. Assembly. As long as this continues to be the case, the United States can safely place arms at the disposal of the world body. If, however, the free nations were to enjoy only an uneasy voting strength, the participation of United States arms in support of U.N. decisions would, of course, be questionable if not impossible. We helped check aggression in Korea because we were able to accept the definition of aggression in that instance. But there has never been an aggression in which the aggressor admitted he was doing anything except improve the world, and as long as police action must await a vote of interested parties, the collective security it affords will not give anyone a restful night's sleep, however useful and necessary it is as an interim device leading to the solid security of world government and cops that go into action to enforce law without counting ballots.



THE word Mr. Acheson used for Korea was "unique." If the U.N. fails to see this, if it fails to dig deep and give Korea the full treatment, it will be passing up the finest chance it has had. The Communists have not brought contentment and health to the peoples they have fiddled with. Korea, which is small, and very much in the spotlight, is the perfect testing ground for brave new techniques and brave new intentions. There, the U.N. can go to work and prove that freedom and civil liberties and modern science have a direct relationship to private health, individual well-being, public education, and soil fertility. It should not stop until the roofs no longer leak, and until the sick children are well children. And if these things come to pass, and a more relaxed time comes to the world, it may well turn out that Secretary of State Dean Acheson is the ablest man we ever had in the Department.

## *Commissioner*

WE went down to Police Headquarters, on Centre Street, the other day and had a talk with Commissioner Thomas F. Murphy, not about the problems confronting him in his new line of work but about his reported devotion to Proust, a writer who has previously created very little stir in police circles. As it happens, the Centre Street building, a great stone pile that has the look of having been accumulated rather than designed, is a fairly sympathetic setting for an admirer of Proust; completed in 1909, it bristles with sculptured recumbent lions, barred windows, and stairways with massive iron balustrades and marble treads, and in solidity and grandiose bad taste might be the outsize *palais de justice* of a provincial French city. The private office of the Commissioner is in scale with the rest of the building, which is to say that it would dwarf anyone but the present incumbent—high walls frosted with a confection of chocolate-colored wood, a fireplace fit for roasting oxen, chandeliers supporting clusters of round white globes, and a desk the size of a double bed. The Commissioner rose from behind the desk to shake our hand, and by the time he had finally stopped rising, we concluded that he was the biggest man we had ever seen in our life. We gazed up over several yards of chest and shoulders into a bland pink face, slightly blurred by distance, and bearing, on its broad central portion, a mustache of tropical opulence and languor. The Commissioner invited us to have a seat, and his voice, filtering down to us through the mustache, was deep, unhurried, and affable, and therefore exactly suited to him.

We informed the Commissioner that we were interested in his reading habits and other extracurricular activities, and he replied that reading was about the only recreation he has had time for in quite a while. "I like to go through five or six books at once, swapping back and forth between them," he said. "At the moment, I'm reading 'Kon-Tiki,' 'The Confessions of an Un-Common Attorney,' 'Trials of Oscar Wilde,' and a couple of others. Naturally, most of my reading for the past several months, in and out of the office, has been in regard to the Hiss case. The record in that case runs to millions of words. And then I'm always reading Proust, or, I should say, *in* Proust. I've been reading him since college, but I still haven't read all of him. Hell, I've had to earn a living!" We asked the Commissioner if he considered himself an intellectual, and he looked uncomfortable and replied, "No, no. I just like to read. I always did. It doesn't mean anything. It's no worse than going fishing, and I like that, too."

The Commissioner, who is forty-four, is a graduate of Regis High, a Jesuit school on East Eighty-fourth Street; Georgetown University; and Fordham Law School, class of 1930. He grew up in the Bronx, married there, and moved to Manhattan only last year, taking a five-room apartment at Lexington Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street. His father was for many years chief clerk of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, and one of his grandfathers was a patrolman for over forty years. A brother, known as Fireman Johnny Murphy, was once a relief pitcher for the Yankees. The Commissioner's sport used to be handball. He hasn't played it in years. "When I was in college, I played it four or five nights a week," he told us, and then gazed down reproachfully over his vast body. "I weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds in those days," he said, "and now I weigh two hundred and forty-five. I blame that partly on my having had an ulcer a few years ago. I had to give up smoking and eat a lot of fattening foods. I may not look it, but I'm a classic ulcer type—never raise my voice, never show anger, just get all steamed up inside. In the past couple of weeks, I've taken up smoking again, so maybe I'll lose a pound or two."

We mentioned that we had read in a column that his favorite restaurant is the Colony. "Never been there," he said. "Danton Walker had me in some such place the other night, when actually I was having dinner at the home of some friends. Hell, I can't afford those places! They're out of my class. I'm an old Schrafft's man myself." The suit the Commissioner was wearing was a handsome one, and we asked him about his tailor. "I'm a Schrafft's man in clothes, too," he said. "This suit is five years old. It was made for me by a man who has a little shop under the bridge in Brooklyn. I forget his name."

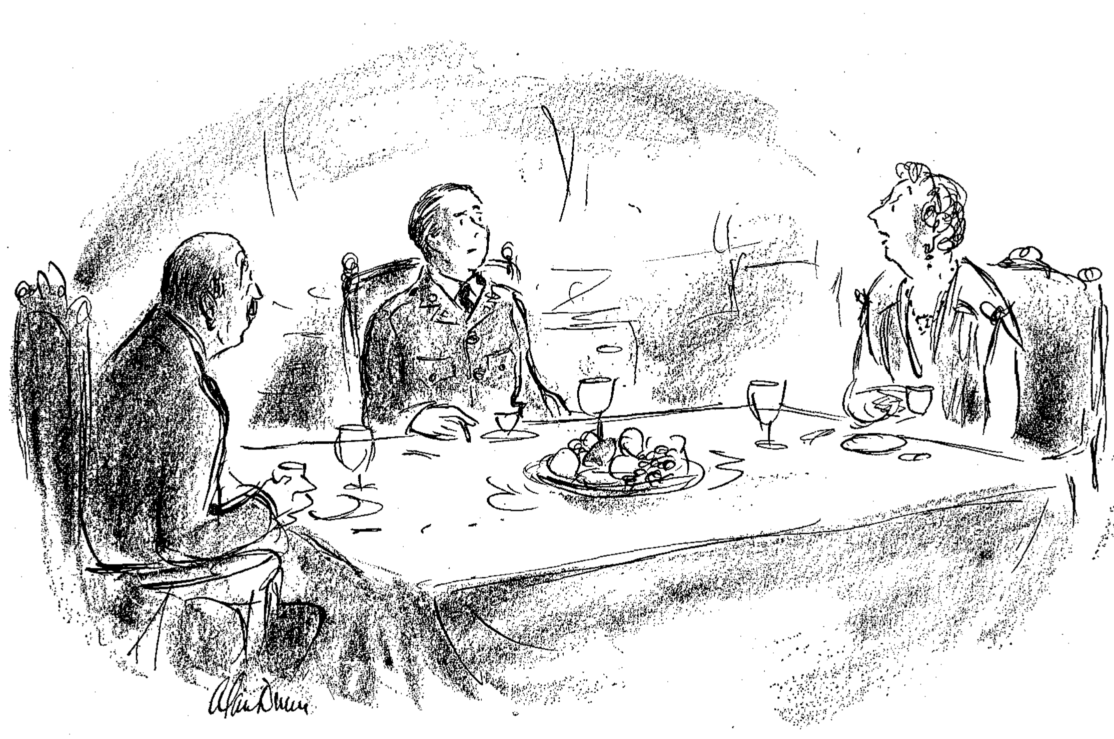
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A beauty parlor on East Thirty-fourth Street is offering Supersonic Permanent Waves.

Signs
THINK
STEINBERG

### *Highest with Steel*

THE antenna tower going up on top of the Empire State Building, designed to transmit the programs of five local television stations, will be finished by the first of next month, weather permitting, and we've been up to the roof of the building to inspect the job. We were escorted there by a representative of the Empire State Building, who, when we got off the elevator at the hundred-and-second floor, silently and portentously pointed a finger heavenward. Looking up, we perceived that over our head rose the red-leaded steel members of the new antenna tower, projecting into the sky like the frame of an oil derrick. The Empire State man explained that steel for the tower is brought up through the elevator shafts, some in the elevators, some hitched to the undersurface of the cars. We watched as a beam was attached to the cable of a boom on the half-finished tower and hauled up to a railed wooden platform on which a group of workers were waiting to set it in place and rivet it. These fellows strolled about as casually as the window-shoppers on Fifth Avenue, thirteen hundred feet below, and we asked our guide what safety precautions they observed, if any. He told us that the riveters and the connectors, who bolt the beams in place, wear safety lines, which encircle their waists.



*“Well, why do you do K.P. if you don’t like it?”*

* *

Donning a safety helmet, we climbed three flights of wooden ladders to a plank platform about thirty feet above the base of the antenna tower, and were introduced there to Ray Corbett, foreman of the job for the American Bridge Company. Corbett, obviously an old hand at outshouting riveting guns, told us that he had eighteen men in his crew, all from the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental, Ironworkers. “We’re used to working in high places, like the Whitestone Bridge and the U.N. Building,” he said, “but this is the highest that *any* man has ever worked with steel.” Nobody had quit on account of the height at the time of our visit, but Corbett was expecting some resignations when the work got still higher and the crew began experiencing a bit of swing and sway.

Weather is a far more important factor at thirteen hundred feet than at lower altitudes; the men have to knock off in rain, fog, or high wind. On the other hand, they are picking up considerable overtime on fair days. “The tower was made in two sections, in Trenton and Pittsburgh. The sections were assembled and then disassembled, so the holes are already reamed when we get the steel,” Corbett told us. “It’s just a matter of lining the holes up and hoping the members set plumb, and so far they always have.” The wind carries numerous insects past the tower; lately, the men have had daily visits from hosts of honeybees and dragonflies. A week or so ago, a flock of wild canaries flew right into the tower and many of the birds knocked themselves out. None of them died, though. Several of the men took stunned canaries home in their lunchboxes.

When complete, the tower will be two hundred and twenty-two feet from base to top. To conform to Civil Aeronautics Administration regulations, a red beacon light will flash on and off at the very peak, among the spikes of a lightning rod. The tower will cost around five hundred thousand dollars, and will have a range of between fifty-two and fifty-five miles, reaching a potential total of fifteen million viewers. N.B.C. has had exclusive use of the top of the Empire State Building for the last ten years but decided, when its lease came up for renewal, to let its television competitors share the new tower, which will serve not only WNBT, the N.B.C. station, but WPIX, WJZ-TV, WABD, and WCBS-TV. WOR-TV has its own antenna tower, in New Jersey, but it is thought that the engineers could find room for it if it should ever want to come over and join the rest of the gang.

## *Man Bites Dog*

“THIS damn traffic is getting worse and worse,” a midtown taxi fare remarked to his driver the other morning. “Excuse me, sir,” said the latter. “I’d rather not talk this morning.”

## *The Consul*

HAVING learned from an article about the Lord Mayor of West Berlin in another department of this magazine, a couple of weeks ago, that West Germany now has a consul general in New York, we found ourself talking to this newcomer. He is Dr. Heinz L. Krekeler, a blue-eyed, clean-shaven, pearl-stickpinned man of forty-four who speaks English with a broad “a,” and he is the first representative of Germany to occupy an official post in this country since 1941. He was, we learned, born in Bottrop, in the Ruhr, the son of a lawyer who in 1918 moved to Bielefeld, a linen-manufacturing town in Westphalia. Krekeler *Sohn* studied at the Universities of Freiburg, Göttingen, Munich, and Berlin, receiving from this last a doctorate of philosophy. He specialized in chemistry, and from 1930 to 1945 was associated with various chemical firms. In the fall of 1945, the Occupation authorities appointed him a member of the first parliament of Westphalia. A year and a half later, when the first postwar German state-assembly elections were held, he was continued in this post, which he relinquished last June, when he was preparing to come here as consul general. He is a partner in and from 1945 to 1947 was managing director of F. Eilers, a century-old Bielefeld publishing house devoted largely to scientific works and textbooks, including translations from the English. Early this year, at his instance, this firm began the publication of *World & Press*, a weekly made up of reprints of articles from American and British newspapers. *World & Press* is printed in English and is intended to familiarize German secondary-school students, most of whom know or are learning English, with the Anglo-American world.

Our talk with Dr. Krekeler took place in his thirty-second-floor office in the Squibb Building, where he set himself up, during the summer, with a staff of twenty. He told us that he first visited the United States in 1925, when he worked his way over (and back) in the engine room of the S. S. Westphalia. The ship stayed here nine days, which Dr. Krekeler spent in this city and Albany. He visited America again in the mid-thirties, touring oil-refining regions in the West and South on behalf of a chemical company. "Except for my publishing interests, I abandoned business when I became a parliamentarian," he told us. "Westphalia has a population of thirteen million and a parliament of two hundred and sixteen. I am quite aware that my task as consul general is a very delicate one. I don't mean to be a bore, but I must say that I have had only the kindliest treatment here." Dr. Krekeler said he doesn't believe in written intercourse on important matters, and that he had just returned from a two-week visit to Germany, where he reported to and conferred with the President and the Chancellor of West Germany. He expects to make similar reports every few weeks. "It's a physical strain," he said, "but better than writing."

We asked the Consul General, whom we called upon early in the morning, how his typical day began, and he appeared delighted with the question. "Stay here and watch!" he said. "First, the mail arrives." He sounded a buzzer, and a secretary brought in several folders of letters. "Ah, *ha!*" he said as he read one and initialled it. "*Jawohl, jawohl, ja, ja!*" he remarked after glancing at the second. "*Nein! Um Gottes willen!*" he exclaimed of the third. He marked a cross on the fourth, and said this meant that he wanted to see the reply, which would be written by one of his economic aides; initialled letters are answered without his supervision. We watched him ah-*ha*, *jawohl*, initial, and cross his way through the correspondence, much of which, he told us, had to do with inheritance problems of American citizens with deceased German relatives, queries from American businessmen who want to get in touch with German firms, and the authentication of American documents for presentation in German courts. "If we put our seal on a document, it's valid in any West German court," he said. He waved several letters at us. "Someone in California thinks he has an inheritance in Pomerania. The Russians are there, which makes it difficult, but we will try to help. Here's a passport application. Here's a lady in Chicago who wants to know whether her husband, who used to work on a German railway, is entitled to a pension. Maybe he is, but if so can the money be sent out? That's still a matter of Allied prerogative. Ah, *ha!* Here's someone who wants to know the exact address of a china factory in Bavaria."

Dr. Krekeler, we learned, is here with his wife and twelve-year-old son, who has been enrolled in a Quaker school in Pennsylvania. We also learned that Dr. K. and his wife recently moved from the Hotel Stanhope to an apartment on East Sixty-third Street and bought a Dynaflow Buick, that he has been a sailing enthusiast ever since he sailed on lakes near Munich in his undergraduate days, and that he doesn't use his doctor's title on his card. "I just want to be *Mr.* Krekeler," he told us. "Why? Well, I first stayed at the Roosevelt Hotel here, and one evening when I was going to my room a lady sitting at the desk with the keys asked me for my name. 'Dr. Krekeler,' I said. 'Oh, Doctor,' she said, 'I have a terrible stomach ache. Could you tell me what's wrong with me?'—and she stuck out her tongue. So I stopped using the 'Doctor.' I think 'Mister' is more democratic, too."

## *Shock*

A MAN who doesn't smoke, wed to a lady who does, received a friend, male, who lit a cigarette. Well, who should be looking on, round-eyed, but the quite young daughter of the house, and what should she do but run and tell her mother that she'd just seen a *man* smoking?

## *Gookum*

A BREAKFAST as the guest of breakfast-food makers is what we had the other morning in the Jade Room of the Waldorf, an affair to which the Kellogg Company, of Battle Creek, Michigan, had dispatched a crew of its topflight nutritionists. We sat down at a table for six, one of eight such, and discovered that we were between Mrs. Myrna Johnston, Foods and Equipment Department editor of *Better Homes & Gardens*, a Des Moines publication, and another lady, whose name we didn't get, from *Practical Home Economics*, a local periodical. While a seven-piece orchestra played, rather bewilderingly, "Some Enchanted Evening," we gobbled up some strawberries and cream served in a hollowed-out half coconut, and then reached for a box of Kellogg's Corn Pops standing behind our plate. "Don't do that," said Mrs. Johnston. "That's a sample, to take home to your wife." As we were reading various messages on the box—"Kids Love Pops," "Moms Love Pops," "Pops Love Pops," "Vitamin $B_1$ 12%, Riboflavin 2.3%, Iron 13%, and 0.55 mg. Niacin," and so on—a waiter held before us a tray laden with Pep, Corn Flakes, Bran Flakes, Krumbles, and Rice Krispies. "Take several and mix them together," Mrs. Johnston advised us. "The kids call that gookum." We did as directed. When we were halfway through our gookum, five young men in dark-blue suits entered the room, gathered around a microphone, and, as God is our witness, sang:

"Do you rush around each morning,
Barely stop to take a bite?
Kellogg's has a special warning:
Stop and eat your breakfast right.
Eat a better breakfast when you jump out of bed.
With a better breakfast there's a happy day ahead."

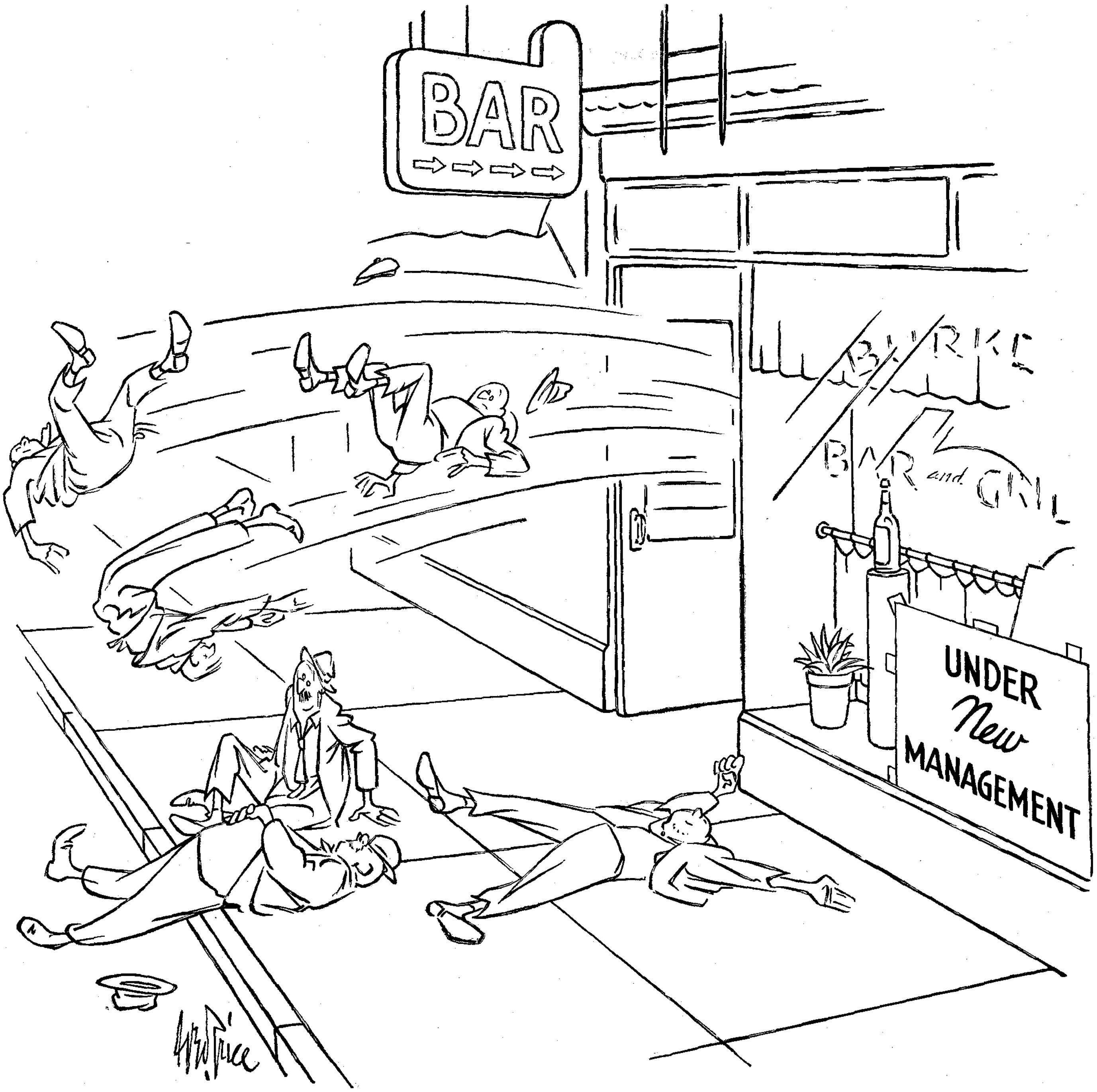
"Darn it, why didn't they cut up the coconut?" said the *Practical Home Economics* lady, practically. "You can't get it out this way."

"People have breakfast patterns like no other meal," Mrs. Johnston said to us. "Too many youngsters omit breakfast. It's awfully hard to have a balanced diet unless you have breakfast. Do your magazine's readers eat breakfast?"

We said yes, loyally, and, our gookum downed, turned to croissants, jam, and coffee. The glee club, which was identified to us by a roving Kellogg hostess as a quartet led by Lyn Duddy, who wrote some of the music for "Tickets, Please!," the current Hartman show, now launched, a bit behind schedule, into:

"Next you have your cereal,
Served with milk it's such a treat!
Kellogg's Corn Flakes and Rice Krispies,
Lots of others good to eat.
And you should have your share,
Wholesome and delicious,
And so easy to prepare."

At the conclusion of this, a couple of Kellogg ladies went from table to table



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handing out packages containing, in great nests of excelsior, handsome silver porringers. As everyone unpacked these, with little exclamations of delight, Mrs. Regina Frisbie, director of Kellogg's Home Economics Services, arose and stated that Corn Pops, pre-sweetened and ready for milk or cream, had been introduced to the people of Battle Creek last June and would be available in the East sometime in 1951. "They make an awfully good snack," another Kellogg lady said. "Be sure to open them when you get home, because I *think* there's a twenty-dollar gold piece at the bottom of each box." Titters greeted this playful intelligence. A man with a banjo strummed and sang "So in Love," and was followed by a magician, who busied himself and dizzied his audience for fully twenty minutes with eggs, bananas, cards, and rabbits. "Will everyone now join in the chorus of our ballad?" Mr. Duddy then begged. He and his associates, accompanied by a sprinkling of guests, all of whom had been given the score of the ballad, which Mr. Duddy wrote, sang:

"Start off the morning right,
Start off the morning bright,
Ev'rything's O.K.
With a hap-hap-happy breakfast to start
 the day . . ."

Stimulated, we went on our way, but not before a Kellogg lady at the door had handed us a large envelope, which, inspected in tranquillity, yielded thirty-five pieces of literature, mostly bearing on breakfast foods. One, a thirty-one-page pamphlet entitled "It's Smart to Eat Breakfast," read, in part:

> "Gosh," exclaimed Sally. "That reminds me. I've hardly eaten a thing all day. I've been so—so nervous."
>
> "That's what I mean, Sally. That's one of the first rules you ought to be careful about. People don't realize how important food habits are. But maybe I've talked too much. Let's go back to the dance floor, shall we?"

•

OVERHEARD at a Maryland race track, one matron to another: "Oh, it's a perfect school. I declare, I couldn't be better pleased. Even the *little* children have stables for their horses."

# N. E. S. P. D. I. P.

BEFORE I say anything at all about the Messrs. Harmon, Lovell, Desmoulins, Colby, and Fitch, I'd like to explain a certain aspect of the Massachusetts income-tax laws that has a definite bearing on my relationship with this group of kindred spirits. Briefly, it is that residents of the Commonwealth are required to pay a state tax of seven per cent on unearned income and one of about two per cent on earned income. For tax purposes, rents are classified as earned income, and, as a result, many Massachusetts residents are disposed to acquire income-yielding real estate rather than get entangled with the stock market. My wife and I, who live in the Commonwealth, have conducted a few modest experiments with real estate—that is, we have bought small dwellings, remodelled them, and rented them—and I am bound to say that this procedure, although teeming with hazards, is at least less exhausting than trying to decode the *Wall Street Journal* every day.

Recently, I sold a summer-resort cottage that had several major drawbacks, bought an attractive piece of shore property, and busied myself with paper and pencil, sketching rough plans for a cottage that I hoped could be easily and profitably rented for the summer season. I know that building these days is likely to be attended by heartache and exasperation, but I had great faith in five friends and neighbors who had coalesced as a team the first time they remodelled a house for me, a good many years ago: Mr. Harmon ("Carpentry and Building Repairs"), Mr. Lovell ("Masonry of All Kinds"), Mr. Desmoulins ("Electrical Appliances and General Wiring"), Mr. Colby ("General Plumbing; Fixtures at Reasonable Rates"), and Mr. Fitch ("Painting and Paperhanging; Estimates Cheerfully Submitted").

To the sum the recent sale had yielded, less the cost of the new land, I intended to add enough money to build a cottage that would be worthy of the new property's delightful situation. All my tentative floor plans included a good-sized living room, four bedrooms, two baths, and, among other things, a broad bricked terrace, part of which was to be open to the sea view and part of which was to be protected by a high brick wall, so that a small garden of roses could thrive unmolested by gales. But in devising this new house I was reckoning without the iron wills of the Messrs. Harmon, Lovell, Desmoulins, Colby, and Fitch, or, to lump them all together, the New England Society for the Prevention of Dipping Into Principal, or, for short, the N.E.S.P.D.I.P.

Richard Decker

TAKING my plans with me, I went first to Mr. Harmon. In our part of Massachusetts, it is considered unneighborly to employ an architect. One goes to one's carpenter with ideas, and if he is enjoying reasonably good health and isn't too angry at the Democrats, he is quite likely to adopt some of them. After Mr. Harmon and I had chatted for some time about the price of beef, the more interesting pregnancies of the moment, the best way to combat the fall webworm, and the unspeakable behavior of the Sewer Commissioners in refusing to connect old Mrs. Tupper, we got down to business.

"I've decided to build a cottage on that land I bought from Sturges Glenn," I said.

"Well, I should hope so!" Mr. Harmon said. "I should hope you wouldn't just let the property sit there, eating you out of house and home, our tax rate being what it is."

"I've drawn some plans," I said, handing them to him.

"Everybody does," he said indulgently. "*I* don't mind." He glanced at my efforts for perhaps fifteen or twenty seconds. Then he thrust them back at me. "You must be crazy!" he said.

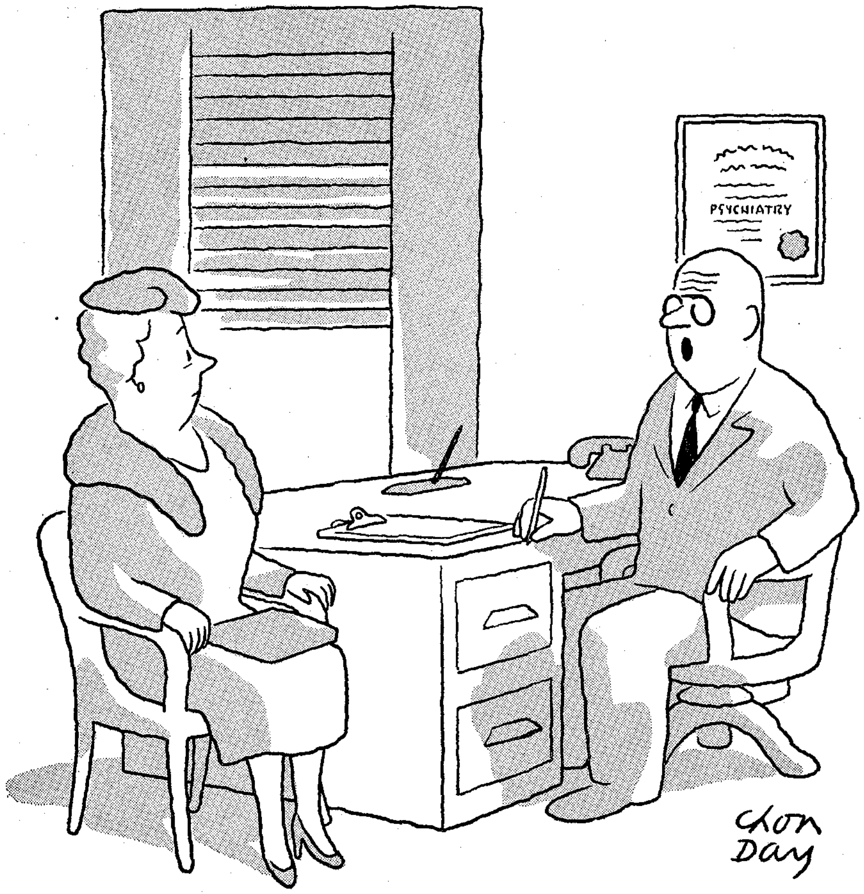
Even the fact that Mr. Harmon had known me from my infancy hardly excused his rejecting my work in this cavalier fashion, or so I felt. "I think some of my ideas are very practical," I said in an injured tone.

"Look," Mr. Harmon said, not unkindly. "How much are you folks planning to spend on furniture, decorations, and general appliances, *ex*cluding plumbing fixtures for the bathroom but *in*cluding the kitchen range, sink, and icebox?"

"Not more than three thousand," I said. "We'll pick up some of the furniture second-hand, and fill in with as much mail-order stuff as we can. Actually, I'm hoping we'll be able to keep the total furnishing costs down to twenty-five hundred."

"It'll be nearer three thousand, if I know you," Mr. Harmon said gloomily. "You'll give your tenants things that aren't necessities—electric toasters and such—and get in deeper and deeper."

Refusing to be depressed by this dark prophecy, I said cheerfully, "All right.



*"Offhand, Mrs. Wheelwright, I'd say you're nutty as a fruitcake."*

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Let's say the furnishings will cost the full three thousand. What of it?"

"My *land!*" Mr. Harmon exploded. "Use your head! You sold your Wequetoquam Road place for thirteen—everybody knows *that*—and you bought Sturges Glenn's lot for two. Deduct three for furnishings and appliances, and how much have you got left for carpentry, masonry, plumbing, and so on? Eight! What gives you the idea you can put up a four-bedroom cottage for eight *these* days? The trouble with you boys is you don't take time to think things out."

It exhilarates a man who is hovering unenthusiastically on the brink of middle age to hear himself included in the phrase "you boys." I beamed at Mr. Harmon and granted him plenary absolution for his testiness about my floor plans.

"The fact is I don't expect to keep the building costs down to eight thousand," I explained. "I know that the kind of house I have in mind will cost more than that. What I want to do is add enough money to put up a really first-rate cottage."

Mr. Harmon stared at me incredulously. "You mean you aren't going to let the money you got for the Wequetoquam Road place do all the work for you? You mean you want to go and add more, and build a showier house, and *speculate*?"

I said that showiness was not my aim at all, and that I had been thinking in terms of a four-bedroom cottage merely because the Sturges Glenn land was so well situated that I considered a larger investment justifiable.

"City people aren't going to want four-bedroom cottages next season," Mr. Harmon said, looking very wily. "They're going to want cheap two-bedroom places with double-decker berths, on account of all the hidden taxes the *Saturday Evening Post* tells about."

I pointed out that a four-bedroom cottage is what many of the families who send inquiries to our local real-estate agents stipulate.

"A four-bedroom house means cocktail parties," Mr. Harmon declared. "Smash your furniture and ruin *everything!*"

I remarked mildly that I hoped I'd be able to rent to a nice, everyday family consisting of parents, children, and perhaps a visiting grandparent or two.

"Children!" Mr. Harmon shuddered. "No sense in my giving you finished walls if you're going to have children marking them up with crayons on rainy days. Open studding will be good enough. Besides, it comes cheaper." He summed up with elaborate casualness. "Open studding and a couple of bedrooms with two three-quarter bunks built into each one. How'll that be?"

"Four bedrooms," I amended gently, "and only *one* with built-in bunks." Mr. Harmon scowled. "Of course, I haven't set my heart on following any of my plans down to the last inch," I continued, hoping to coax him. "My idea was to give you a free hand, apart from my basic requirements. All I wanted to find out today was what the total cost sheet will look like when I'm through. Very rough estimates."

"Won't give 'em to you," Mr. Harmon snapped. "Waste of time. Wouldn't build anything foolish for you even if you paid me to." He added that nobody wanted great big houses in this day and age, implying that I had asked him to construct something along the lines of a Newport château. "Why don't you stick to government bonds when, as, and if you're able to put a little something aside?" Mr. Harmon's tone conveyed even more than his words—a definite dread that I might move into the poorhouse without warning someday, taking my entire family with me, and that all of us might thenceforth eat three hearty meals a day at the public expense.

"My wife will be disappointed when I tell her how you feel," I said, appealing to his chivalry. He happens to admire my wife very much indeed; they have long, cordial talks about what exquisite taste he has and about how his ability to create beautiful pine panelling surpasses that of any other local craftsman.

With an almost priestly solicitude, Mr. Harmon asked whether I had talked over my building plans with my wife. I said that I had. "What did *she* say?" he inquired. When I told him that she had helped me draw them up, he winced.

I got up and said I was sorry he didn't feel like giving me any estimates.

"But I *said* I could build you a nice little two-bedroom cottage that would run you about eight thousand, all told," he protested.

Not being in a mood for futile bickering, I chatted with Mr. Harmon about general matters for a while, and presently departed. I didn't at all like the idea of changing over to another carpenter, a step regarded in our parts as almost more reprehensible than committing adultery. But I had developed a stubborn resolve to build the kind of cottage I wanted.

LATER in the day, I took my plans to Mr. Lovell.

"Can you give me an estimate on some masonry?" I asked, and handed my plans over to him.

He studied my handiwork at length, and I found his absorption gratifying. "Interesting," he was kind enough to say. "Too much masonry, though, in proportion to the carpentry."

"Well, you're a mason, aren't you?"

"Masonry's only incidental. After all, Henry Harmon is the one you've got to allow the most money for. We'll have to keep the cost of this two-bedroom cottage Henry's going to build for you down to rock bottom, so we'll just have to forget about some of your ideas, even though they're good ones, like the brick terrace and the brick wall."

"But Henry Harmon hasn't agreed to anything I've suggested, and I certainly haven't agreed to anything *he's* suggested," I said quickly. "The truth is I don't think he wants to build a house for me at all."

"Oh, yes, he does," Mr. Lovell said. "Of course he does. He's going to build you a two-bedroom cottage. Told me so himself on the phone a little while ago. The outside limit has got to be eight thousand, apart from Frank Colby's plumbing bill, Henry says. I said *I* didn't see any harm in your going as high as nine, but Henry put his foot down. So that means no living-room fireplace. What you'll have to buy is a Franklin stove—you ought to be able to pick up a nice-looking one, with brass ornaments, for sixty, seventy dollars—and I'll build you a little brick chimney on the roof, and Frank Colby can run a piece of good, plain stovepipe up to it, and your tenants will make out all right. City folks always like Franklins. I won't have to do much for you except the foundation, and that's something we really *can* economize on. I'll give you cement blocks."

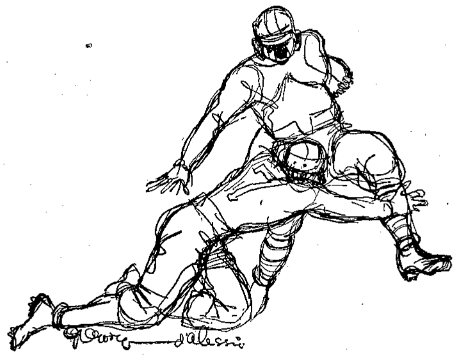
"But the last thing I want to do is put up a cottage that looks like something out of a cheap housing development!" I cried.

"Calm down," Mr. Lovell said. "You can plant rugosa roses or something like that around the foundation. Your tenants won't see the cement blocks, and they'll never know the difference."

"*I'll* know the difference!"

"Don't be foolish," Mr. Lovell said pleasantly. "You want the cottage to earn money for you, don't you?"

ON my way to see Mr. Colby ("General Plumbing"), I stopped off to have a word with Mr. Desmoulins ("General Wiring"). I told Mr. Desmoulins I wasn't entirely sure who was going to build my new cottage, at which he looked quite shocked, but I showed him the plans and asked him to give me a rough estimate on the wiring. Mr. Desmoulins promptly and succinctly gave me an estimate. "Two hundred and fifty dollars," he said. "That covers everything, including inexpensive, nice-looking fixtures. And don't go asking me about the prices of electric washing machines and deep freezes and things like that. I'm giving you the absolute minimum, and if you know what's good for you, you'll give your tenants the same thing and nothing more."



I couldn't help remarking that the figure seemed extremely low.

"Well, after all, a two-bedroom cottage," he said, shrugging. "Henry Harmon called up and told me to keep the wiring way down, because of the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

Mr. Desmoulins hesitated delicately. "I guess nobody's got any too much to throw away these days," he said, looking out the window.

"But I want an estimate on the plans I showed you."

He returned them to me. "You must've spent a lot of time on 'em," he said, with French-Canadian courtesy. "Right now, we've got something else to worry about, though."

"What's that?" I inquired.

"Making every penny count," he said with satisfaction.

MR. COLBY frustrated me still further. My wife, who is tremendously interested in kitchen matters, had been personally responsible for the kitchen plans I showed him. These in-

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## ON THE PREVALENCE OF LITERARY REVIVALS

It's hard
Keeping up with the avant-garde.
There was the time that Donne
Had a place in the sun.
His *lettres* were *belles* of pure gold
And they tolled and they tolled and they tolled,
Until critics in suitable haunts
Took up Kafka (Franz).
Then everyone wanted to herald
The genius of Scott Fitzgerald.
After that, among Prominent Names,
It was utterly Henry James.

In between, of course, there was room
For a Melville boom,
For a peek at Poe, for a dollop
Of Trollope,
And currently people report on
A scrambling aboard
The elegant wagons of Wharton
And Ford Madox Ford.

Oh, it's perfectly clear
That there's change when the critics forgather.
Last year was a Hawthorne year.
Coming up—Willa Cather?
And I'm happy the great ones are thriving,
But what puzzles my head
Is the thought that they needed reviving.
I had never been told they were dead.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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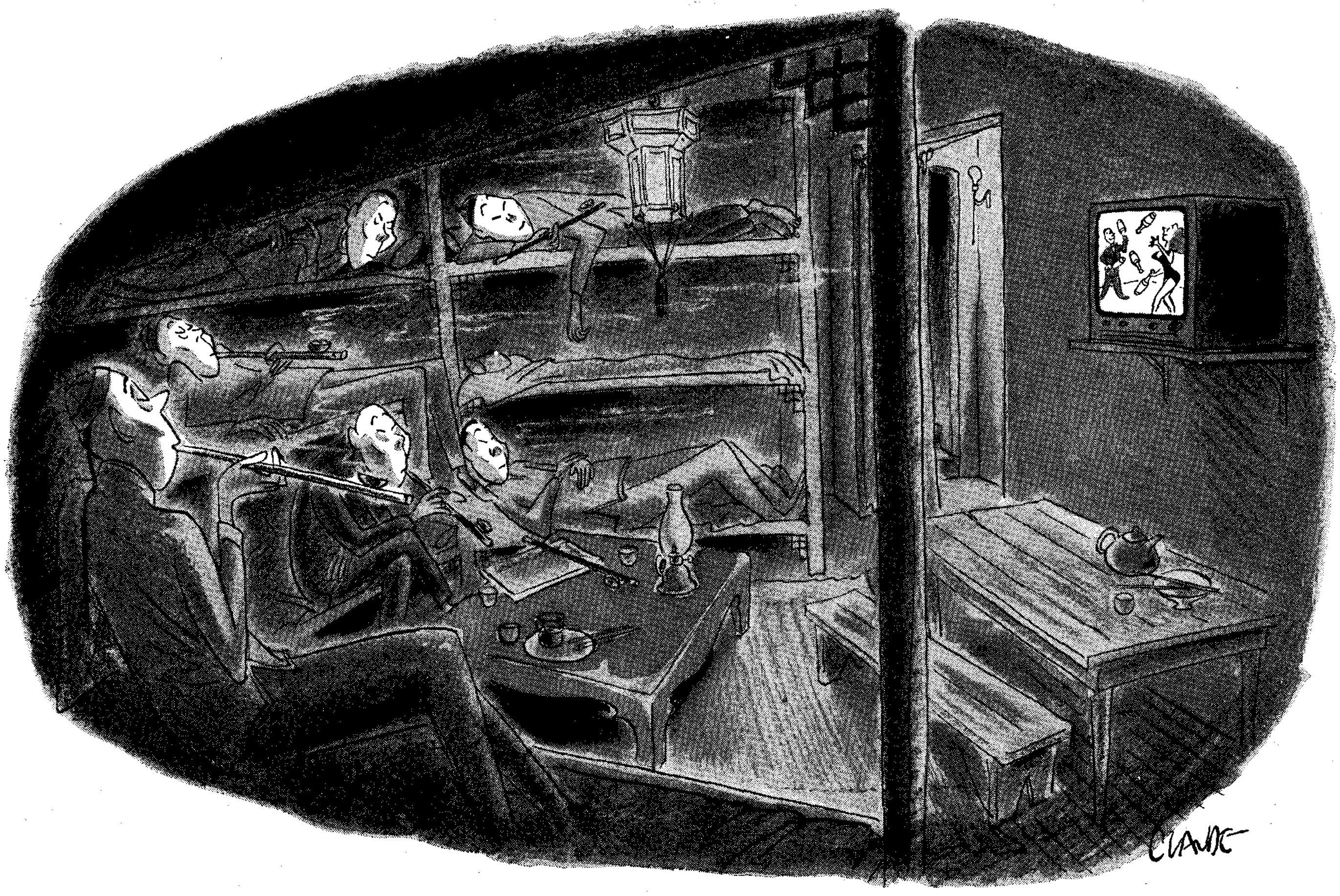


corporated the latest ideas she had gleaned from the magazines, and I'm afraid she had winked a good deal with the eye she had been supposed to be keeping on costs. Also, she had dreamed up two fairly voluptuous bathrooms.

Mr. Colby inspected her achievements and gave a short but eloquent snort. "I guess one perfectly plain toilet, washbowl, and bathtub set can take care of any folks you'll rent to," he said laconically. "I'll put a steel sink in the kitchen. They're the cheapest. About the icebox, I think I know where I can lay hold of a used Frigidaire in good condition for twenty dollars. The kitchen range will have to be your own responsibility. I'll look around for something that's still got plenty of wear in it, but you'll have to look, too. I won't guarantee to find anything all by myself."

"I want to talk to you about these plans I've shown you," I said firmly.

"Why bother?" Mr. Colby asked.

"Listen, Mr. Colby," I said. "That land of Sturges Glenn's is *good*. It deserves to have a house on it that'll do justice to the view and the private beach."

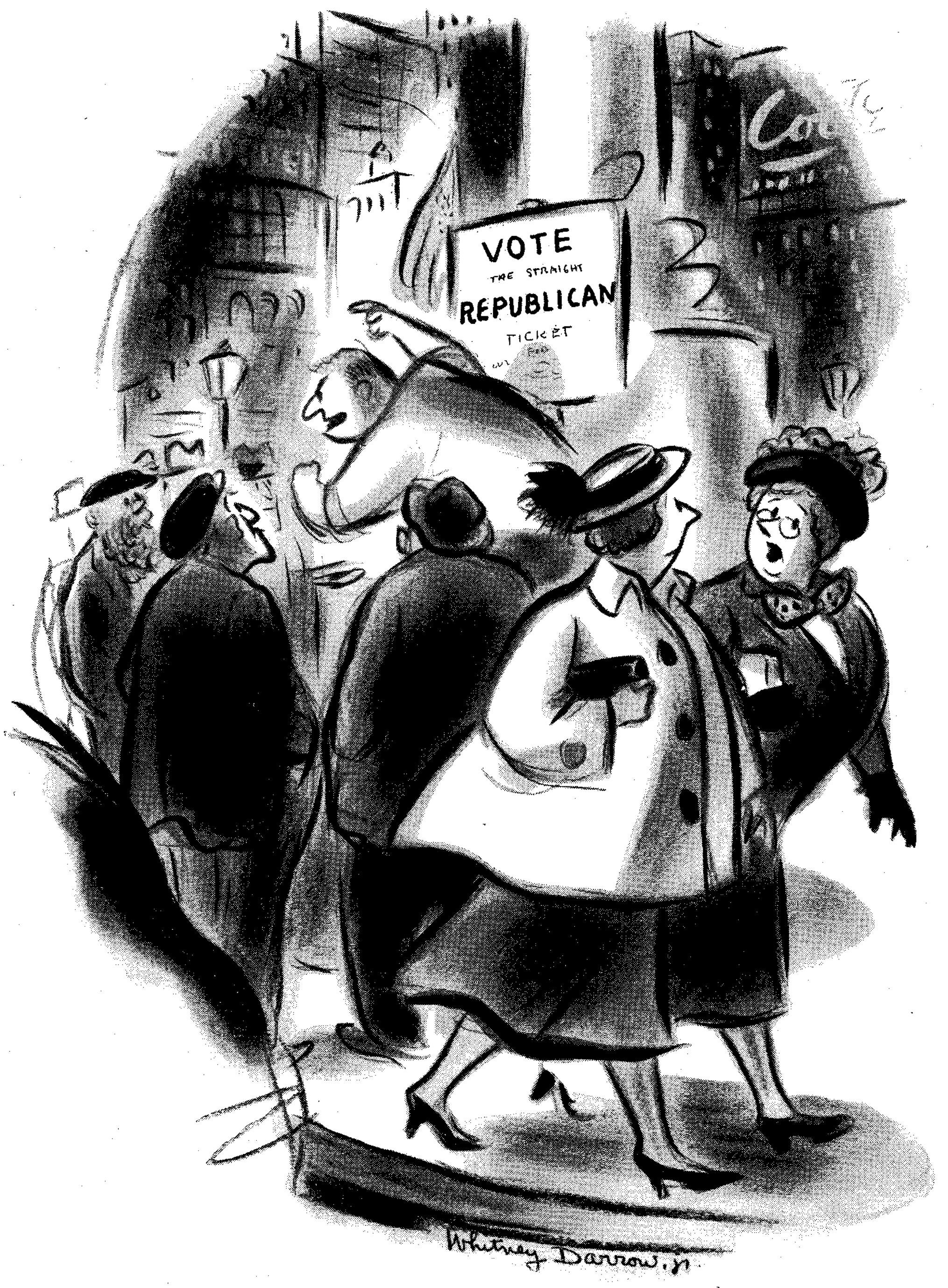
Mr. Colby assured me that I was crazy even to think of "putting up an expensive white elephant" against the advice of Henry Harmon and everyone else. I said earnestly that all I wanted to do was erect a neat, attractive dwelling that would bring in a good rent, and added that I could hardly agree that four bedrooms constituted an elephant of *any* color. "You got a very good price for your Wequetoquam Road property," Mr. Colby said. "Why not let the same money go to work for you without trying to add more to it and getting yourself involved in all kinds of extra worries?"

At this point, I began to regret bitterly that Henry Harmon had been very much in love, many years before, with an extremely personable aunt of mine. Back in President Taft's administration, Mr. Harmon had often picked me up and placed me on his lap, in an effort to make a favorable impression on my aunt. And I, in my innocence, had not only played with his vest buttons and his necktie but even planted moist kisses on his cheek. This sort of thing can lead to a great deal of trouble later in life, as I have tried to show. The erstwhile kissee considers himself entitled to lay down the law to the erstwhile kisser about such things as building costs.

BY the time I went to see Mr. Fitch ("Painting and Paperhanging"), I was so frustrated about the whole project that I didn't even take the plans along with me. I merely told Mr. Fitch that I was about to build a cottage and that I hoped he would be willing to work on it.

"Just the bathroom and kitchen," he said happily. "That's all you'll need *me* for. Henry Harmon says the rest of the interior will be open studding. If you want to rub it down with wax, why you can do it yourself, of course. Now, don't start worrying about the outside trim. You'll enjoy doing it, and it won't take you more than a couple of days. I'll show you how and get you started. Henry's all wrong when he talks about an eight-thousand minimum. It can be kept a lot lower than that. I said to Henry, 'Use your imagination. Keep the beams small, space the joists as far apart as you possibly can, and give him red cedar shingles instead of white. The red won't weather the same good gray color, but who cares about that?' Then I said, 'Henry, I bet that with a little more effort you could keep the whole thing down to around seven thousand,' and he said, 'By God, I *will!*' "

I ASKED Mr. Harmon, Mr. Lovell, Mr. Desmoulins, Mr. Colby, and Mr. Fitch to drop in at my house the following evening. When they arrived, I gave them beer, thick ham sandwiches, and various homemade condiments. After the gorging had got under way, I cautiously began to divulge



*"I never thought that kind of people were Republicans."*

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a few facts that I thought might prove of general interest.

"For summer rentals, I ask, and generally get, ten per cent of the estimated market value of a house," I said. "Deducting taxes, insurance, and maintenance expenses, the net averages between five and seven per cent. I got thirteen thousand from the sale of the Wequetoquam Road house. Suppose that, in building a new cottage, I add two thousand more to this. The summer rent from the fifteen thousand investment would be fifteen hundred, or nine hundred net, say. Nine hundred net is six per cent."

The Messrs. Harmon, Lovell, Desmoulins, Colby, and Fitch had assumed the expressions that they habitually reserve for church services. This was not surprising, in view of the fact that I was touching on rather holy matters.

"Now, the two thousand I'd add would be supplied by my cashing low-interest bonds paying two and two and a half per cent," I went on. "In other words, there would be a definite increase in the amount of interest earned. By the same token, if I were to build a twenty-thousand-dollar cottage, I'd add seven thousand from low-interest bonds, again increasing the rate of income from two or two and a half per cent to an approximate six per cent. So, you see, regardless of whether I build a cottage with two, three, or four bedrooms, anything I add to what I got for the Wequetoquam Road property will be earning more than it's earning now."

Intuitively, I felt that my sermon was pleasing the congregation very much indeed.

"Also, instead of paying a state tax of seven per cent on my low-interest bonds, I'll only be paying one of about two per cent on my six per cent from the rental," I finished, feeling that I should really add "Let us pray" or else motion to them all to rise and join me in singing the Doxology or the Gloria Patri. Instead, I simply stopped.

A long silence ensued. Presently, it was broken by Mr. Harmon, who remarked that my wife certainly knew how to make mustard pickle. "Not too sour and not too sweet," he observed, and everyone nodded in agreement. "Now, understand, I don't want to push you," Mr. Harmon said. "I don't want to push you or butt into something that isn't any of my business, but have you stopped to consider the advantages of six bedrooms and maybe three baths? Lots of the folks who come here for the summer bring a maid with them. You ought to give that aspect of it—I mean the maid aspect—some pretty serious attention."

I said I thought four bedrooms and two baths would be about right, and explained that I didn't want to get in too deep.

Mr. Harmon gave me a look that I can only describe as fondly approving. "You're getting to have quite a good head on your shoulders," he said.

"Have another sandwich," I said, considerably embarrassed. Being a New Englander, he shouldn't have said a thing like that. Praise to the face is open disgrace.

Mr. Lovell recklessly allowed himself to become even more fulsome. "I'll say this for you—when you carve a ham, you don't *squinch!*" he said.

It was Mr. Colby who brought us all back to our senses. "If he makes a habit of carving ham this way, he won't have enough money left to build so much as a chicken coop," Mr. Colby said ominously, and a decent atmosphere of gloom was soon restored.

—James Reid Parker

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Pocketing your tickets to one of the best shows in town, the friendly Commodore doorman hails a cab and you're off.
—*Commodore Chat.*

That's why New York is called Friendly Town.

# INSOMNIA AND THE BLACK SHEIK

WHEN I could distinguish the sharp-cut, inky border of the papaw trees outside the window, I knew that day was not far off. Weeks before, I had given up wondering why I slept so badly and whether I ought to lay it to the altitude or to too many Ethiopian cigarettes, or whether my insomnia might or might not be a forerunner of fever. ("Where coffee grows, there is no fever," everyone on the plantation had told me firmly.) And hours before, I had stopped hoping that this particular night might prove to be unlike every other night in the six weeks I had been in Abyssinia. It had, unfortunately, been like all the others. I had dozed off blissfully in the coolness that usually came at sundown only to be jerked back to consciousness almost at once, with nightmare violence.

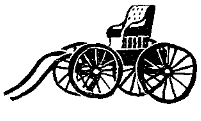
That autumn in the early thirties, I had left my husband in Paris and gone down to East Africa to study Abyssinian folkways. When a French friend in Dire Dawa suggested that I spend part of my time on a small coffee plantation he owned in the Galla country below Harar, I had accepted the offer eagerly. He had warned me that I would probably be lonely, since he could be there seldom and no other Europeans lived within twenty miles of the place, but I had refused to consider this a drawback. He had offered to take me to the plantation himself, so early in September we rode our mules up the steep trail from Dire Dawa to the Harar plateau. The motor road had not yet been built and it took three hours of hard climbing to reach the pass and the green rolling upland above the bare, burnt landscape we had left below. Eight hours more brought us to the plantation, which was on a hilltop that looked across the broad Erer valley to the distant blue heights of Ugaden. The plantation, with its terraces of green coffee shrubs on the slope below a small group of mud-walled, tin- or thatch-roofed huts, perched like a hanging garden high above the plain, and when I saw it and the guest hut I was to occupy, I decided at once to settle down there for three months and absorb local color. My host turned me over to the care of his Somali house servants and rode away. Everything would have been perfect if only I had been able to sleep.

Some nights, a downpour exploded on my tin roof with a thunder that was enough to wake the dead. Other nights, there were drums and shouting from the hut where the Galla laborers met once a week to chant the Koran, or, in the distance, the long-drawn-out groan-and-yip of a scavenging hyena. And I sometimes heard the yowling of the panther that left prints of its big cat's paws in the lemon grove beyond the hedge. More often than not, however, there was almost no sound at all. I would sit up in bed, tense, wide awake, while the smallest rustle in the leaves set my heart racing. This particular night had been quiet—and I had not slept.

Above the topmost branches of the papaws, the sky began to bleach faintly. I heard the sound of bare feet on the hard earth of the terrace, and two gray-white patches, one above the other, slid into my doorway. It was one of the Somali houseboys; the pale patches were the white *futa* (skirtlike sarong) about his legs, and the *chamma*, or shawl, that muffled his head against the morning chill. By his height I recognized Ali Number One. All three Somali house servants were named Ali; hence my French host's doggerel, which he had taught me when introducing me to the boys:

*On sait qu'en pays somali*
*Chacun s'appelle en somme Ali.*

"*Boon* [coffee]," said Ali One from the threshold of my hut, and drew back, leaving the doorway uniformly dark again. I wriggled out of the hammock-like hollow of my corded bed, groped for my sandals on the floor, and scuffed out to the terrace that separated my hut from the other plantation buildings. On the slope below the terrace, rows of coffee bushes pricked through the mist that at sunrise would start streaming down from the plateau to the plain of Erer, where there were lions and "bad" fever. Ali One claimed you could hear the lions on days when the wind was right and had given me a sample roar to demonstrate how they sounded. I never heard them, but every time I looked down on the yellow plain, with its streaks of shimmering blue mirage, I pictured the loose-skinned, tawny beasts loping across it in a fog of malaria.



Ali was waiting for me, and he set a large white coffeepot on the bamboo table that was already laid with a pottery bowl, a slab of unleavened bread, and a melon-size papaw, its smooth skin mottled with dew. The plantation began its day in the cool hour before dawn, and besides I liked my breakfast at daybreak after my sleepless nights.

"*Madame dormir?*" he asked.

I shrugged off the question and muttered something about sending him to Harar to get the French doctor to come to see me. I had had enough of white nights, I said. He stood shivering by my chair, and I fancied he hid a smile behind the folds of his *chamma*.

"*Docteur mafish* [There is no doctor]. Gone to Addis Ababa," he added in approximate French. He blinked down at me. "I tell Sheik. Sheik make you sleep," he said firmly, and shuffled off to the warmth of the main hut, below the terrace, where smoke from the morning fire was seeping up through the peaked thatch.

Well, let him call in the Galla holy man, I thought; it would not be the first time. The Sheik had already treated me for a leg ulcer with a salve of dried beans and butter ground up in a mortar together with a magic "paper" that had a formula written on it in Arabic. Ali maintained that the Sheik's prescription had worked the cure, rather than the shots the French doctor had given me when I rode over to Harar to consult him. Had not that same salve healed the little zebu calf when it developed mange?

I sat in the black-and-white dawn and sipped my coffee; there was no sound except the chuckle of water in the irrigation ditch that bordered the terrace before plunging down to the rows of coffee plants. Above the ditch, a line of peach trees looked flat and spidery against the growing light. Imported from French Provence, they had shot up to twice their normal height and, with the rains, were putting out new leaves, like all the native trees, though the fruit had not yet ripened. A branch of one of the trees hung over my table, and on it I could see the round blob of a half-grown peach.

As the sky grew pink, the leaves and fruit took on color. Bright darts of light jabbed through the trees. The largest hut below the terrace emptied itself like Noah's ark—two horses, two mules, two cows, and, in their wake, two ducks.

"*Bulte, aman bulte!*" That was Ayesha, the shepherdess, saying good morning to me in Galla. She squatted by the irrigation ditch and went through her morning ablutions, a *futa* spread modestly over her shoulders like a sheet. Still dripping, she stood up and draped it, a knot on one shoulder, a twist about the breast and waist, and the ends tucked in at the belt. On the plantation, I was the only one who admired Ayesha. "All bones," Ali One had said, and Kassim, the Dancali sailor my host had left with me as a bodyguard, had held up a thin forefinger. "Like that," he had said. "No wonder her husband beat her." I had snapped back that he could not beat her any more—not since the owner, on his last trip to the plantation, had stepped in and commanded a divorce for the couple. This morning, I thought Ayesha looked rather woebegone, and I wondered whether she missed her hutmate.

ALI was back again, his hair slick with butter, the *chamma* now draped about his shoulders like a toga. He took his stand behind my chair, a monkey-tail brush in his hand, for the flies had come with the sun. I watched Ayesha drive her mixed herd out through the gate in the *zeriba* (the wall of an enclosure, in this case made by a hedge of cactus and euphorbia) and reflected how normal it was that canons of beauty among people who managed to exist on a handful of parched *durra* corn daily should stress volume rather than line. Our blacksmith had declared he would give two hundred camels for a woman with legs like mine. It was purely a figure of speech; he owned no camels. He had followed up the remark with a poetical improvisation in which my legs were compared to palm trees. I had been rather set up at the time, but was less so when I thought it over afterward.

"*Salaam aleikum!*" This time it was Kassim, the Dancali, greeting me in Arabic, the Esperanto of the region. We were a mixed group on our hilltop—Gallas, Somalis, an Ethiopian watchman, this one Dancali from the coast, and I, an American with a French husband. The men spoke a garbled language among themselves and used the international tongue as a first step toward me—a halting one, since I was no scholar of Arabic. In the end, everything had to percolate to me through Ali One, who possessed a shady smattering of French.

A slight scuffle took place behind my chair as Kassim seized the monkey-tail brush. He held it like a sceptre and stood slim and straight, a turban hiding his long, wavy hair, a copper bracelet glinting above one elbow. His fine Semitic features were very black, and his bare torso, with its broad shoulders and slim waist, made a perfect triangle. The chair hid his less perfect legs, which, from the knees down, were spotted with ulcers.

Ali retreated to the edge of the terrace and sat on his heels, to be within range in case I needed an interpreter. It annoyed me that nearly all my conversation with Kassim had to pass through Ali, for Ali considered himself an expert on white usages and was full of self-importance and good intentions. Kassim had a phrase for it. "He is as honest as a *towashi* [eunuch]," he said.

On the other hand, when I asked Kassim a question, I knew I could count on a direct answer. This morning, I tackled him on the subject of insomnia. "Why can't I sleep?" I asked in French.

"Why Madame not sleep?" Ali echoed in Arabic.

"She is accursed," Kassim replied; a banal statement, spoken with Moslem finality, it needed no translation. I had heard it before. But this time I wanted more.

"What makes him so sure?" Ali translated my next question.

"She has no skin." Kassim swished the brush energetically and went on to say that when you finish building a boat, you give it a coat of paint, but that I was of those whom Allah had not considered worth painting. Allah's hand had slipped somehow in making white people, so he had left them skinless, like flayed goats or something you find under a stone. We were afraid to drink water, and when we bared our heads to the sun, it killed us. And we ate forbidden flesh and carrion out of tins. . . .

Vehemently said, his tirade came through my interpreter somewhat softened, but I got the harsh implications just the same. My superior white skin was no skin at all, and sleep, like water and sun, was a blessing of Allah reserved for the Faithful.

"Tell him I sleep well enough in my own country," I said glumly.

The monkey-tail brush came to rest on my shoulder. "Good Moslems sleep anywhere," said the Dancali.

I took over the brush and strolled off through the garden. Perhaps the subdued laughter behind me had nothing to do with me. It would not have bothered my host. "*Des primitifs*," he would have said tolerantly.

The garden steamed in the sun and gave off a heady smell of sap and damp earth and massed flower petals. Everything was sprouting; even the gateposts in the cactus hedge had put out patches of bright-green mold. From the gardener's hut, beyond the gate of the *zeriba*, came a rhythmic shouting and the beat of stamping feet. The plantation hands, who had gathered for their morning rations, stood in a circle just outside the hut, singing lustily while their legs worked like pistons. I recognized two kneeling figures in the center of the circle as Aden, the gardener, and his satiny-skinned wife, the plantation beauty. They faced each other, knees and breasts touching, and were jerking their bodies rigidly backward and forward in time to the chanting. At each backward swing, the coils of the woman's hair touched the earth behind her heels.

"*Madame voir danser?*" Ali materialized at my elbow and bustled forward. At our approach, the singing stopped; the two on the ground scrambled to their feet, and the laborers caught up their digging sticks and faded into the landscape. Ali chose to ignore the effects of my blighting presence. "Spring dance, very nice. Monsieur here, Madame here," and he gestured to the right and to the left. "Everyone sing," he added, and pointed to the ground, jiggled his feet, and let out a few yells. The Dancali, who had overtaken us, did not join in. He was watching the gardener's wife with interest as she pulled the *futa*, which had slipped to her waist, up over her round breasts. His eyes followed her as she disappeared with swaying step into the doorway of the hut.

THE Sheik came at noon. Barefoot and leisurely, he strolled up the path from the gate to the terrace—a tall, bearded Galla in a white *chamma* bordered with the Prophet's green, and baggy white breeches tight as stockings below the knees. He carried a thin, wandlike cane of rhinoceros hide, and two forklike combs protruded like antennae from his thick brush of hair.

He greeted me with a sweep of his right hand to forehead, lips, and heart before holding it out for me to touch, protecting himself from any possibility of a defiling contact with a heathen such

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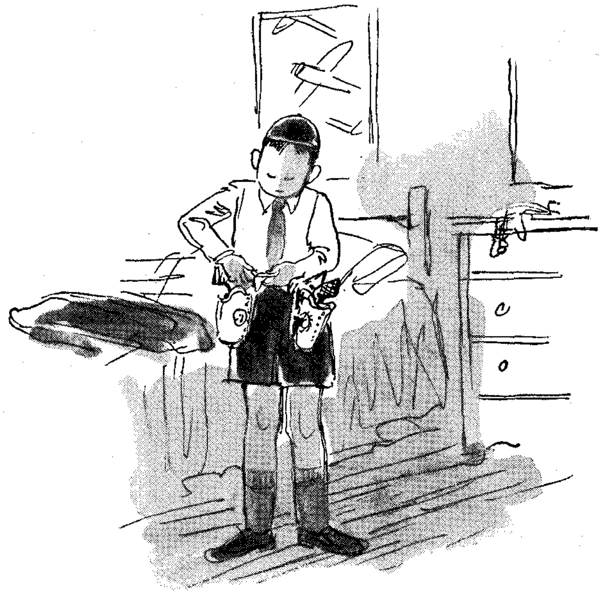

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as I by wrapping several folds of his *chamma* around his hands. When he had settled himself in the shade of a jujube tree, the household drew about him in a circle. In addition to the three Alis and the Dancali, the shepherdess crept up on silent feet to join us, and, last of all, a thick-jawed Galla with an abbreviated *futa* about his bandy legs came to squat on the outskirts of the circle. He was Youye, Ayesha's husband, and I wondered what he was doing here, for he had been banished from the plantation at the time of the "divorce." Our group also included the zebu calf, the Sheik's former patient, who lay folded up beside me, contentedly mouthing the hem of my skirt.

For a while, we sat in silence, sipping salted tea and chewing green leaf buds of kat, the narcotic plant. The tender shoots felt cool and fresh on the tongue. The Sheik faced me, rocking on his haunches as he stripped the buds delicately from the stems and popped them into his mouth.

When he spoke, I realized that my case was not the only one on the day's agenda, for his first remarks were not addressed to me. He looked at Ayesha, who sat in a forlorn huddle, her lovely head drooping above her clasped hands. He used the Galla tongue, with occasional phrases of Arabic, but I got the drift of what he was saying even before Ali One started his whispered translations. It sounded strangely familiar. Marriage, the Sheik declared, was an honorable state, which concerned, primarily, two people, and it was supposed to be lasting. Also, it was not to be tampered with by outsiders. (This last with particular emphasis and a glance in my direction.) He had a good deal to say, too, about the function of woman and what she was created for, and wound up by calling us to witness how improper it was for a female to set herself up in independence when she had a husband whom she could reproach with nothing more than being a little heavy-handed.

So much for Ayesha. She looked crushed and listened meekly. The voice of the holy man grew sterner as he shifted his attention to the husband, who was fortifying himself with liberal handfuls of kat. It was customary, said the Sheik, for a man to enjoy his wife's earnings along with the rest of his privileges. Any husband would resent losing both wife and her wages. But in his own interests a wise husband ought to wield the marriage whip sparingly. It had its uses now and then, women being what they are. Still, there was a limit to that sort of thing. The Sheik followed up these observations with an admonition to the husband, which Ali did not bother to interpret, and after a few more remarks about the rights and duties of the head of a family, he gave the judgment, which Ali took pains to translate: The couple should return to their hut and take up life together. Their divorce was no divorce.

That ended the case of Youye v. Ayesha. The shepherdess wept quietly into a corner of her *futa* while her husband exchanged grins with his neighbors and stuffed down fresh handfuls of kat. Because of the language difficulty, my own opinions went unrecorded. Kassim muttered something about its being a lot of fuss to make over so ugly a woman, and when I attempted to reply to that, I found that my interpreter had deserted me and was engaged in a whispered conversation with the Sheik. They kept glancing at me as they talked, and the hint of a smile rippled over the holy man's full lips. He made a final remark in an undertone, and Ali came scuttling back to me through the circle.

"Sheik say you come his house tonight," he told me. "He make dance tonight. After Madame see it, she sleep."

"Another spring dance?" I asked.

Ali giggled. Yes, it was something of the sort.

"Why can't he do it here?" I asked.

That took a lot of explaining. The Dancali joined in and the two of them did their best to make it clear to me. They assured me that it was a very special dance—one that could not take place in the open but only in the Sheik's hut. "Ladies' dance," said Ali.

"Ladies like Madame," Kassim supplemented.

"*Après, Madame dort*," Ali insisted. "*Dort* like calf." He pointed to the creature whose heavy head with lolling tongue lay across my ankle.

"*Tayib* [all right]," I said. I hadn't had much luck seeing dances so far, and this one promised to be interesting. If I got anything out of it personally—and about this I was completely skeptical—so much the better.

ALL afternoon, big thunderheads piled up in the northwest. They were still there when night shut down. Heat lightning quivered over the plateau and the air smelled—and felt—like a soup of stewed jasmine. When dinner was over, Ali came for me, swinging a lantern. Two Gallas, in their short white *futas*, stood waiting at the far end of the terrace. I made out the tall silhouette of Aden, the gardener, and, behind him, Youye, Ayesha's reinstated husband.

"Where is Kassim?" I asked, for this was one occasion when I would have particularly welcomed the presence of my bodyguard.

Ali dodged the question. "Aden big man, big as Kassim. And Aden got gun," he said. When I persisted in my questioning, he became more explicit. "Kassim legs sick. *Pas marcher*." It sounded reasonable; the Dancali had his share of leg ulcers. Why Ali had picked out Youye as our second escort, I did not discover. Possibly because he, too, was a "big man." He wore a curved knife tucked into the belt over his *futa*, and carried a staff as if it were a club.

We set off single file, the gardener in the lead, a gun barrel sticking up over his shoulder. I came next, with Ali close behind me. Youye brought up the rear, swinging his club.

Outside the *zeriba*, the earth under the lemon trees was lumpy with fallen fruit. Cool banana leaves brushed our faces, and the light from the lantern glinted on glassy black stems. As we came out onto the bare plateau, two greenish-yellow dots gleamed in the dark ahead and a shadow bounded away.

"*Waraba* [hyena]," said Ali, stepping on my heels. He began to sing in a sort of tuneful howl and went on for quite a while. "Somali song. Make noise, *fais peur*," he explained when he stopped for breath. Youye, behind me, joined in with something of his own. His song had no perceptible tune, but the word "Cuffy," which he kept repeating, made me realize that I had heard the song before. It had to do with an *Iglis*, or Englishman, Cuffy by name, who had behaved badly to—or with—somebody's wife, and the song told exactly what had been done to him in retribution. The singer hammered out the words with what seemed to me particular gusto.

I do not know how long we walked—long enough for my sandal straps to rub blisters between my toes—before we sighted, at the top of the slope we were climbing, the lighted doorway of a hut with the shadows of human figures across it. The two singers heralded our approach with a fresh crescendo.

We entered the hut and I saw that the light came from a fire built against the curved wall at one side of the hut's one room. A young woman, whom I identified as the Sheik's wife, was squatting before it on the dirt floor, supervising a row of steaming gourds, a basket of *durra* pancakes, and two bowl-like drums, or tomtoms, which she was heating. Her husband sat facing the door on a sort of dais, made by a rise in the earth of the floor. There was a pile of kat between his knees and an incense pot stood at his elbow. Little round jasmine roses studded his hair like cloves in a baked ham, and two ostrich feathers, plucked to their tips, dangled over his eyes. A group of women, whose dance our arrival had evidently interrupted, hunched timidly against the wall under a canopy of smoke.

The Sheik motioned us to sit down against the wall opposite the fire, and his wife handed him one of the drums. His fingers tapped the surface professionally. Not taut enough. He gave it back to her to let the fire's heat tighten the skin a little more.

We sat and waited. It was hot in the crowded hut, and the smoke made my eyes smart. What with sleepless nights, sticky weather, and fatigue from the long walk, I could feel my interest flagging. I began asking myself whether it had been worth while to trudge miles through the bush for another glimpse of local mores. I was peering at the faces in the firelight, trying to imagine what it would be like to take this sort of thing seriously, when I grew conscious of a faint buzzing. It came from nowhere in particular and at first was no louder than the buzzing of a fly.

Then the pounding of the tomtoms began. The Sheik had taken one of them, and someone had set to work on the other. As their triple beat vibrated through the hut, the dancers began circling, at first in slow motion, slapping the earth with their feet. There were five of them—all matrons, to judge by their looks and the way they wore their hair. They were bare to the waist, and as they thudded past in the firelight, I decided that the Sheik had poor taste in women or had taken what had come to hand. When I recognized one of the five—the widow of a plantation worker whom a cloudburst had caught in the river bed earlier in the season—I had another thought. I prodded Ali, who sat beside me. Were the ladies patients of the Sheik, I asked. He nodded impatiently, without turning. He was watching the dancers. "Like Madame," he said.

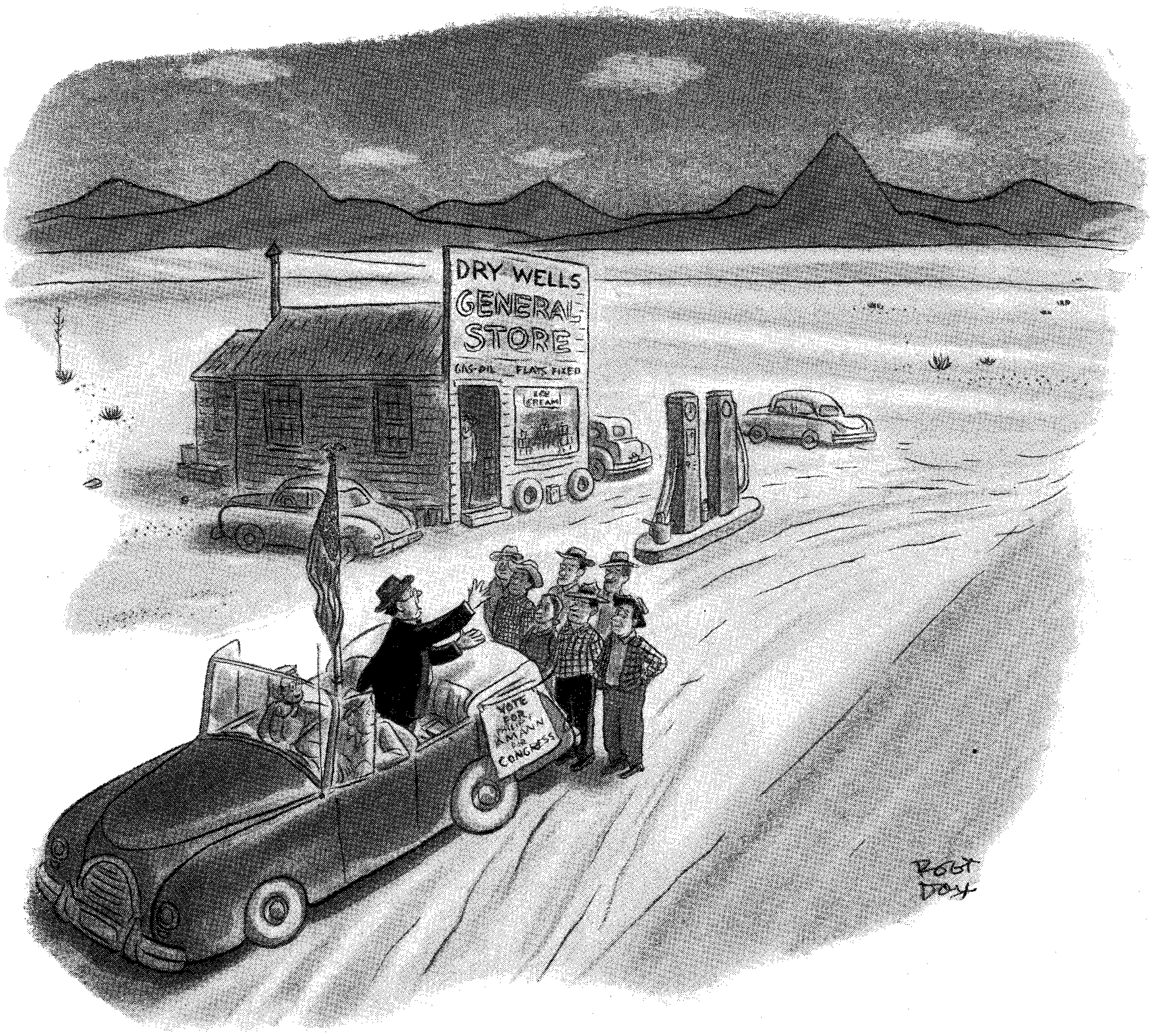
"What is the matter with them?" I asked.

This time, he looked around. "Husband *mafish*." His teeth shone in his dark face.

So that was it. To the Sheik, these ladies and I were fellow-sufferers, and whatever ailed us stemmed from a common cause. No doubt the whole thing seemed to him quite obvious. I found his diagnosis amusing and wondered what white psychiatrists would think of it and of the fact that he had included me in the lonely sisterhood. The dance, of course, was to furnish the compensation for what we lacked. I had heard of such dances. Chuckling to myself, I settled back to watch.

As the tempo of the drumbeat accelerated, the women quickened their step. The wheel of the dance turned faster. Through gaps in it, I caught glimpses of the Sheik weaving back and forth on his dais, his eyes blank, his jaws busy, chanting or chewing. Faster and faster, arms and breasts flapped; heads and bellies jerked irregularly. The women raced by, churning the smoke and the mixed smells of incense, sweat, and rancid butter. It made me dizzy to watch them, and I leaned back against the wall and shut my eyes.

But I could not shut out the noise of



*"My program calls for a mammoth federal dam and a vast irrigation system that will convert this barren dust bowl into a veritable Eden of lush and prosperous farms, after which I shall press upon the Production and Marketing Administration the need for an adequate subsidy to purchase all the surplus farm produce of the entire area."*

• •

their cries. You could not exactly call them a chant. The sound whirled round and round with the dancers while the drums beat out the syllables, each syllable a yell: "*A-u-ma-ma-fa! A-u-ma-ma-fa!*"

"Tss! Tss! Tss!" hissed the watchers. Beneath it all, that curious deep buzzing kept on, like an undertone in a lower key. When I listened for it, I heard it distinctly. I began to think it was inside my head. Perhaps it was. At any rate, it got so loud that at last I did not hear anything else.

I cannot call what followed a lapse of consciousness. I certainly did not faint, since there is no blank in my memory. I was acutely conscious of everything, but when I opened my eyes, I saw only blackness. That frightened me. I knew that the dancers were whipping past, and heaven knows I heard them. I felt the rough mud wall behind my head. I was right there in the hut, and yet at the same time I seemed to be clinging to something solid on the edge of a deep black void that whirled round and round, and I gripped the rim of that void and hung on for dear life to keep from being drawn in.

Whatever had put me in that half-hypnotic state, I did no reflecting or analyzing at the time. I was too concerned with what was happening to me. For the moment, I had almost ceased to be a spectator of the dance; it was almost as if I were taking part in it. I do not know how else to put it.

"I've got to fight this off, I must not let it get me," I told myself. I concentrated on my hands. I had to make them hold. And they did hold. I concentrated on them so hard that I began to see them—two white blurs against the blackness—while the spinning void receded. I was pulling myself to safety. Little by little, those two vague white spots ceased to be blurs and settled into focus. They were my hands, all right, clear and distinct and recognizable, with the gold band on the third finger of my left hand. I let them relax and settled back against the wall. It came over me then that the buzzing had stopped.

After that, I watched the dance from a long way off. It still went on but it had become a stagger. The women's bodies had gone limp and they stumbled blindly. "If the tomtom lets up, they will collapse," I said to myself. I had scarcely formulated the thought when the thumping of the drums broke off—and three of the dancers went down. The remaining two stood swaying on their feet just in front of Ali and me. A black arm handed them a water gourd, the women filled their cheeks, and—pssh!—I was showered. By that time, I had recovered my breath. I clutched Ali's arm. "*Ne roh* [I'm going]," I said. Before I could get up, I was showered again.

As I made for the door, the Sheik came abruptly out of his trance and said the equivalent of "What, going so soon—before refreshments are served?" Ali blocked the doorway and did his best to hold me back. Things had just started, he said; the ladies were prepared to dance all night. I doubted it. The three who had fallen were still lying on the floor. I bowed to the Sheik and his imperturbable wife, who still tended her fire and cooking pots, and escaped into the open.

DURING the interminable walk home, Ali trailed sullenly behind and let Ayesha's husband do the roaring. Youye gave us all the verses of the Cuffy song, interspersed with reiterated "*ma-ma-fa*"s and bursts of laughter. The big man with the gun plodded silently ahead. He had not uttered a word since we'd left the plantation. When we turned in to the lemon grove, Ali found his voice and gave us the Somali song again, delivered at the top of his lungs. As we opened the gate of the *zeriba*, there was a patter of feet and Kassim appeared—from the direction of the gardener's hut, I suspected afterward, but at the time it failed to register. He was wide awake and cheerful, but I did not feel cordial. I was cross with him for deserting me, and dead tired.

I slept moderately well that night, though it was nothing to brag about, and I woke up next morning feeling groggy and out of sorts. "*Un peu*," I admitted grudgingly when Ali repeated his usual "*Madame dormir?*" as he served my breakfast. He looked gratified. "Sheik knows," he said. Of course, he added, had I been a Moslem, the treatment would have proved more effective.

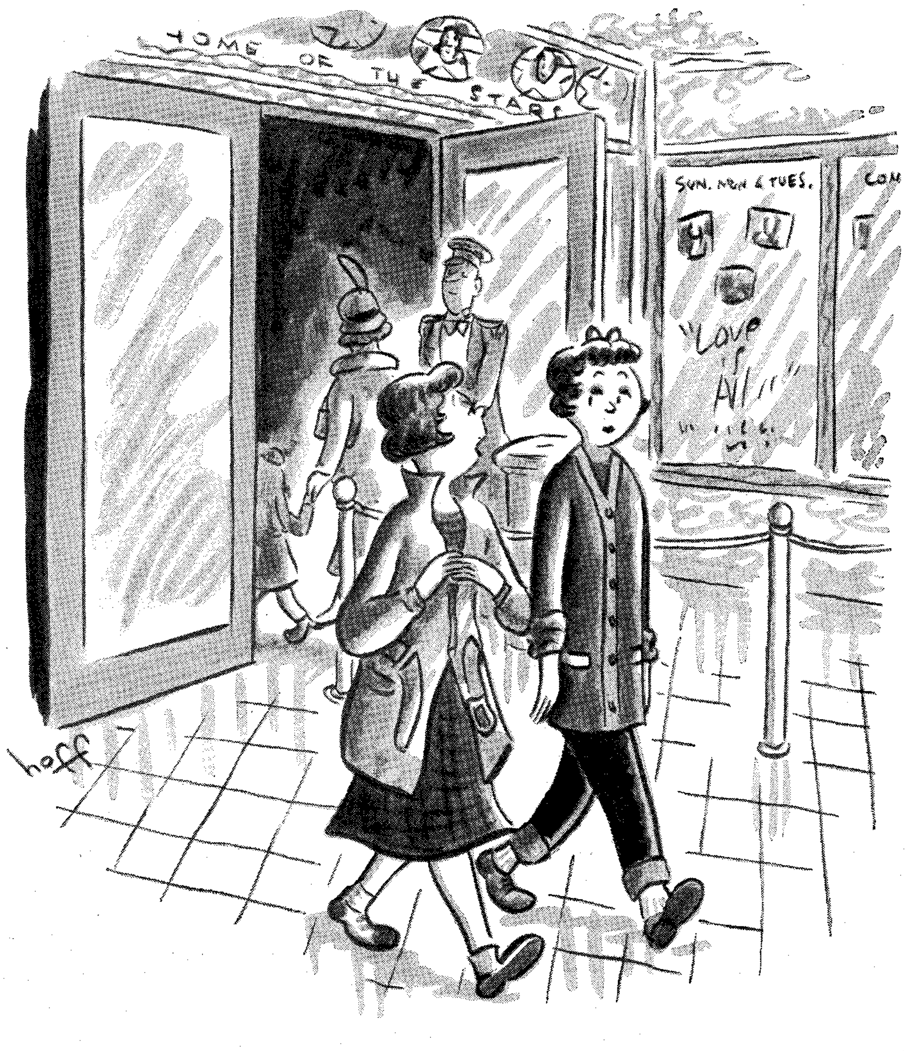
Kassim agreed. He seemed very pleased with himself as he waved the monkey-tail brush; he had tucked a scarlet hibiscus flower in his fresh white turban. For a Believer, the medicine would have worked, he said. It always did.

"Ladies all sleep now," Ali said benignly. I thought it very probable.

"*Old* ladies," Kassim remarked with a yawn. He dismissed the subject with a sweep of the brush and, throwing back his head, sang tunefully of a girl "neither black nor white but a little red," who had breasts like pomegranates and so much hair that when she unbraided it, you could not see the sun.

I REMAINED the full three months on the plantation. Twenty-four hours after the dance, I came down with my first attack of malaria, and once that was over, the insomnia that had been its harbinger disappeared. During the three days the fever lasted, everyone took good care of me. The gardener's wife stayed with me in the hut to act as nurse, Kassim slept on the threshold to be at hand when needed, and the Sheik brought another of his magic "papers," to be steeped in the tea that Ali made me drink. Nobody worried about me, since Allah holds the keys of sickness and recovery, and since fever in Abyssinia—when not the "bad" kind—is not considered any more serious than the common cold. Even the French doctor, who finally came over from Harar to see me, intimated that it was scarcely worth while riding twenty miles on horseback to treat an everyday case of malaria. He scolded me for not having taken quinine when I first came to the country and prescribed massive doses of the drug as a possible guarantee against another attack. "It probably won't work," he said. "Chances are the microbes will keep bothering you until you get back to Europe. And even there they will probably be with you for a good many years."

He was right, but at the time I didn't find him any more helpful than my friend the Sheik.
—IDA TREAT



*"So, O.K., the Gregory Peck type is cute, but did you ever notice it's the Edward Arnold type that has the money?"*

●

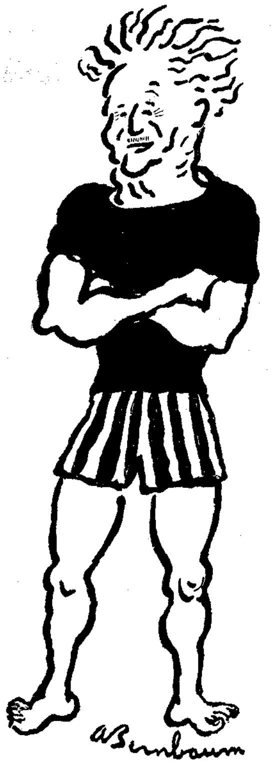
A pearl of sweat crawled on insect feet down the ski-jump of one small breast . . . —*From "Shadow of Evil," by James Aswell, in "The Best American Short Stories, 1950."*

Track!

# PROFILES

## PHYSICAL CULTURE

### II—WEAKNESS IS A CRIME



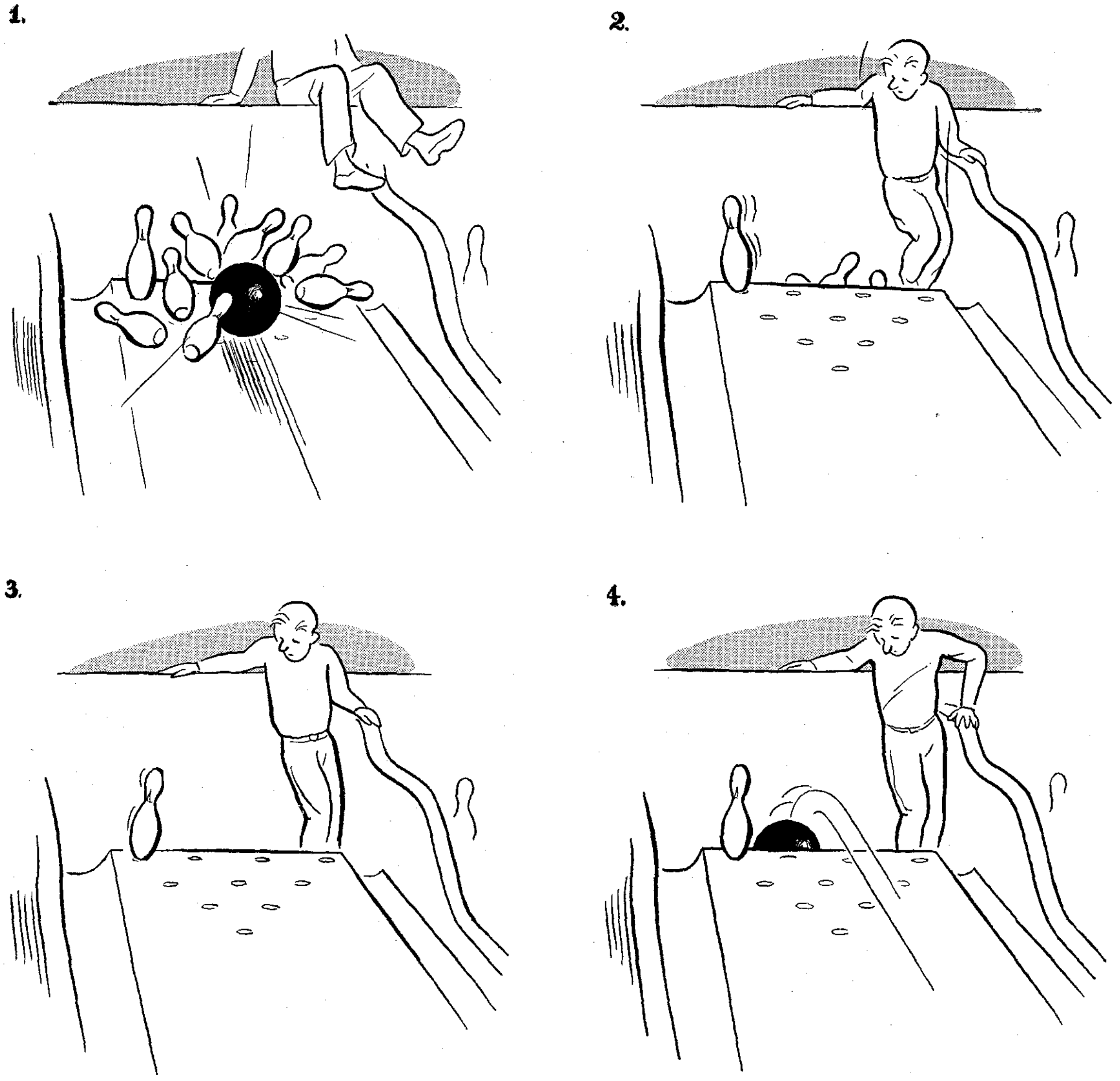
*Bernarr Macfadden*

AT the age of twelve, Bernarr Macfadden, who in after years was described by Oswald Garrison Villard as a "typical American social crusader," was orphaned, penniless, and adrift, having run away from a northern Illinois farmer to whom he had been "bound out." The future looked gray to the depressed but resolute child who was later to establish a gigantic chain of publications and awaken half the world to the sagging state of its muscles. Macfadden's path, as he pressed his flight from bondage, led southward, toward St. Louis, where he had poor relations. His means of transportation was simple, though uneven. He would board a passenger train, sit reading a cast-off newspaper until the conductor arrived, and then explain that he hadn't a dime to his name. Occasionally he was permitted to ride to the next station; more frequently the train was stopped and he was deposited, with his paper, on the roadbed. In this way, riding, reading, and walking, he arrived at the Missouri city and became a delivery boy for a small grocery run by an uncle, Crume K. Miller. An extant photograph taken in this period is surely one of the most remarkable in the history of employer-employee relations. It shows the proprietor and his delivery boy standing in front of the store. Miller, inconspicuous, seedy, heavily bearded, is slouched deferentially in the background; Macfadden, in a pose of dramatic indifference, with one elbow resting against an awning post, is wearing a high silk hat, a cutaway, and a pair of striped trousers. His earlier years of privation had implanted in him an ambition to make his mark, and he was beginning to exhibit a masterly flair for showmanship. Today, at eighty-two, he recalls that he found the dazzling garb in an ashcan, but he does not remember what effect the sight of a delivery boy so richly upholstered had on his uncle's customers.

Macfadden's progress in St. Louis was undistinguished and gradual. It is certain that he added an extra dimension of verve to the business of delivering groceries, but this occupation has its limits. Although he threw himself into the work, making his rounds at increasing speeds, the rewards remained constant. He was, he saw, getting nowhere. For almost a year he stuck it out; then he quit, hung up his tails, and got jobs as, successively, an office boy in a produce brokerage house and a clerk in a general store that employed another of his uncles, Harvey Miller, with whom he was living. And now came a time of almost unparalleled bleakness for the boy. Detached from the invigoration of farm work, he noted the reappearance of an old frailty; he began to cough again. He felt the black shadow of consumption returning. Macfadden was rescued from this second medical crisis by one of those miracles of good fortune with which the lives of successful men are often crowded. While walking with his Uncle Harvey one day, he came upon the Missouri Gymnasium and began to vibrate at the sight of some posters on its façade advertising the joys of having muscles. He dragged his uncle inside after a little struggle. Gymnasiums in the eighteen-eighties were in low repute, on a level with private dining rooms, pool halls, and the theatre. Both Macfadden and Miller were chagrined to learn that the establishment's initiation fee was fifteen dollars, the latter particularly so when his nephew tried to borrow the sum from him to sign up. Miller changed the subject and took him out to the zoo.

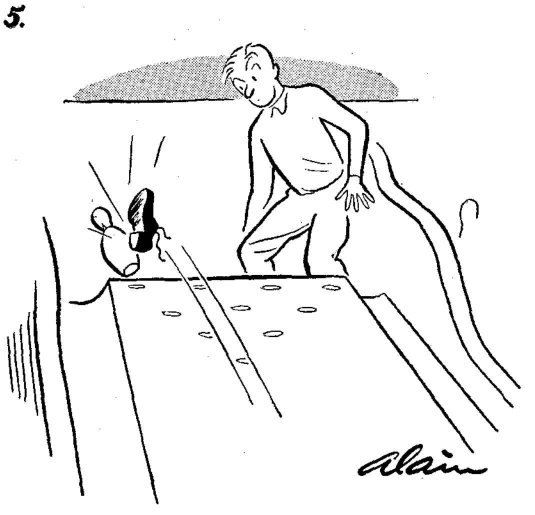
This abortive brush with organized muscle marks the turning point in Macfadden's life. He had found his religion. Prevented by the high tariff from joining the gym, he bought a pair of dumbbells for fifty cents. Thenceforward, in his room, at the first flush of dawn, he would arise, throw open all the windows, and manipulate the dumbbells until he was half dead from exhaustion. Then he would take a walk of six miles before reporting on his job. To add to the difficulty of the walk, he obtained a ten-pound bar of lead from a printer and carried it inside his shirt, like a Spartan boy with a fox. Then, life still not being sufficiently painful already, he bought a used high-wheeled bicycle with the idea of strengthening his legs. A man named Thomas Stevens had recently declared his intention of riding such a vehicle around the world (a feat he actually accomplished, barring the water jumps, in 1886), and Macfadden had some notion of joining him. But the idea fizzled away. The chief reason was that, try as he might, the youth could never get farther than fifty or sixty yards down the road in an upright position. In the hands of a novice, a high-wheeler could be deadly, and Macfadden took some nasty spills. Meanwhile, though, his health and his muscles improved nicely. In both the mornings and the evenings, he bent to the dumbbells; besides, he rigged up an exerciser, a horizontal bar, and two swinging trapezes in the basement of his uncle's house. By candlelight, he often worked on these until quite late at night, or until the people upstairs got sick of the racket and thumped on the floor with a broom handle. A circus came to town and gave him the inspiration to rig up a tightrope in the back yard, but he almost killed himself on the very first try, so he took it down, after he'd regained the use of his arms. While Macfadden's calisthenics were improving his body, his professional career was lagging. This was more or less inevitable, because by the time he reached his place of employment every morning, what with the dumbbells, the walk, and the ten-pound weight, he had already done the equivalent of eight or ten hours' work, and the remainder of the day had to be spent pretty much in recuperation.

When Macfadden was fourteen, discouraged with his progress and fed up with the city, he decided to pack his bag and make a getaway, an impulse that hit St. Louisans so frequently in those days that it was finally incorporated into a song. He took to the open road, or went on the bum, to use the trade term. Through Missouri and Kansas, he proceeded afoot and by freight train, helping out at farms, sleeping in haystacks and hobo camps, and in general sustaining life by whatever means he could. There is reason to believe that the youth was considered eccentric by fellow-hobos, for his luggage consisted chiefly of a pair of Indian clubs, which

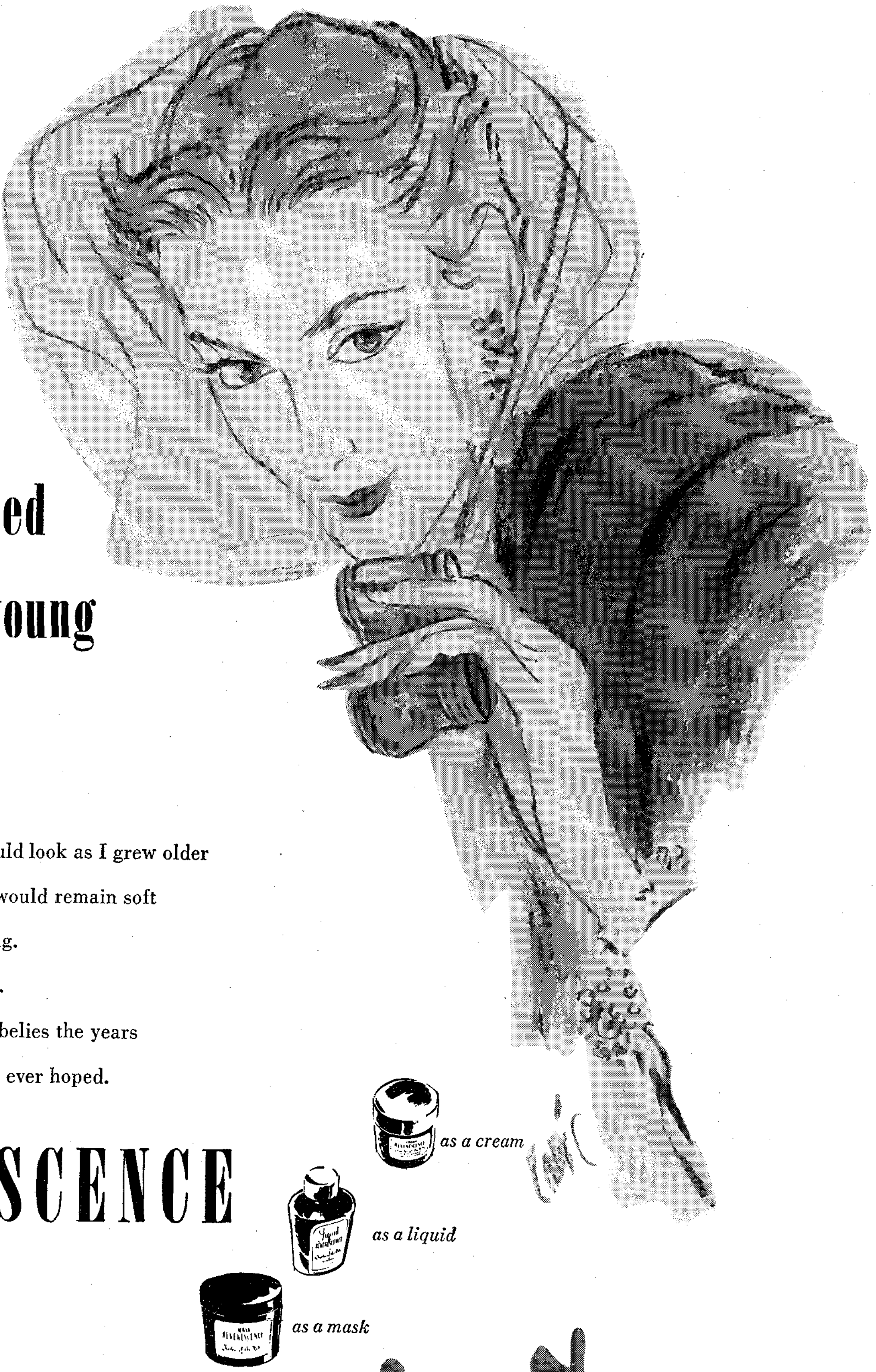


he twirled through the long, dull hours in freight cars. To make matters worse, he sang as he exercised, being anxious to enrich his speaking voice. Occasionally, the other passengers, in their bluff way, threw small items of freight at him in an attempt to restore the quiet to which they felt their railroad accommodations entitled them. Macfadden has confused recollections of this period, as well he might. He rarely held any job more than a month. He remembers a season of chopping wood somewhere in Missouri, and a stretch of working as a water boy for a construction gang; also, he dropped in on various relatives, being blessed with far more of them than it falls to the lot of most people to have. They were scattered over the Midwest like squirrels, nearly all of them in fairly stringent circumstances. One of the solvent ones, a dentist in McCune, Kansas, played host to the wanderer for a space. Macfadden even functioned as his assistant and was very efficient, though not especially popular with the clients. His job was to seize the sufferer's head and hold it motionless while the dentist accomplished whatever changes were necessary.

On his own time, hoping to learn how to box, Macfadden rented a stable in McCune and opened a boxing school. Only a handful of students ever matriculated; most of the visitors to the place were loafers hoping to see a free fist fight. Macfadden eventually sublet the institution to an itinerant showman with a two-headed calf, which drew a nice crowd. Simultaneously with the final semester of the school, Macfadden's dental relation quit pulling teeth and went into the newspaper business. He established a weekly called the *McCune Brick*, a title whose origin remains obscure. The young hobo went to work for the new publication as a printer's devil, a traditional step in the development of many Americans in the ascendancy. History has an extraordinary listing of great men who were at one time employed in printshops. Mark Twain set up other men's sentences before he began to compose his own, and Franklin's energetic climb is believed due to a boost from the printing business. Macfadden found the atmosphere of the shop congenial; he at last had a job in which he could be relatively happy. He was looking forward to a balanced life of striking off handbills and swinging Indian clubs when the paper folded. The majority of the subscribers had dropped the *Brick*, and its advertising had slumped. The dentist returned to teeth, and his assistant to the road.



MACFADDEN's days of aimless roving were nearly over, though he was not to realize it for several weeks. Soon after his stint on the newspaper, nearly starving, he went on the night shift in a coal mine. Deep down in a tunnel, grimy, sweating, filled with shooting pains, he had intimations of silicosis. He stopped digging for a moment and took stock. His interests, he told himself, were almost entirely involved with muscle and good health. "Then what am I doing two hundred feet down in a Missouri coal mine?" he asked himself aloud. All of a sudden, he saw his life's work clear before him. He would open a health resort and preach the gospel of sensible living. It was one of those electric moments of revelation, not unlike Moses' experience with the bush. He



# I never dreamed I'd look this young at my age

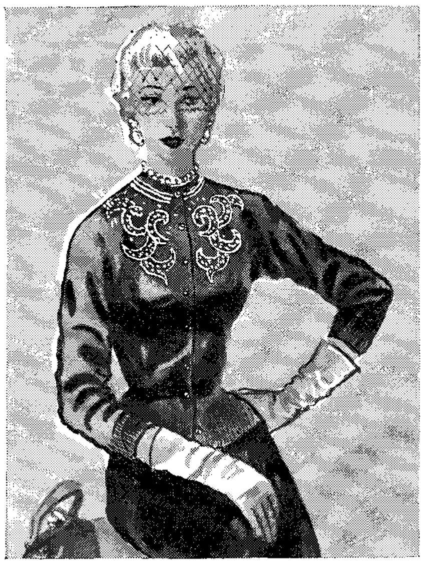
● I'd often wondered how I would look as I grew older . . . wondered how long my skin would remain soft and smooth and youthful-looking.

But — no need to wonder now . . .

my Revenescence-cared-for-skin belies the years more beautifully than even I had ever hoped.

## REVENESCENCE

**Charles of the Ritz**



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took the first car to the surface, turned in his pick, and headed back to St. Louis. He knew what he wanted, and he strove for it with fantastic urgency. Within a few weeks, he had saved enough money from pro-tem jobs to join the Missouri Gymnasium; a year later, he could perform front and back swings on the horizontal bars, do somersaults on the parallel bars, and do a running headstand, tuck, and front flip on the side horse with the best gymnasts in the house. In the beginning, he had been an object of derision at the gymnasium, because of his spindly frame. This feeling changed to respect when it appeared that he had real genius on the apparatus. However, as in the freight cars, his conduct at his new club was appraised with mixed feelings. He continued to sing while he exercised. His sincere tenor, quavering under the strain of the giant swings, sent more than one frazzled member prematurely to the showers.

During this rash of body-building, Macfadden saved every cent he could. He was employed as a clerk in a mercantile house, and he took another job with the firm, as bill collector, after hours. His ordeals with muscle often extended to late in the night. He ate in cheap beaneries, walked instead of riding the horsecars, and lived in a state of hermitry. His only friend was a youth a little older than himself, a wrestler named George Baptiste, who also frequented the gymnasium. Baptiste exerted a powerful influence on Macfadden. Watching him spin on the bars one day, Baptiste remarked, "You know, Bernie, life is not all parallel bars, horizontal bars, and side horse." With a keen look, Macfadden asked, "You mean the rings and the trapeze?" "I was speaking of wrestling," said Baptiste, and offered to teach Macfadden, who admitted to being only a novice, everything he knew. Together, they ran through the several styles of wrestling then in fashion: the Cumberland, the Cornwall and Devon, the Lancashire (or catch-as-catch-can), and the Greco-Roman. These refinements opened new vistas to Macfadden, whose previous wrestling had been limited to extemporaneous bouts with farmhands and hobos, wherein the primary aim was to unseat a bone as rapidly as possible. Though ten pounds lighter than his teacher, Macfadden was able to pin him after a few months of tutelage. Baptiste, a cheerful, unambitious fellow, was content to continue in the role of trainer, feeling that he might have unearthed a champion. In coöperation with the gymnasium manager, he matched Macfadden with a local fa-

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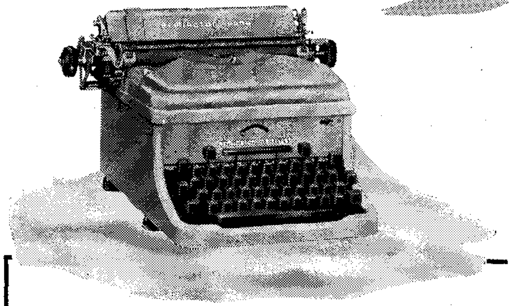

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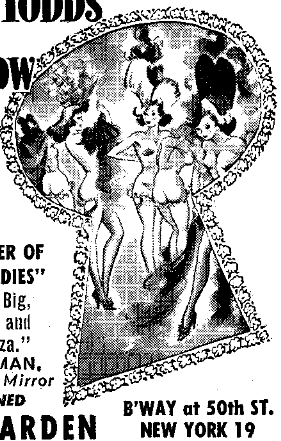

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vorite. A fair-sized crowd turned out, anticipating the usual two-hour writhe. Macfadden got an over-shoulder armhold in the first minute and projected his opponent into a long, graceful arc that left him senseless at the opposite side of the ring. The winner had taken a light shower and was on his way up the street to collect a few bills before many of the patrons were seated. Some of them were pretty sore; the general sentiment was that thereafter they would patronize a wrestler with a little more time on his hands.

Macfadden saved three hundred dollars from his several jobs and, staking it on one toss, opened a hand laundry, in partnership with a man named Hilary Updike. The venture was ill-fated. At the start, Updike's zest was high, but it soon developed that he had no stomach for either the washing or the ironing. Macfadden bought his interest and later, greatly disgusted, sold out himself. He was eighteen years old and tired of waiting for opportunity. With the proceeds from the sale of the laundry, he rented a studio and hung out a sign reading, "Bernarr Macfadden—Kinistherapist—Teacher of Higher Physical Culture." Prior to the composition of this legend, he had been Bernard McFadden. "The name looked ordinary," he says today. "I was starting out fresh. New business, new kind of culture, new name—the works." He no longer has any idea where he dug up the word "kinistherapist," and St. Louisans had no idea what it meant, particularly after hearing Macfadden's explanation. In brief, he told callers, who turned up in droves hoping to see some kind of peepshow, kinistherapy was the science of getting strong by moving around briskly according to a secret formula. Business was good. Many St. Louisans of that day were in poor shape. At last, Macfadden seemed lined out on the right path.

The early followers of kinistherapy were launched on a course of exercises that placed heavy emphasis on rotating the spine. Macfadden had been reading up on anatomy and had seen the spine mentioned favorably. He developed the theory that to stay vigorous one must keep the spine supple. At this time, too, he began his now famous experiments with diet. It occurred to him that most people ate far too much, an idea that has since been embraced in high places. Many animals, he noticed, were fed only once a day, and then required no more than a few forkfuls of hay or clover. He took his discovery to Baptiste, saying, "George, we're poisoning

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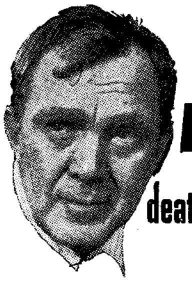

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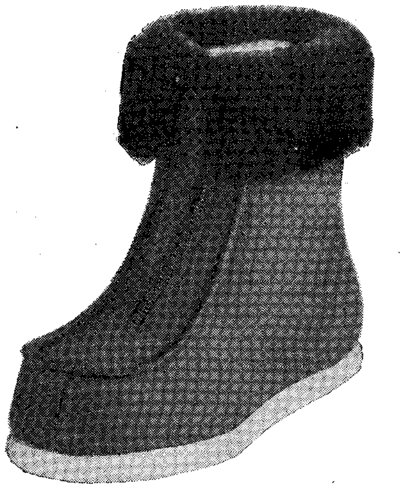
ourselves with food." Baptiste had been feeling fine, but he was a compliant fellow and he agreed to throttle down. Macfadden reduced his own daily intake to a single meal of pallid, half-cooked vegetables. The immediate results, he noted gleefully, seemed apt to make history. For several weeks, he felt buoyed up. Then one day he grew quite faint and almost fell down on the street. He hunted up Baptiste, who was sitting listlessly in one corner of the gymnasium. "Things aren't going so well, George," said Macfadden. "What do you suppose is wrong?" "My impression is that we need food," replied Baptiste, who, though muscled, was nobody's fool. Macfadden took his own pulse and found it to be feeble. The invalids went out and ate a big meal. This experience did not, however, end Macfadden's antipathy to large-scale eating. In his subsequent experiments, he sought the happy medium.

Branching out farther, Macfadden felt the urge for literary creation. Every day when he closed the studio, he sat down and penned articles on muscle-building and health. He managed to get one or more in every outgoing mail, addressing them to the newspapers and magazines that he thought would give them the best display. None of the articles was ever accepted. Macfadden was no man to take failure lying down. In his most dramatic move to date, he closed the studio and obtained a post teaching at a small private school near Bunker Hill, Illinois. His purpose was to get a quick education. In instituting a chair of kinistherapy, the school hoped to raise the physical level of its enrollment. Macfadden assumed the title of professor and stayed for a year, biting off knowledge in large chunks, leaning to rhetoric and literature. When he considered himself sufficiently educated, he quit, having hit on another scheme that he thought would bring him and his theories to the attention of the civilized world. He had decided to win all the known wrestling championships, from lightweight to heavyweight, inclusive.

Baptiste undertook to train Macfadden for this ambitious program. The first bout arranged was with a fellow who was advertised as "lightweight champion of the West." By dieting and working out for ten hours a day, Macfadden made the weight, which was about twelve pounds below his normal weight, but his ribs stuck out ludicrously. Climbing into the ring at a local arena, he got a nice round of laughter from a packed house. As before, he was



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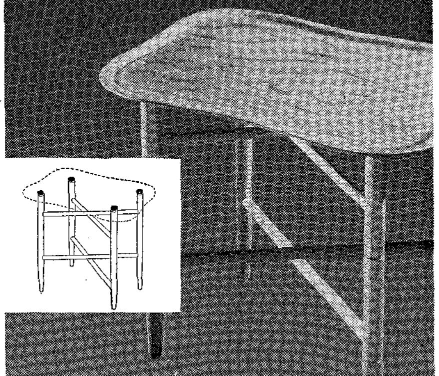

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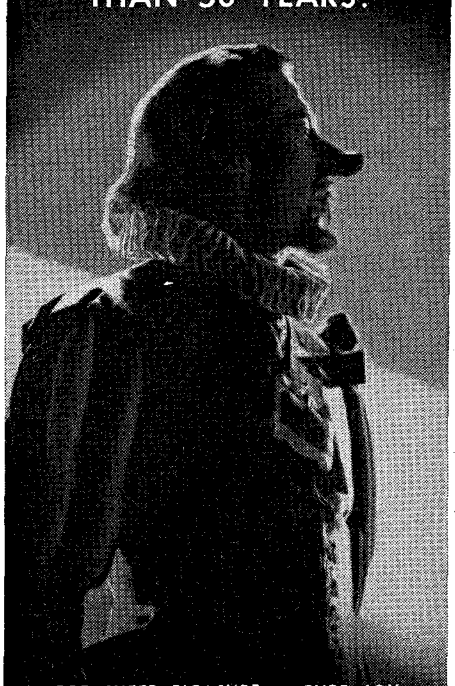

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in a hurry, and he immobilized the champion in seven and a half minutes, attracting great attention in the St. Louis press. Fulton Oursler, the Biblical fictioneer, later wrote of the victory that "It was one of the most sensational matches in a national wrestling tournament then being held in St. Louis. The papers gave him their accolade; if he wanted to be a professional wrestler and tour the world, the way was then open to him, and bright with temptations." The second match was with "the welterweight champion of Chicago;" Macfadden downed him in four minutes. Thus far in his professional wrestling career, which had extended over twelve and a half minutes of actual working time, he had won three matches and gained a strong local celebrity. His fourth match, with a man named Frank Whitmore, an employee of an abattoir and "the heavyweight champion of Chicago," was not quite so easy. It took Macfadden an hour and forty minutes to wind it up; when he did, he was presumably, at a hundred and thirty-seven pounds, the heavyweight champion of Chicago, a city he had never seen. He decided to have a look at the place.

Macfadden moved northward slowly, stopping off at various way stations to wrestle all comers and lecture on health. He had a secondary purpose in undertaking the trip. Stung by the publishers' indifference to the articles he had mailed them and bolstered up by his education at Bunker Hill, he had, off and on, been writing a novel, entitled "The Athlete's Conquest." He finished it up, a work of some eighty thousand words, on the way to Chicago, and his first act there was to rush the book to a publisher, who later said to him, without preliminaries, "Contribution is the crudest piece of junk I ever read. Rejected." Macfadden believes that this was the most crushing blow of his life. He had thought that, what with the year at Bunker Hill, he was fairly well educated. There was only one thing to do, he felt: get some more education. This time, he signed on as professor of kinistherapy and coach of everything at a large military school near St. Louis. Again, he spent every spare minute studying, but he nevertheless gave liberally of himself to the curriculum. He lectured, he led drills, he trained a team of student wrestlers who won a state championship, and he coached the football team, filling the quarterback slot himself. Eligibility rules were slack in those days; only a scattering of protests came in from rival schools as Professor Macfadden, fresh from his wrestling

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triumphs, his muscles bulging, sneaked over center for gains of forty and seventy-five yards. Reliable accounts say that he was the most popular man on the faculty.

IN 1893, having established brilliant football and other records, Macfadden said goodbye to his students and returned to Chicago, where a World's Fair was opening. He met a man named Alexander Whiteley, who had invented a new exerciser, a device with ropes and springs, and signed on to demonstrate the appliance at the Fair. In a gaudy booth on the midway, not far from the booth of Ziegfeld and his protégé Sandow, Professor Macfadden, in tights, heaved and flexed for the customers. He believed in what he was doing, and, inflamed by his sincerity and vim, people bought the exercisers in large numbers. When the Fair ended, Macfadden had saved a few hundred dollars. It was now time, he felt, to give his talents wider distribution. Selecting Boston, as being the seat of American culture and the home of Emerson and Lowell, for his new locale, he bought a train ticket and turned his back on the region of his multiple tribulations. He was not destined to reach Boston, however. His route led through New York, entailing a change of trains and a stopover, and his first look at the nine- and ten-story skyscrapers convinced him that the city was a comer. He took a long walk and everything he saw confirmed his impression. Further, on the benches in Madison Square he saw men who seemed in the last stages of physical erosion. "Aha!" Macfadden remembers saying to himself. "These New Yorkers are in worse shape even than St. Louisans." With his remaining funds, he rented a two-room apartment at 24 East Twentieth Street and hung out some placards featuring his torso and advertising a free "Physical Culture Matinée," a sort of muscular afternoon, to be held the following week. Several newspaper reporters attended, in attitudes of good-humored curiosity. "The 'Professor' chatted and posed in an interesting way for over an hour," wrote the man from the *Sun*, and some other papers gave him a few lines. Nevertheless, no customers accrued from the demonstration.

Macfadden was flat broke when a pulpy but affluent-looking wreck came in one morning and demanded to know the price of a complete overhaul. Thinking wistfully about a square meal, Macfadden started to say "A quarter;" then he threw his shoulders back and blurted out "Fifty dollars." The man carelessly

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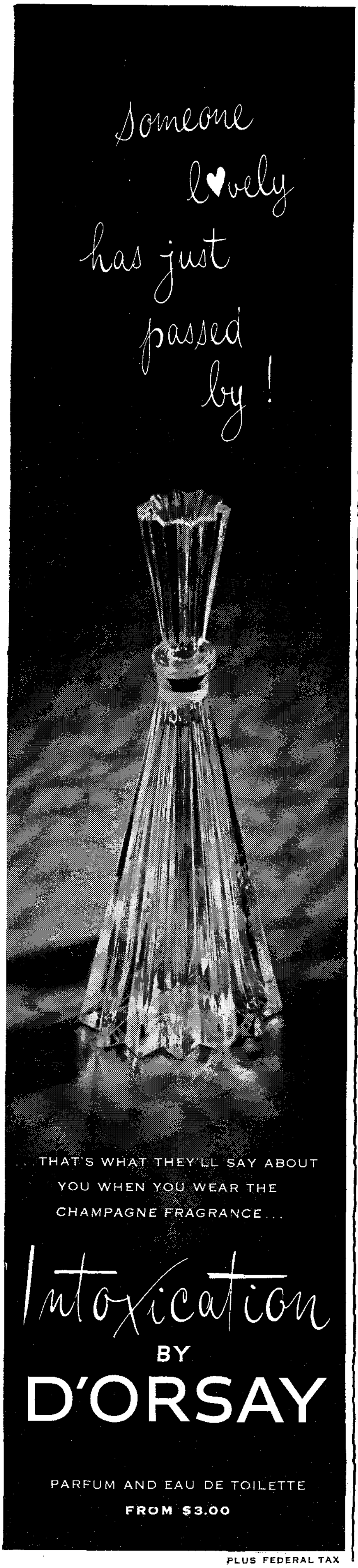
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tossed five tens onto a chair and peeled off his coat. He was the first of many upper-class ruins who wandered in to be reclaimed. Macfadden stripped them down, made them exercise, forbade them alcohol, coffee, tea, and tobacco, and lectured them on the benefits of modest meals. As the money came in, he began to advertise in the newspapers. His reproachful visage and wildly flying hair became known to most New Yorkers. He had come to town, one newspaper reporter of the time said, "equipped with much muscle, an extraordinary chest development, a shock of hair, and the power to impress his personality upon others." Macfadden was allowing his hair to grow recklessly at this time. Having noted a thinning tendency in it, he had turned the searchlight of his medical intuition on the case and come up with a remedy in the form of a hair calisthenic. This consisted of seizing his hair with both hands and wrenching at it fiercely. He passed his knowledge along to his clients, and it was not uncommon for a visitor to the salon to see a large collection of perspiring financiers doing self-conscious but orderly hair drills, counting "One, two, yank, one, two, yank." A reporter who dropped in one day wrote that he found "a whole roomful of fat men blowing up balloons for exercise." Quizzed about this development, Macfadden replied tersely that the balloons were "fifteen cents a gross—cheaper than dumbbells."

To raise the tone of his enterprise and to accommodate a growing clientele, Macfadden moved from the unpretentious quarters on Twentieth Street to a fashionable suite at 296 Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-second Street. His run-down disciples followed him uptown, and, as anticipated, business expanded, though spasmodically. The winters were busy and remunerative; in the summertime, things fell off. His happy band drifted off to riotous centers like Southampton and Newport and relapsed into their old, corrosive ways. To take up the slack, Macfadden invented an exerciser on the order of Whiteley's and took to the road summers, lecturing free of charge and hawking his contraption. The receipts were so reassuring that in 1897 he was prompted to exploit the dormant-muscle audience of England. To his last lecture group before he sailed, he said that a Macfadden-conditioned body should not fear seasickness. He then boarded a Cunard liner, as a second-class passenger. For several days, it was a genuine tossup whether he would survive the trip. In mid-ocean, he told a steward and the ship's surgeon

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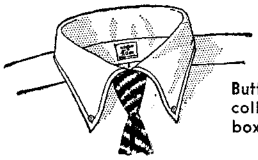
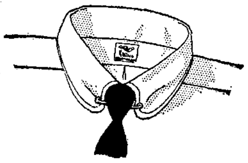
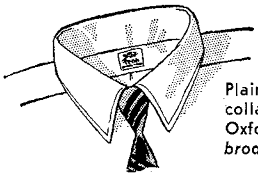

Buttoned-down unlined collar and barrel cuffs, box-pleated back.


English round collar with French cuffs, box-pleated back.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that if he made it, he would settle down in England and apply for citizenship. He survived, and by the time he was ready to end a long stay in England he had devised a routine that made it possible for him to return home and rendered him relatively immune to the ailment on subsequent trips. It revolved around walking twenty miles a day on deck and dining exclusively on unbuttered baked potatoes and lemon squash.

Macfadden's success in England amounted to a continuous ovation. Men and women turned out in such crowds that he hired a box-office man and ticket taker and began charging two shillings for his lectures. Also, he printed up a four-page booklet filled with news about health and handed it around gratis. Many people got the notion that the booklet was a periodical and inquired about an annual subscription. Here was the germ of an idea, he realized, that, if properly cultivated, might sweep the world. He continued his tour of England with more enthusiasm than ever, having now in mind a definite objective—to make enough money to start a magazine dedicated to physical culture. He bought a cabinet equipped with a black velvet backdrop and posed in it in a leopard skin. He knotted up his muscles, individually and in groups, and did "living statues" on the order of Atlas Supporting the World, Achilles Disposing of Hector, Macfadden Disposing of Frank Whitmore, etc. He had made a deal with a British sporting-goods house to produce the exercisers for him, and he sold them in quantity. England went muscle-mad, and the place has remained one of his principal markets ever since. It was not unusual in England in that year to see men walking behind oxen and grappling with the exerciser while, as likely as not, their wives were out in their side yards doing pushups.

IN two years, with England on the road to health, Macfadden returned to America, making the crossing in tolerable comfort. Not long afterward, he struck a deal with a printer and laid out the first issue of a magazine he had decided to call *Physical Culture*. It hit the newsstands of the country in March, 1899. It carried as a slogan across its first inside page the sentence "Weakness Is a Crime;" its cover was illustrated with photographs of "Prof. B. Macfadden in Classical Poses." Macfadden wrote the first issues in their entirety, under various masculine and feminine pen names. Editorially, he stated his belief that "usually disease is simply an effort on the part of the physical mech-

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anism to right itself, and is a means adopted to attain the end of effecting a cure. There is no disease without a cure, and if the cause is removed the body will cure itself." He took a violent stand against doctors, maintaining flatly that anybody could cure himself of anything by exercise and diet. He became interested in fasting, despite the melancholy experiment in St. Louis. On the front cover of the September, 1900, issue were two especially eye-catching pictures of Macfadden, in profile, stark-naked, one taken before embarking on a seven days' fast and the other taken afterward. He looked impressive in both cases. In his advocacy of fasting, he made the considered declaration that it would "help and generally cure" asthma, epilepsy, bronchitis, constipation, heart disease, insomnia, paralysis, obesity, diabetes, impotence, dyspepsia, kidney ailments, bladder trouble, and seventeen other diseases, most of them serious. He suggested "cold-towel baths" to relieve appendicitis, a remedy that, with variations, was to be recommended many years later by doctors, and he advanced as a cure for stammering "reading for two hours at a time without moving the jaws," a method now widely used.

The magazine caught on, perhaps owing chiefly to Macfadden's developing genius for publicity. He was convinced that a publication could achieve stardom, if not maintain it, on the strength of a few good controversies. He kept *Physical Culture* in a continuing ferment of dispute. He jumped on Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst columnist, for stating that an excess of muscle is bad for the brain. He cited Lincoln, Washington, Gladstone, William Jennings Bryan, and William Cullen Bryant as examples of mental heavyweights who also took pride in their bodies. With editorial broadmindedness and an eye for the bizarre, he made the columns of the magazine available to anybody with health doctrines, no matter how revolutionary. Considerable space was given to a Persian physician who cured his patients by treading on them with his bare feet, and a lively article appeared on one Eusebio Santos, a grass eater, and was illustrated with a photograph of the ruminant, clad in an opera hat and cape, grazing with a herd of cattle. Macfadden gave the title of "the greatest leader and most remarkable reformer in a century" to John Alexander Dowie, the founder of Zion City, in Illinois, who allowed no doctors or druggists in his community, healed entirely by prayer, and taught that the world was

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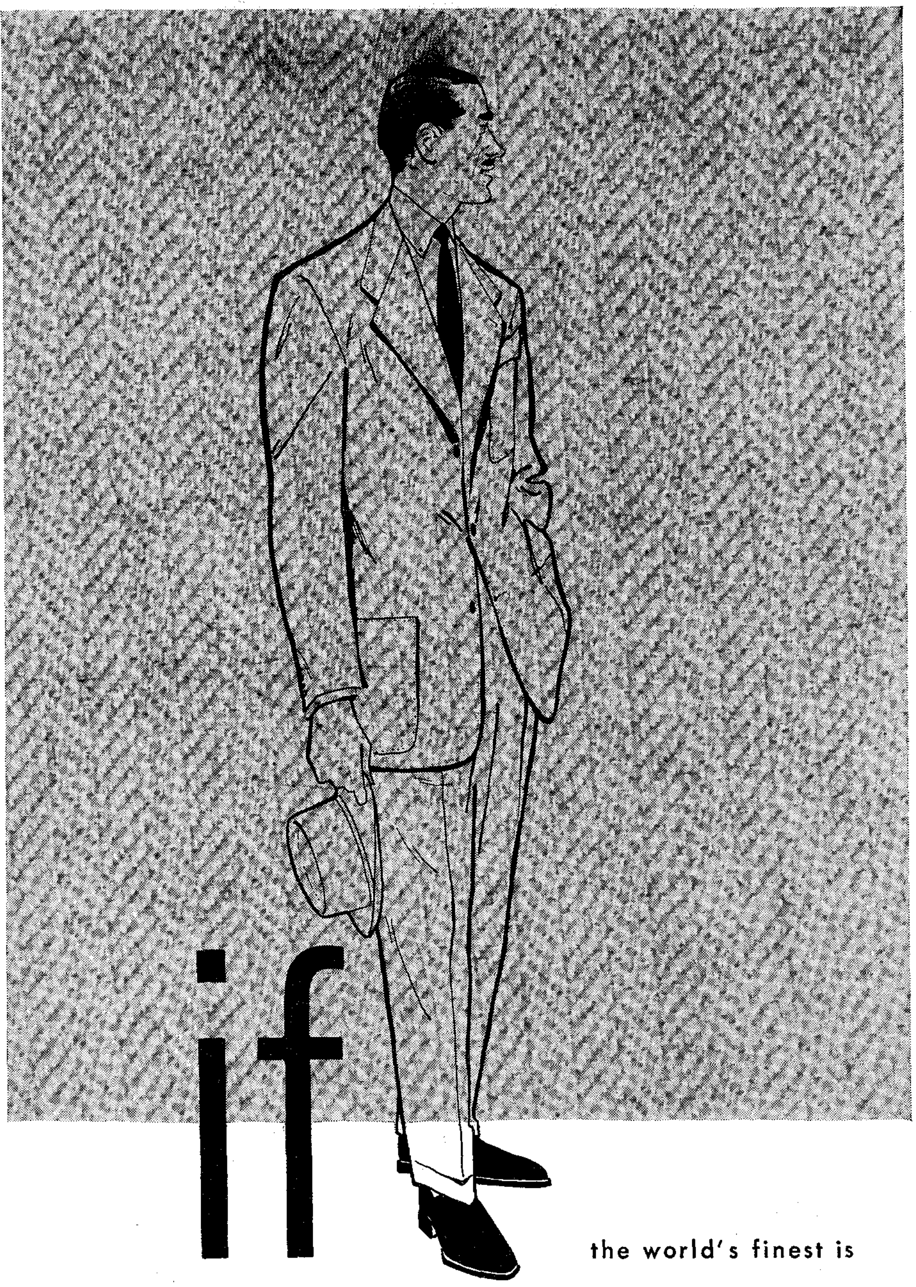
flat. Even after Dowie was kicked out of the community for larceny, polygamy, and general deficiency in leadership, Macfadden continued to champion him. An article by a royal Apache, Chief One-Eye, hit an odd note. The Chief set forth, in essence, that most Indians of his acquaintance got to be powerful by avoiding exercise. Perhaps Macfadden's greatest editorial coup in the early issues was his serialization of his novel, "The Athlete's Conquest." Starting off with a brisk denunciation of corsets, it described the bafflement of a saintly youth, Harry Moore, in a world degraded by senseless health practices. The tone of the novel was bitterly anti-corset throughout, but it ended on a cheerful note when Moore met an uncorseted girl and claimed her for his own.

Macfadden's rewards from the success of *Physical Culture* were not simply monetary. In 1905, he was arrested at the instigation of the famous anti-vice crusader Anthony Comstock. The pinch was the upshot of a monster muscle-and-bathing-beauty contest Macfadden staged in Madison Square Garden, at the conclusion of which he awarded a thousand-dollar prize to a bar-bell student named Al Treloar, as being "the most perfectly developed man in the world." The trouble was, Macfadden had a number of toothsome women walking around the stage in their underwear. Hearing of the orgy, Comstock sent a deputy snooper flying to the scene. The man bought a ticket and had a satisfactory two- or three-hour look. A few days afterward, Comstock, several of his henchmen, and a dozen city detectives burst into Macfadden's office. "So!" cried Comstock, upon seeing a photograph of the Venus de Milo on one wall. "You have pornography here, too!" Macfadden was working on an article on female complaints to appear under the pen name of Emma M. Harbottle, and barely glanced up. "Tear all these pictures down, boys!" cried Comstock. "We'll take them in for evidence." His specific complaint against Macfadden was circulating photographs of the Madison Square Garden bathing beauties. The publisher was given a suspended sentence. After one issue, his harvest growing, Macfadden received a petition from a Pennsylvania Y.M.C.A. praising the magazine generally but damning its "nude figures." In a courteous reply, he explained that nudity and purity were one and indivisible. He was able to laugh off these early skirmishes, but he had more trouble with a serial



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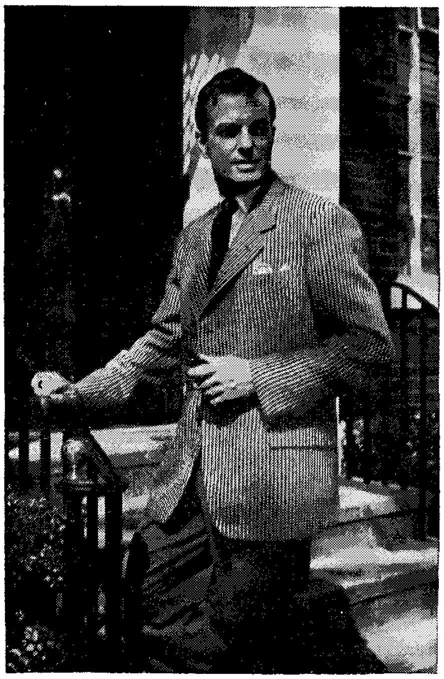

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SHOP AT SMITH'S

written by one of his ablest contributors, John Russell Coryell, who also wrote detective stories, under the name of Nick Carter. It was called "Growing to Manhood" and went, quite explicitly, into the ways of contracting syphilis. The United States District Court in Trenton, New Jersey, convicted Macfadden on a charge of sending objectionable material through the mails, fined him two thousand dollars, and sentenced him to two years in jail. President Taft revoked the jail sentence, but Macfadden had to pay the fine—a matter that has been on his mind ever since. A few years ago, his friend Senator Robert Reynolds, of North Carolina, introduced a bill in Congress to refund the two thousand dollars. Nothing came of it.

Macfadden has been found guilty of various trivial offenses in his crusade against prudery. Each fresh arrest has served to give him spirit. He has the courage of his convictions.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

•

## JENNIFER

Shall I see Jennifer again?
We walked in Paris by the Seine;
She had such swift and slender bones
My heart became her paving stones.

Her eyes were sombre, and her smile
Could atom-burn at half a mile,
Or wither to an icy glower
Of eighty-eight Medusa power.

Shall I see Jennifer again?
About her was a hurricane
Of schedules and what's-next-to-see
In Paris's calm ecstasy.

Her motion was a leopard's lope,
Her face a glass kaleidoscope,
Its features tumbling round to seize
Her passing personalities.

Shall I see Jennifer again?
She left by ship and I by plane . . .

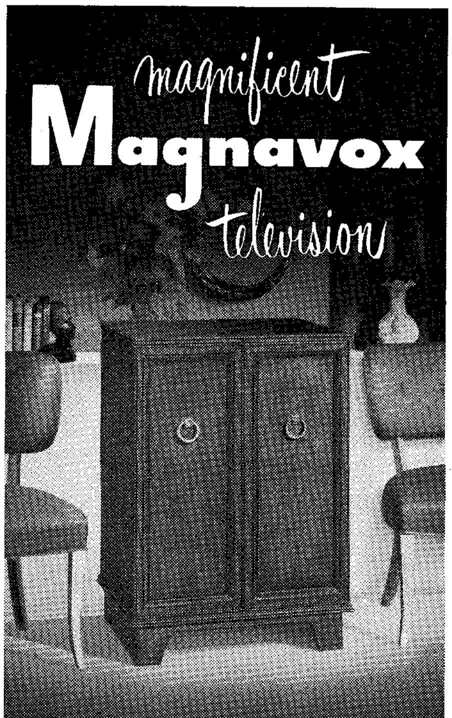
—Bruce Angrave

•

Myrtle Beach, S. C., Sept. 19.—(UP)—B. M. Edwards, president of the board of the South Carolina Bank, had a different kind of advice ready today for businessmen and realtors expecting severe war taxes.

"Let's not worry about them, and accept them gracefully," he urged.—*Asheville (N.C.) Times.*

Here, have a sip of water.



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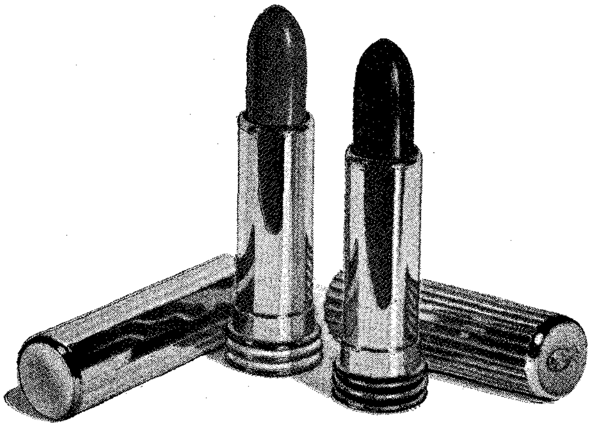

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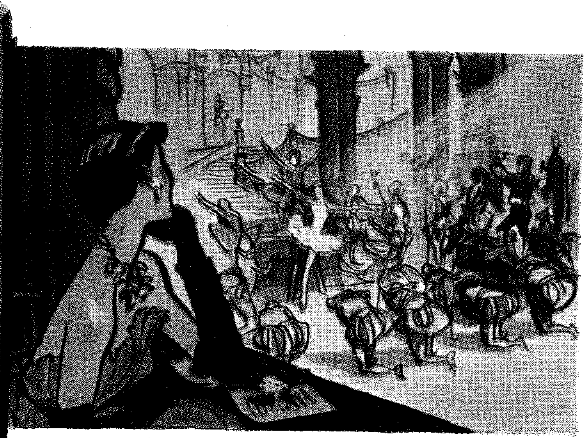

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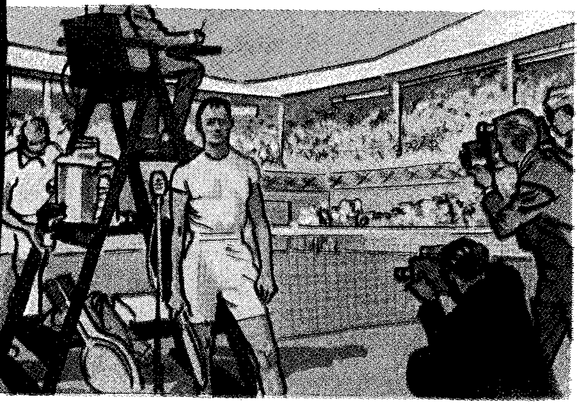

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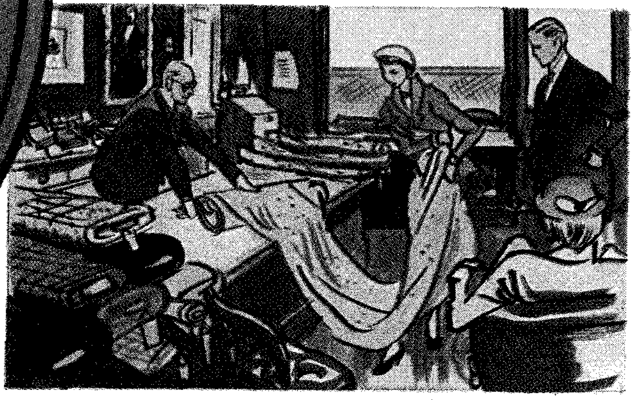

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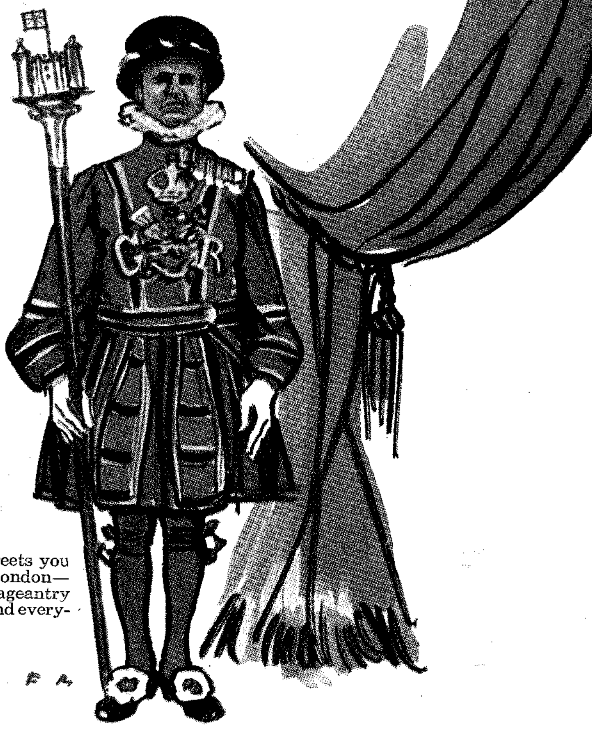

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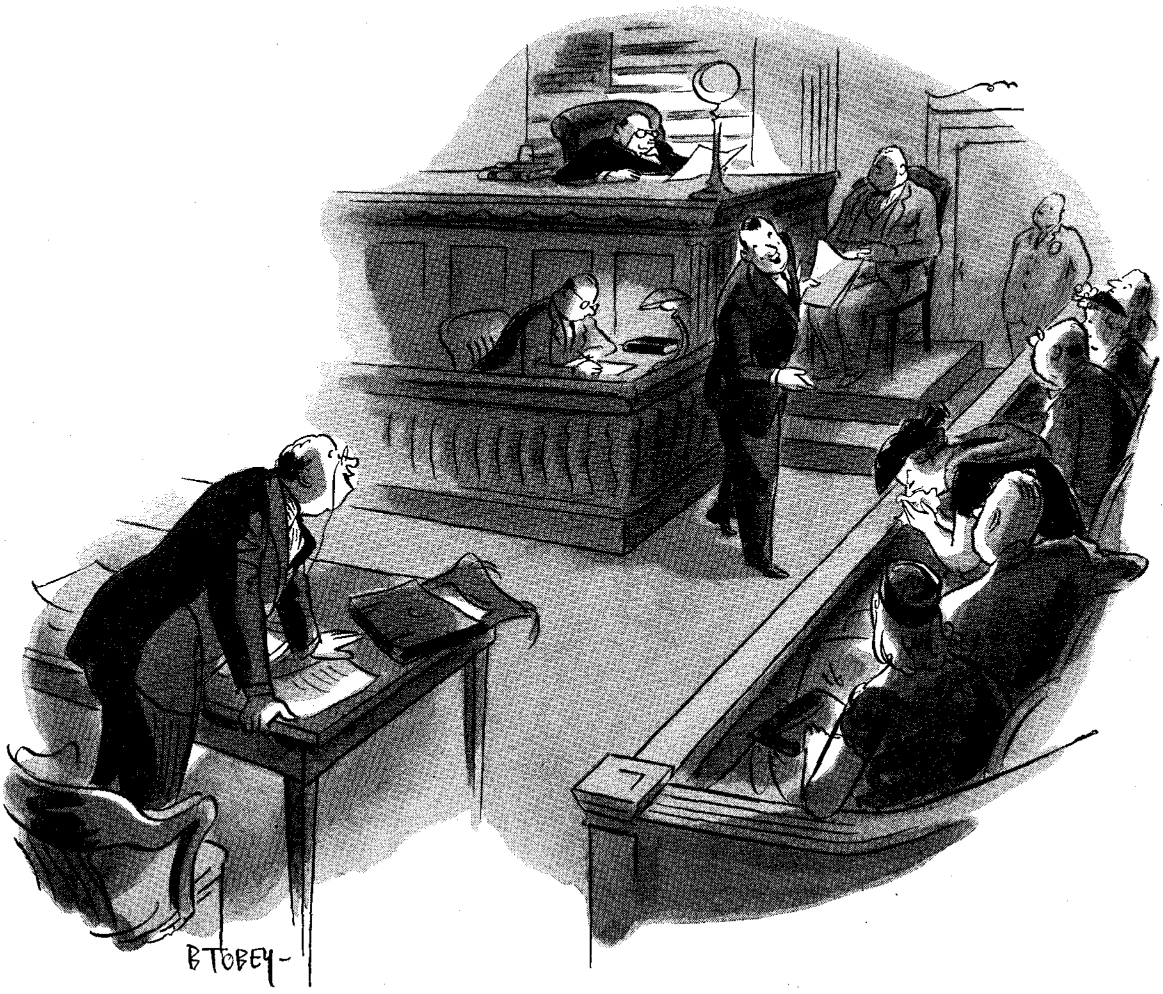
# THE THEATRE

## A ROSE FOR MISS MERMAN

OF all the talents now operating in the theatre, it may well be that that of Ethel Merman is the most difficult to dissect, since the paradoxes involved are apparently endless. It might, for instance, occur to the thoughtful reviewer that she is without any real comic sense, on the ground that her humorous method is almost as broad and jocular as that of a seal in a circus. On the other hand, no one is more expert at timing laughs or at judging which lines can judiciously be thrown out of the window. It might be argued that more can be asked from a voice than remarkable volume and great clarity of enunciation, but it remains an incontestable fact that nobody else can put over a song with quite her authority or with an equal comprehension of what the composer had in mind. It might even be said that, as musical-comedy stars go, she is somewhat lacking in physical charm, but it is still true that she mysteriously manages to make the young women in the chorus look as pallid and sexless as the exhibits in a waxworks. The reasons for her appeal are unfathomable. It is the perpetual riddle of genius.

After this rather breathless and incoherent tribute to its leading performer, I haven't much to tell you about "Call Me Madam," the gigantic and, I suspect, slightly simple-minded offering at the Imperial. The book, which is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, is more or less concerned with the goings on of a female ambassador from the United States to a country known as Lichtenburg. It contains the inevitable topical references, including a good many to President Truman's gifted daughter; it provides two international love affairs, both preposterous; and it collapses helplessly, in the immemorial manner of such entertainments, in the intervals between the music and the dancing. Irving Berlin's songs are generally excellent, and three of them—"The Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball," "It's a Lovely Day Today," and "You're Just in Love"—seem to me among the best of all his compositions.

In addition to Miss Merman, the company includes Paul Lukas, as her naturally rather intimidated suitor; Russell Nype and Galina Talva, as a subsidiary love interest; Alan Hewitt, as a representative of the State Department; and Pat Harrington, as a junketing congressman. The dances, staged by Jerome Robbins, are bright and pleasant, and so are the scenery and costumes, designed by Raoul Pène duBois. The part played by direction in any production can obviously be only a matter of conjecture to the outsider, but I have a feeling that George Abbott has done a fine and resourceful job.



*"God bless you!"*

*"God bless you!"*

"LEGEND OF SARAH," at the Fulton, is a play that ought to be funny and is funny for certain stretches in its career but whose cumulative effect is somehow attenuated, disappointing, or, in short, just dull. The heart of the matter is, I guess, that the authors, James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau, are fundamentally serious men, the writers of works like "Tomorrow the World" and "Deep Are the Roots," and their attachment to comedy is at best brief and perfunctory.

The idea behind "Legend of Sarah" is sound enough. A national foundation is contemplating the restoration of a town called

ARPEGE

MY SIN

BY

LANVIN

*the best Paris has to offer*

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Pinneyfield—much like the restoration of Williamsburg by the Rockefellers—as a sort of monument to an early member of the Pinney family, who was generally credited with winning the Revolution practically singlehanded by hampering General Howe in his operations against Washington's disorganized army. It turns out, however, that the lady, whose name, of course, was Sarah, was actually what was known in those days as a baggage, and that her motives in detaining Howe were less patriotic than amorous. For one reason and another, acceptable enough in comedy, this discovery leads to the preservation of the village in its natural present-day state; the confusion of an assortment of villains; and the happy conclusion of a love affair between Mrs. Pinney's great-great-great-granddaughter and the author of a successful biography of General Grant. Although it struck me that the young woman was making a rather poor match for herself (the hero's work was, I think, described as "a Freudian interpretation," and it is hard to imagine a more depressing literary enterprise), I had no real objection to Mr. Gow's and Mr. d'Usseau's thesis. The treatment, though, was something else. Wit on the stage is a queer and elusive thing, calling for a special, though not necessarily admirable, style, a certain knack for foolish invention, and a contempt for flat exposition bordering on madness. In this sense, I'm afraid, humor was regrettably lacking from the play at the Fulton. The writing, judged sheerly as a means to a particular end, was too ornate for comedy, most of the situations seemed laboriously thought out rather than happily inspired, and the facts of the case were stated at a length and in a detail that were certainly excessive for a form of entertainment in which plot is at most a minor consideration. Mr. Gow and Mr. d'Usseau may be perfectly capable of frivolity, for all I know, and I don't think they should be judged on this current sample. The humorist, after all, frequently develops late in life, and I even met a man once who made his first successful joke at the age of fifty-five.

The cast of "Legend of Sarah" includes Marsha Hunt, who has a beauty that Mr. Brooks Atkinson delighted me by describing as "a merciful accomplishment in a lady;" Tom Helmore, a fine actor, seriously handicapped by the fact that his part consists largely in throwing props around the stage; and Ethel Griffies, an even finer one, who

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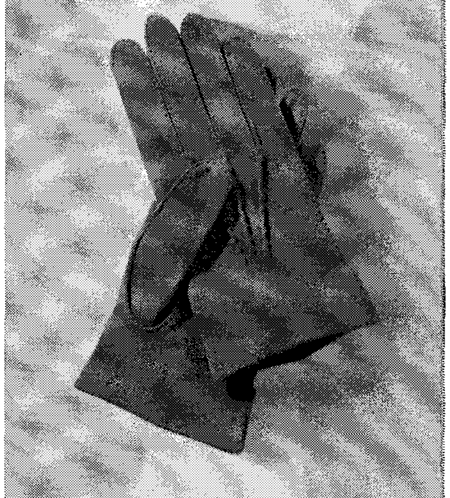

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•

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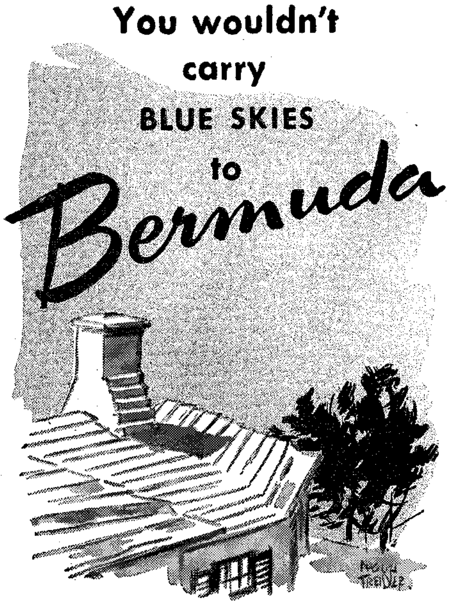

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# FOOTBALL

## *Confusion Reigned*

FOR a while last Saturday, it looked as though the world really were about to come to an end. Michigan was leading Army, 6–0; Navy was leading Princeton, 14–7; Dartmouth was leading Pennsylvania, 6–0; and Harvard was leading Cornell, 7–0. Army, though, finally pulled itself together and beat Michigan, 27–6; Princeton beat Navy, 20–14; Penn beat Dartmouth, 42–26; and Cornell beat Harvard, 28–7. Of the important matches in this part of the country, only one ran its expected course; up in New Haven, Yale managed to keep ahead of Columbia the whole afternoon, winning, 20–14. Yale played another of its thoughtful, resourceful games, committing few errors and making the very best of its slim supply of manpower. Penn, which is by no means as well armed as it used to be, did an elegant job of catching up with and then overpowering Dartmouth, a team that requires a fair amount of overpowering, and Frank Bagnell, the Penn captain, is now a famous man because, running and passing, he accounted for more mileage in a single game—four hundred and ninety yards—than any other player on record. Parenthetically, Bagnell's performance has an ominous aspect for the coaches. Football has been refined by them to such a point that players are no longer all-round performers; they are specialists. A man who is good at running with the ball in midfield is now generally replaced, when the play moves down to the twenty-yard line, by a man who is good, or supposedly good, at running with the ball near the goal. The record broken by Bagnell was set in a more carefree day (1943) by Hunchy Hoernschemeyer, of Indiana, and under the currently prevailing conditions it seemed safe. But several of Penn's specialists graduated this spring, and this fall Bagnell has been compelled to fill in for them. As I say, the thing has an ominous look, a suggestion that the game may be taken from the coaches and given back to the players.

THERE were other ominous portents for certain coaches on Saturday. Army, for years the smoothest

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piece of machinery for miles about, suffered a severe attack of the fumbles, and it needed two strokes of good luck to help it along—twice Michigan passes bounced off the fingers of Michigan receivers and onto the fingers of Army men. Cornell, too, had a violent attack of the fumbles, and an inclination to keep breaking the rules, which cost it a hundred and thirty-five yards in penalties. Harvard, the little gentleman (and a brave warrior on Saturday), lost only twenty-five yards on penalties. Princeton revealed a bad case of fumbles and, at first, a total innocence about a weapon that has been on the books for many years—the forward pass. Zastrow, Navy's principal exponent of this weapon, did a great deal of damage to Princeton before he was subdued. Princeton quickly caught on, though, and soon Kazmaier, the mainspring of the Princeton attack, was experimenting with the new-found maneuver. He hasn't got it down cold yet, it must be reported; two of his throws went directly into the hands of Navy. Let it also be said that Navy, which hasn't won a game this year, is a lot stronger than any number of Eastern teams with a far better record.

THIS commentator is fond of the old-fashioned way of doing things. Nothing is more pleasurable than watching the sort of virtuoso performance turned in by Bagnell. And nothing is more stirring than seeing a lineman streak past five or six blockers and knock down a punt with his panting chest. McPhee, a novice Princeton end, did this to Navy as prettily as it has ever been done, and his team had its first touchdown five plays later. A swarm of Yale men smothered a Columbia punt, and Yale had a touchdown three plays later. Another old-fashioned device is the single-wingback formation. Michigan, in whose hands it is a masterwork of double-dealing and bafflement, used it with great effect against Army, and Princeton, which went back to it after experimenting with modern warfare, tore the Navy line apart with it in the second half of its game, after the Princeton coaches had finally spotted the soft spots in Navy's ingenious defense against it. The Princeton offensive backfield, in which all four men are expert ball-carriers, is, of course, the complete return to the good old non-specialist days. Single-wingback Princeton on Saturday set a record for itself—it was the thirty-ninth consecutive game in which the team had scored at least once.

—J. W. L.

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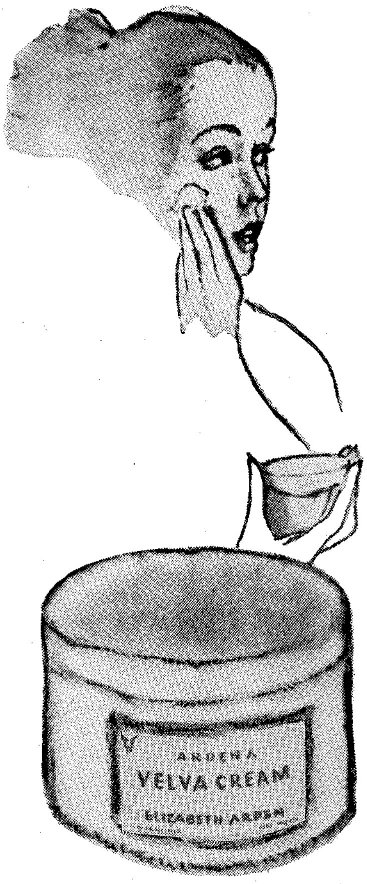

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *The Thin Man Meets Carmen*

Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris, a small dance troupe that made its first appearance here last fall, is back in town, this year at the National Theatre, and the hour-long "Carmen" is again the main item on the program. In place of Renée Jeanmaire, who is expected to rejoin the company next week, the leggy Colette Marchand has been dancing the title role; in other respects, the performance is, I gather, the same as last year's, which I did not see. "Carmen" is a novel tabloid show, and it might make a striking piece of entertainment for one of our large movie houses, but considered as ballet, it is a silly business. You probably have heard by now that Petit, who did the choreography for this and the other works given by the company, has introduced a bedroom scene, starring Carmen and Don José, at that point in the second act of the opera where she begins her little private dance for him. Petit might as well have made the scene a gymnasium; all we get, aside from a bed along the back wall, is a cool display of footwork and simple acrobatics. Petit, a tall, slender young man with a rapt expression, dances nimbly but not very incisively, and Mlle. Marchand, though saucy in manner and moderately accomplished as a dancer, is no fireball. The dancing in this and the other ballets is decidedly unimpressive, but that is very likely because Petit's choreography is so aimless and unexciting. He is an idea man principally, and in "Carmen" he evidently hit on a popular idea, but it is still a second-rate one, leaning on sensationalism and trying at the same time to arouse a feeling of tender sentiment.

"Les Forains," another Petit ballet, hasn't been done here before. It is set to some pretty, poignant music by Henri Sauguet and concerns itself with the arrival, performance, and departure of a small band of strolling players—a device for sympathetic appeal second in the theatre only to a forlorn mother. The players come on the scene dejectedly, brighten up touchingly to put on a miserable show (for which none of the passersby contributes a sou), and leave sadly—too vain and stupid, presumably, to get out of show business. M. Petit

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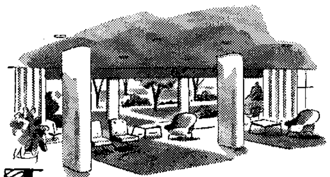

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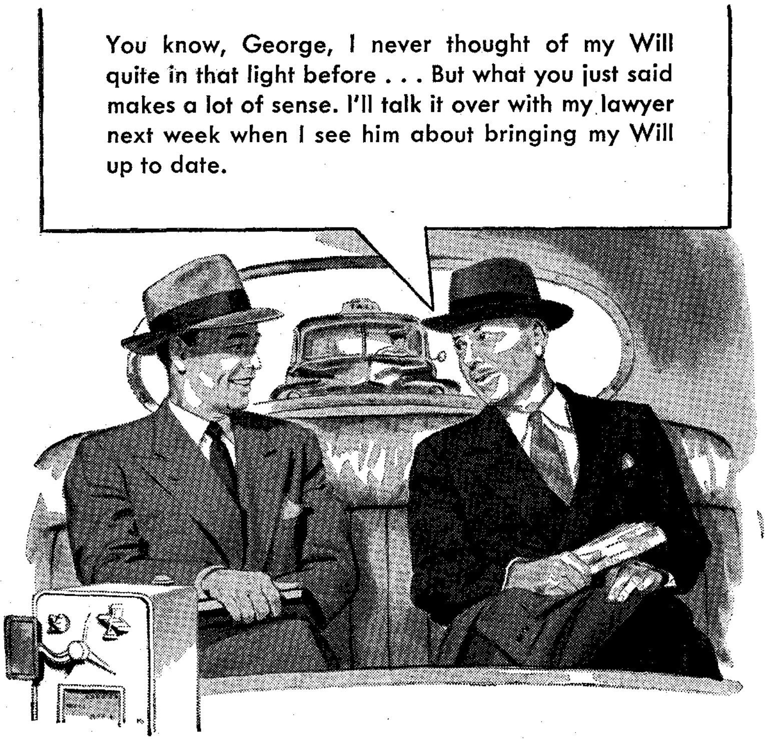
played a magician in this one, awkwardly producing a couple of white birds and a bunch of paper flowers while doing a few dance turns.

The only other ballet of the evening—some changes in the program are scheduled for later on—is Petit's "L'Œuf à la Coque," another holdover from last season. The music, by Maurice Thiriet, is agitated and trashy, and the dancing is far from stimulating, but the work does accomplish one desirable thing: It presents Mlle. Marchand, whose beautifully trim legs would be good to look at even in a pair of old Army socks, wearing long black stockings and high heels. These legs, fortunately, dominate the ballet, which has something to do with a kitchen, representing Hell, in which several chefs chase about after an equal number of chickens (this comes from France, you know) played by girls. Mlle. Marchand, the boiled egg of the title, comes along late in the game and is a grand sight.

LAST week at the City Center, the New York City Opera Company ambitiously added "Die Meistersinger" to its repertory, and it seems to have found a solid place there already. This production, in German, of Wagner's comic opera has been mounted with great care, but it is not yet a finished presentation. It has comfortably literal scenery (designed by H. A. Condell), and good, traditional costuming, and it is admirably conducted by Joseph Rosenstock, but there was a feeling of insecurity in the performance itself. The staging, by Otto Erhardt, was intelligent enough most of the time, but the singing often was doubtful. James Pease, a fine baritone and, year in and year out, perhaps the sturdiest regular member of the company, had the role of Hans Sachs and acted it well, but he was frequently inaudible. Hans Beirer, a German tenor, made his American début as Walther. His top tones were clear and ringing, but his voice was hoarse and edgy down below; also, he had several stock tricks, such as rolling his eyes upward and tossing his head to exhibit youthful fervor, that weren't very convincing. Oscar Natzka, a basso who has proved his excellence many times, was not yet up on his role as Pogner and fluffed a few times during the first act, but he will undoubtedly grow into the part. I was annoyed by Emil Renan's oafish portrayal of Beckmesser, the comic villain of the piece. Made up with a stringy wig of impossibly red hair, to look like a country lout,


You know, George, I never thought of my Will quite in that light before . . . But what you just said makes a lot of sense. I'll talk it over with my lawyer next week when I see him about bringing my Will up to date.

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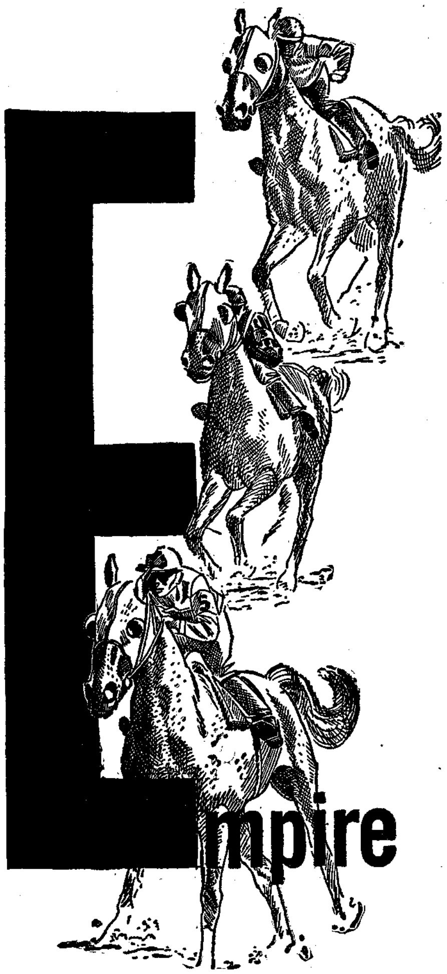

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he brought no real characterization to the part. The most satisfactory performance was David Lloyd's, as Sachs' apprentice. Frances Yeend was a credible Eva.

FRIEDRICH GULDA, the young Austrian pianist who was detained at Ellis Island early last week but was released in time to give his concert, made a striking début at Carnegie Hall. He proved to be a sensitive, undemonstrative performer whose only shortcoming was an occasionally studied quality in his playing. He offered a substantial program, opening with Haydn's Andante con Variazioni in F Minor, continuing with Beethoven's Sonata in C Minor, and going on, after the intermission, to Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7 and two pieces by Debussy, "Reflets dans l'Eau" and "Feux d'Artifice." He played each beautifully, with the hint of stiffness appearing only in the Beethoven and Haydn works, and in the busy Prokofiev sonata demonstrated that he has no technical limitations at all. I hope I have a chance to hear him again.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony began another season, its one-hundred-and-ninth, last Thursday at Carnegie Hall, and, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, provided an evening of expertly played music. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and Prokofiev's Fifth were the two main pieces on the program, and there's nothing I can say about them except that I don't care at all for the latter and like the former less than I do other Beethoven symphonies. The opening selection was Alfredo Casella's extraordinarily effective arrangement, for full orchestra and organ, of a Bach chaconne, the famous one from the Suite No. 2 in D Minor for unaccompanied violin; the Philharmonic had never presented it before, and it was superb from beginning to end. An exciting piece in its original form, it becomes a valid new experience in this more expansive guise. It is grave, disturbing music, curving darkly away into time at the end. The Philharmonic played it splendidly. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Post*]

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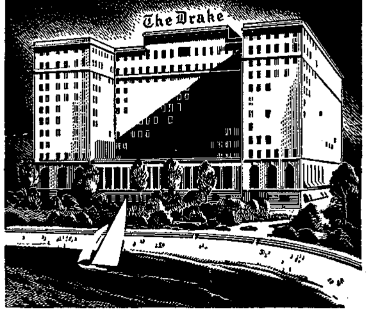

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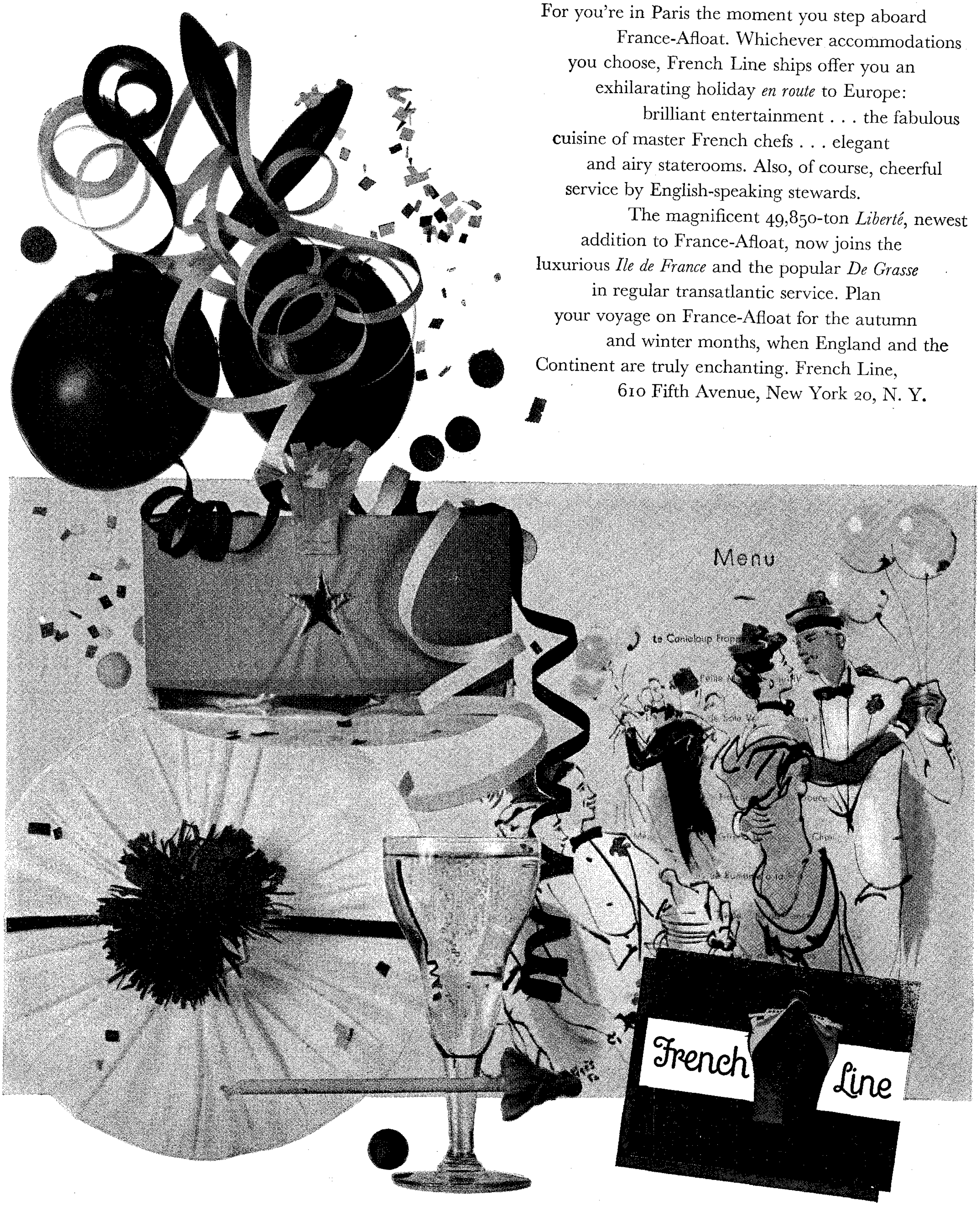

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# DOLLAR WATCH

AT a party in a New York apartment recently, someone asked me the time. I took out my watch, said "Oh, who cares what time it is," and gaily tossed the watch out an open window. This was a silly gesture but an inexpensive one. The watch had cost me a dollar and eighty-five cents, and I had had it for nearly a year, which is about as long as I keep a watch. I buy only the kind once known as "dollar watches," and when one begins to lose more than ten minutes a day, I discard it and get another. The reason I enjoyed throwing my watch away was that the gesture was a sort of belated compensation for the anguish I suffered as a boy in acquiring my first watch, an Ingersoll, the standard price of which actually was a dollar.

To raising this sum of money I dedicated the summer vacation before my eleventh birthday. Of course, I didn't really need a watch, since time was something that I could tell close enough by the sun in the heavens and the hunger in my stomach. Nevertheless, I passionately craved one, as do most small boys. My teen-age son, who owns an eighty-dollar watch, which he earned the money for in one summer, finds it incomprehensible that it took me equally long to accumulate one dollar and that I never would have been able to do that except for a fifty-cent miracle.

I LIVED with my grandparents on the outskirts of Grayson, a small town in northern Louisiana. My grandfather was a retired cotton farmer. On the forty acres back of our house, he produced feed for the livestock, as well as nearly enough food for the family. For the rest of our needs, we depended almost entirely upon what was known to me vaguely as "interest," a modest income from some sort of investment. We dealt regularly with the general stores in the town. Sometimes I was sent to deliver eggs and butter to one of them, and, using Grandmother's shopping list, I would take out in trade the money due us for these products. Usually, however, the things we bought at the stores were put on charge accounts. Once a month, my grandfather settled the accounts, a record of which he meticulously kept in his own ledgers. The amounts he owed were almost always greater by his figuring than by the merchants'. Invariably he was right. He never forgot to jot down a pound of nails or a box of salt, as they often did.

At the end of each month, the charge accounts always seemed to balance the "interest," or very nearly, so there was never much cash on hand. The little that came to my grandmother was stored by her in a teacup in the kitchen against the time when she could send a mail order for articles not available in the local stores. She had no nickels or dimes to spare in payment for any extra chores or errands I might do, and my grandfather seldom had a coin in his pockets the year round. I had to turn elsewhere when I needed money.

In Grayson, in that era, the money-earning opportunities open to a ten-year-old boy were limited indeed. I spent one wickedly hot day in a blackberry patch and emerged with a thousand scratches and half as many berries. After I had spent another weary day trudging around the community in a vain effort to sell the berries to already overstocked housewives, my grandmother took pity on me and gave me a dime for them. I earned twenty cents more by gathering and selling, for firewood, pine knots and resinous hearts of rotted pine logs, the latter called "lightard." I was able to sell only two bushels, because the summer demand was small.

My best source of income was a by-product of romance in the village. There were no telephones in Grayson, and it was the custom of the young men to send notes to the girls of their choice, asking for dates. We younger boys carried the notes; the standard payment was a nickel for trips of up to a mile and a dime for any longer distance. We always read the notes, of course, but they were unrewardingly identical: "May I have the pleasure of calling upon you this evening?" (In Grayson, that meant "afternoon.") The answers were tritely the same, too: "I shall be pleased to have you call this evening."

Although competition was sharp, I managed to be a courier of love five Sundays in a row, never to the same

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MACINTOSH

*—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged*

girl but three times for the same swain, a rake of eighteen. The routes were nickel routes. By midsummer, then, I had laid away a total of fifty-five cents, and with only forty-five to go I was already winding that Ingersoll.

Unhappily for me, there came a recession. The young rake, my steadiest customer in the note-carrying business, left town to take a job in Monroe, the metropolis of northern Louisiana, thirty-one miles away, and at the same time most of the couples in Grayson apparently reached understandings that obviated the formality of exchanging notes. The blackberry season was over. It was too early to gather hickory nuts, which might have brought ten cents a bushel. Several weeks went by, during which I could not add another nickel to my hoard.

ONE afternoon, I was scuffing moodily in the back yard, debating whether to blow the whole fifty-five cents on some frivolity, such as a four-bladed knife, when the miracle happened. On a slick, damp spot under a chinaberry tree I saw a half dollar. Despite the deep shade cast by this umbrella-shaped tree, it shone there on the dark ground, looking large as a full moon to me. Rain had fallen a couple of days before, but there was no speck of silt to mar its bright surface. I even remember the date of coinage—1902.

Excited, I ran into the house to show my find to my grandparents. A moment later, I understood for the first time what it means to be under suspicion. My grandfather took the half dollar for safekeeping and began to question me closely, while my grandmother slipped away to the kitchen. I led my grandfather out to the back yard and showed him the exact spot where the coin had lain. I fancied I could see the imprint still there, but he said he couldn't. My grandmother came out. Grandfather asked her a question, and she shook her head and smiled. She had checked the teacup!

"Don't you believe me?" I cried in despair.

"I believe you, son," my grandfather said gravely. "You understand, of course, that we must make every effort to find the owner."

That effort was a strain on my endurance and on my grandfather's limited capacity as a detective. The only visitor at our house, as far as we knew, in the two days since it had rained had been an impecunious carpenter. To my

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joy, he unequivocally disclaimed ownership of the fifty-cent piece. "Didn't have a dime in my jeans that day," he said to Grandfather. "I was hoping to borrow a dollar off you—remember?—to get some medicine for the baby, but you didn't have a cent on you."

It was possible, of course, that, in spite of its brightness, the coin had been under the tree before the rain, so my grandfather, taking no chances, wrote to my Aunt Effie, who had visited us two weeks earlier. She replied that she had not lost any money, to her knowledge.

It seemed to me that that should have ended the matter, but my grandfather waited several more days, on the possibility that someone might come forward to claim the half dollar. Then he solemnly handed it to me, with a little homily on the virtue of honesty.

The mystery was never cleared up. The only explanation that has ever occurred to me is that the carpenter, who was a drinking man, had actually lost the fifty-cent piece but didn't want to admit that he had lied to my grandfather about being broke and needing a dollar to buy medicine for his child.

At any rate, I bought the Ingersoll. With the extra five cents, I got a paper of safety pins. They made a fine watch chain. —M. C. BLACKMAN

•

Secretary of State Wade O. Martin, Jr., has been named chairman of the State Capitol division of the 1950-51 Community Chest, Douglas L. Manship, general chairman, announces.

Martin will direct organization of the state employees in Baton Rouge. He is a graduate of SLI in Lafayette and the LSU Law school. He was assistant to the Louisiana attorney general from 1935 to 1940 and practiced law in Baton Rouge from 1940 to 1944. He was elected secretary of state in 1944. He is a member of the Woodmen of the World, Knights of Columbus and the Kiwanis club.

He is a political bastard.—*Item reprinted in its entirety from the North Baton Rouge (La.) Journal.*

Just give the news, please!

•

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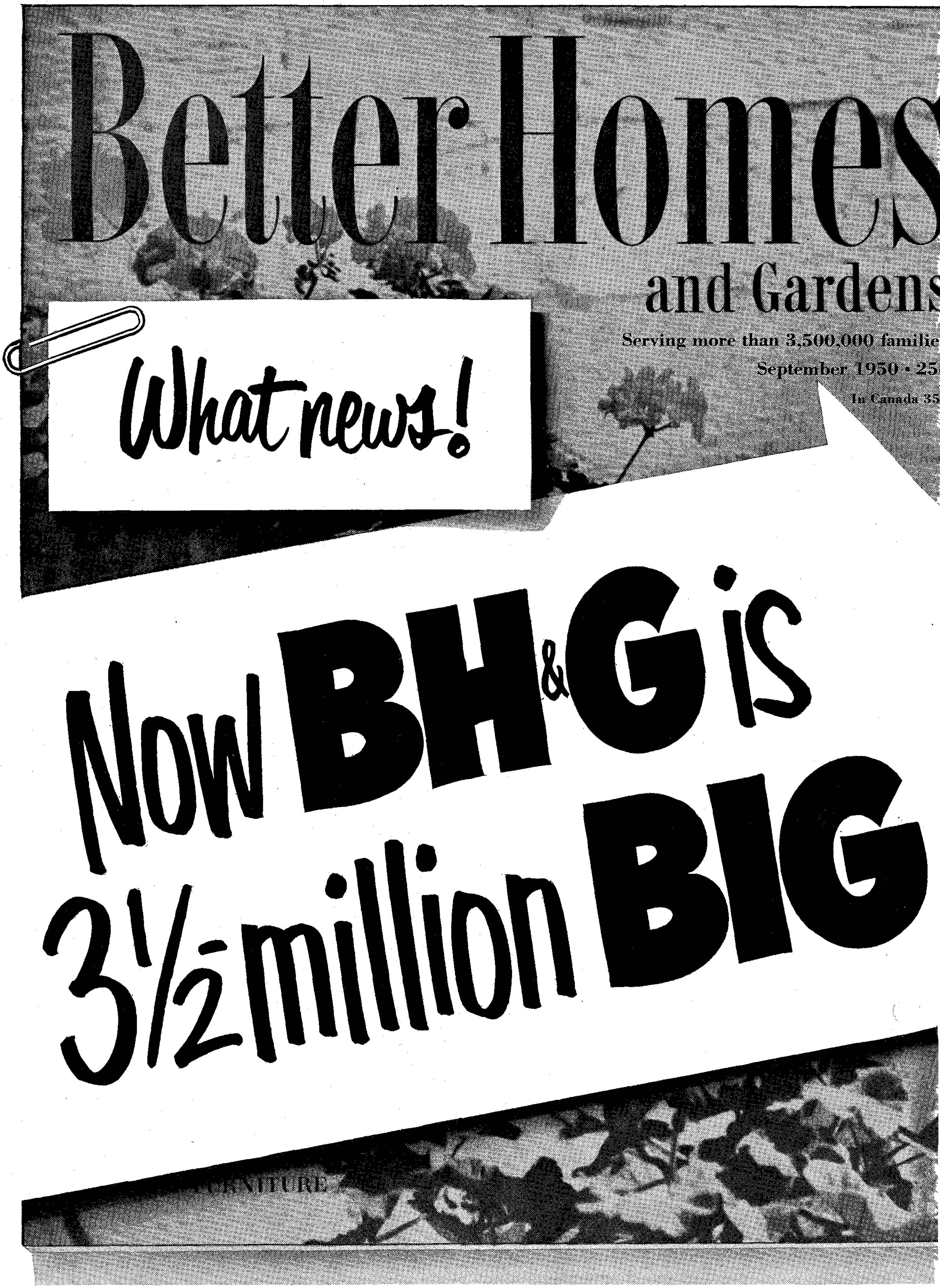
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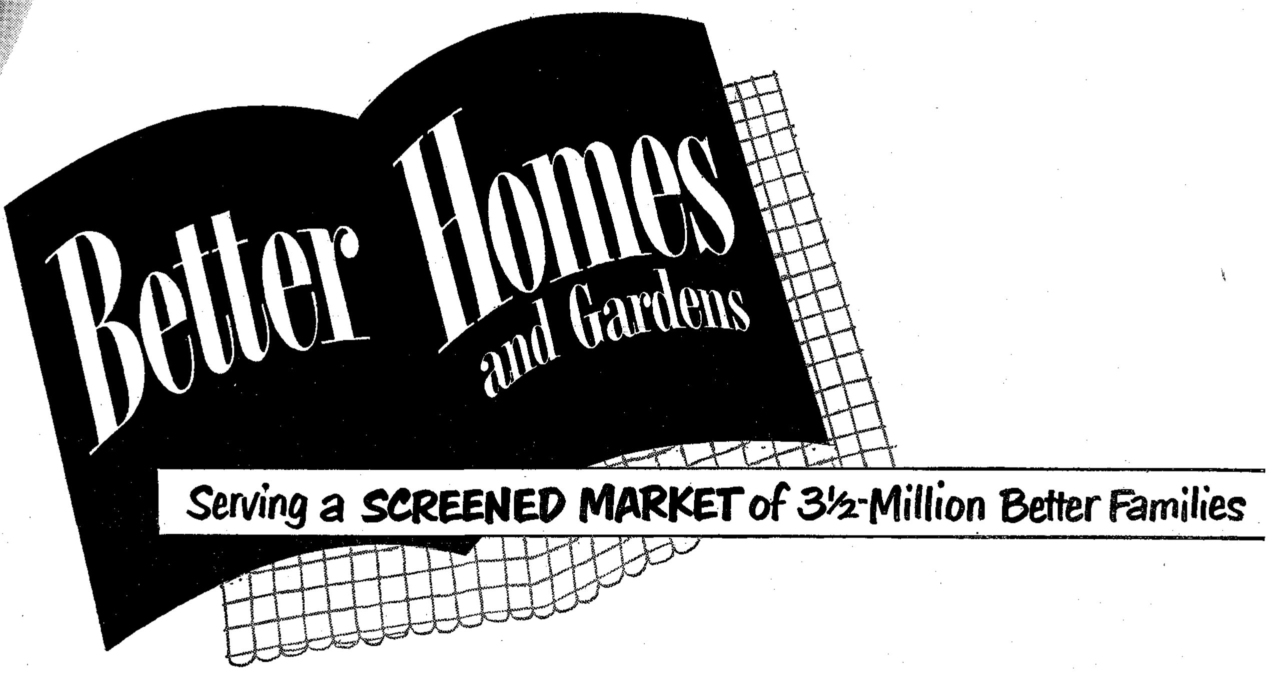
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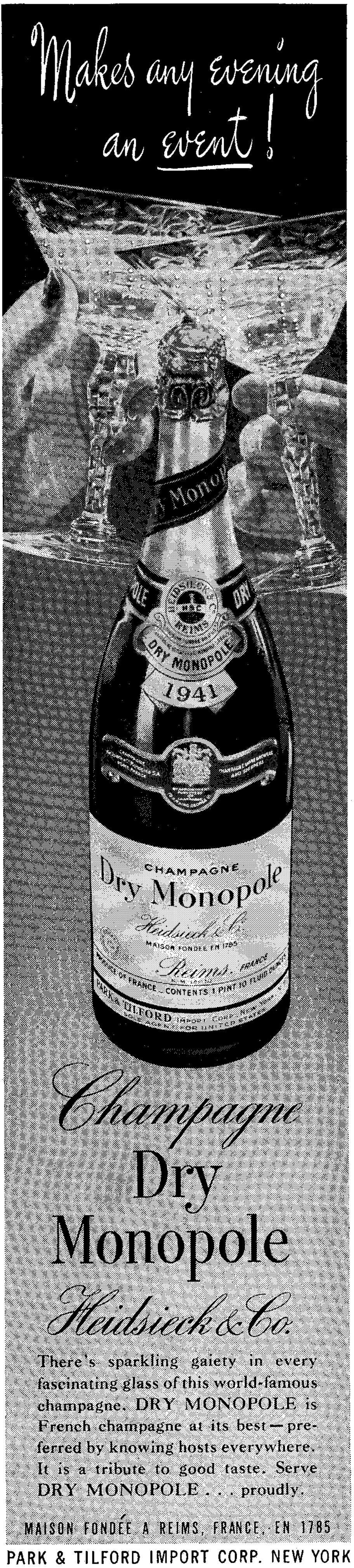

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# LETTER FROM TRIESTE

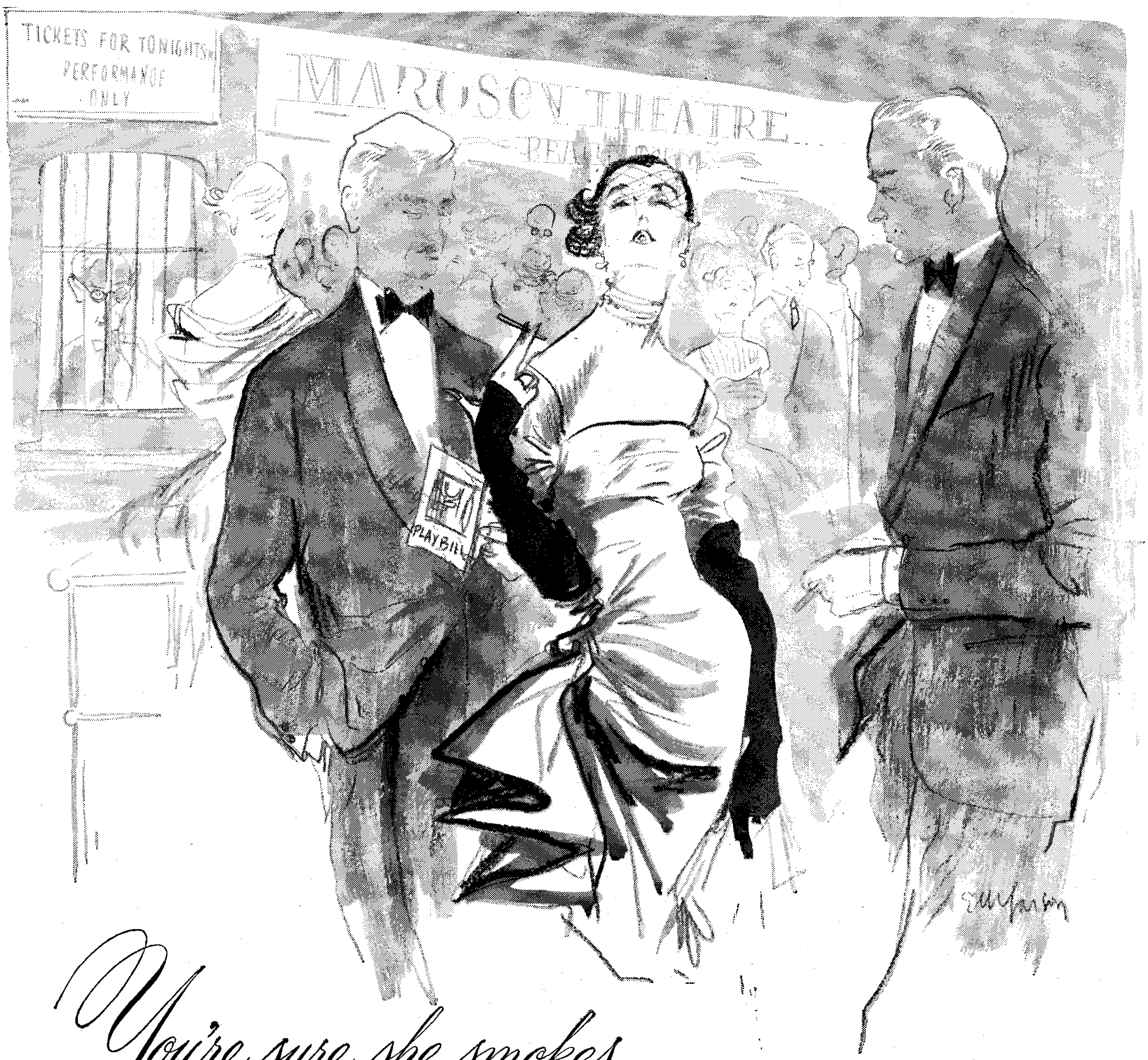
October 3

THE city of Trieste, situated at the head of the Adriatic Sea, between Italy and Yugoslavia, is today the only place where both Cominform Communists and Tito Communists carry on freely and equally under the blessings of democratic institutions. The freedoms of speech, assembly, association, and propaganda are guaranteed by treaty and the presence of ten thousand American and British troops. In the inevitable mudslinging that has been indulged in here between the hostile brothers of the Marx family, the Tito Communists have definitely come off second best. Last year, in the first democratic election to be held in Trieste in a quarter of a century, the Cominform Communists got a fraction over twenty per cent of the total vote, as against the Titoists' slightly more than two per cent. The division between the two Communist groups is not, as might be expected, an ethnic one of Italians vs. Slovenes. While it is true that there are scarcely any Italian-speaking Triestenes among the Titoists, who are led by one Branko Babić, a former peasant and former colonel in the Yugoslav Partisan forces, many Slovenes are members of the Cominform group, which is ably managed by Vittorio Vidali, a first-rate organizer of the Thorez type.

Back in 1946, Marshal Tito and Palmiro Togliatti, Italy's Communist leader, agreed that ultimately the Free Territory of Trieste, of which the city of Trieste is a part, should be divided between Italy and Yugoslavia and that in the meantime Communist activities in the area should be coördinated under Tito's direction. Vidali was a faithful follower of Tito until the latter split with the Cominform, in June, 1948, after which he became a faithful follower of Togliatti. Naturally, the split created quite a stir among the Trieste Communists. Many Slovenes who were influential in the Party deserted the Cominform, among them the Party treasurer, who thoughtfully took the Party funds along with him. The Cominform Communist newspaper *Unità*, published in Milan, instituted a Trieste page (the paper's circulation here is now five thousand) and started a spirited battle against Trieste's pro-Tito Slovene daily, *Primorski Dnevnik* (circulation, twenty-five hundred). Although the editors of *Dnevnik* were pro-Tito, the paper was printed in a pro-Cominform shop, and when the printers didn't like something that the editors gave them to print, they would withhold the item and leave a blank space, causing considerable amusement and sarcastic comment among the non-Communist Triestenes. The capitalist titters stung the Cominform adherents no less than the pro-Titoists, and after a few weeks higher Marxist discipline prevailed and the printers resumed normal operations. Then the editorial staff of *Dnevnik* and the local correspondents of *Unità* began to beat one another up. The situation has quieted down as much as any situation ever does in Trieste, Europe's best training ground for terrorists, where anonymous letters, knives, and bombs are among the amenities of daily life, but every five or six weeks the editors of the pro-Tito paper get knocked about a bit, and last Christmas a bomb exploded in their offices.

Between rounds of fierce intramural fighting, the two Communist factions just as fiercely attack the Marshall Plan. It is one of the dialectical paradoxes of Communist propaganda that the Tito Communists here are energetically assailing the Marshall Plan at a time when Tito, in Belgrade, is trying just as energetically to get more American help through it. Marshall Plan aid and the unmistakable signs of recovery it has brought about have not, as has been the case in France and Italy, adversely affected Communist strength in Trieste. Party members here—Cominform and otherwise—account for at least a quarter of the population of the city, and possibly more, despite the fact that during the first twelve months of the operation of the Plan, Trieste received more E.R.P. dollars per capita than any other beneficiary—$60 for every man, woman, and child, as against an average of $18.36 for all other beneficiaries. Up to last June 30th, E.C.A. had spent $27,300,000 in Trieste.

THE Free Territory of Trieste is the half-baked working out of a concept that evolved at a time when, in the words of one American here, "people were going around with the light of San Francisco in their eyes." It is because of the persistent opposition of the Soviet Union that the concept has never been fully realized. According to the Italian peace treaty of February 10, 1947, the Free Territory was to be administered jointly by the Americans, the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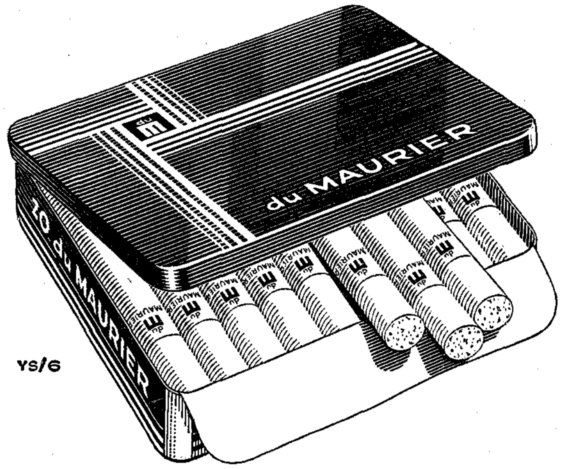

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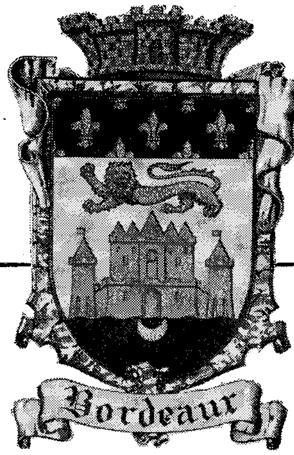
British, and the Yugoslavs until an impartial governor could be appointed by the United Nations Security Council, after consultation with Yugoslavia and Italy. Both countries wanted to take over the Free Territory; Yugoslavia was backed by the Soviet Union, Italy by the Western powers. A governor has never been appointed, and the Free Territory is still being run, as it has been since its inception, by three military commanders whose authority is based on one skimpy sentence in the peace treaty: "Pending the assumption of office by the governor, the Free Territory of Trieste shall continue to be administered by the Allied military commanders within their respective zones." It has worked out that there are two zones. One, Zone A, consists of ninety-six square miles, with a population of 309,500, and takes in the city and harbor of Trieste; it is administered by the Americans and the British and has arrived at monetary and customs agreements with Italy. The other, Zone B, consists of a hundred and ninety-seven square miles of rocks and fishing villages, with a population of 73,000, and is administered by Yugoslavia, which has posted five thousand troops there, established a state monopoly of trade, broken up big land holdings, installed its own customs and monetary systems, banned the non-Communist press, introduced food rationing, and made the zone in all but name a part of itself.

The history of the Free Territory of Trieste provides an instance of political expediency that didn't pay off. On March 20, 1948, with the idea of strengthening the hand of Premier de Gasperi in the then impending Italian elections, the United States, Great Britain, and France issued a declaration proposing the return of the entire Free Territory to Italy. At that time, of course, no one could foresee that three months later Marshal Tito would become the black sheep of the Cominform and a potential Western ally. The declaration, which was denounced by Russia, has since boomeranged, for today the Western Allies find themselves in the delicate position of having to try to please both Italy and Yugoslavia. A few months ago, Secretary of State Acheson expressed the hope that the two countries would settle the Trieste problem amicably between themselves. The possibility that they will do so grows increasingly remote. Trieste is perhaps the only issue on which all political parties in Italy, from the Communists to the extreme Right, are wholly united, and everybody in Italy suspects that the



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United States is bartering Trieste for favors from Tito. But the Yugoslavs aren't pleased, either; they are afraid that the Russians may consent to the return of Trieste to Italy in order to embarrass both the Yugoslavs and the West.

Two years ago, when I was last here, roadblocks between the two zones constituted the southern extremity of the Iron Curtain in these parts. Since the Tito-Stalin split, this section of the Iron Curtain has moved—politically, though not ideologically—a hundred and sixty miles northeast, to the Yugoslav-Hungarian border, but Trieste is still the last outpost of both the Western Latin and the Eastern Slav worlds, and the roadblocks on the Zone B side have been made much stronger than they were; the simple barriers constructed of wood and heaps of stone that I encountered there in 1948 have been replaced by elaborate anti-tank blocks in the middle of the highway. Only vehicles accredited by the Yugoslav military authorities may enter or leave the zone, and they must zigzag slowly through these defenses under the scrutiny of Yugoslav guards. On the Zone A side, at one point on the boundary, a handful of blue-uniformed Trieste police and a couple of smartly turned-out G.I.s occupy a cheerful little house that is adorned inside with flowers, pictures of pinup girls, and Coca-Cola posters. On the opposite side, a glum Yugoslav soldier stands in front of a dilapidated shack that seems to reflect the drabness and austerity of the police state. It is now easier for an American to get a visa for Yugoslavia proper than permission to enter Zone B, and even when permission has been granted, visitors are likely to have their troubles. Last April, during a local election, two Western reporters, carrying valid passes, were maltreated and the tires of their cars were punctured while Zone B police stood by.

An anti-Tito Slovene Communist organization is reported to exist in Zone B, and life is further complicated for Tito's henchmen there by the fact that a considerable part of the zone's population is made up of Italian-speaking residents of the fishing villages along the coast. At the headquarters of the Cominform Communist Party in Trieste, snugly adjoining the American Enlisted Men's Hangar Service Club, I talked with a highly placed official who brushed off the Titoists in Zone A as a minor nuisance but spoke bitterly about conditions in the Yugoslav zone, where, he told me, the Cominform Communists are being persecuted. "Our people are

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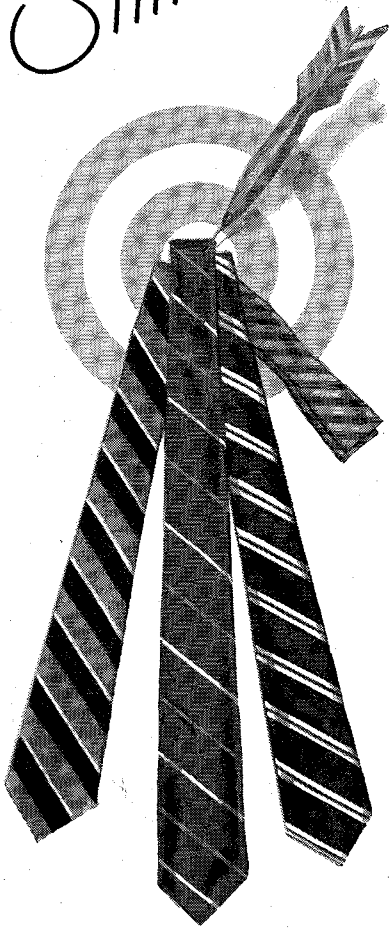

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being sent to jail while even Christian Democrats are getting jobs," he said angrily. Recalling that in the election in Zone B last April, Marshal Tito's People's Front chalked up eighty-nine per cent of the vote and the Christian Democrats two per cent and that the remaining nine per cent of the ballots were declared "not valid," I asked the official whether the Cominform was operating there. "We have a strong underground in the Yugoslav zone," he replied. "I used to go there myself every week until the attempt was made on Togliatti's life. We'll lick them yet." But he did not repeat Vidali's threat of last year that "Tito's head will fall very soon." He seemed to have a healthy respect for the Yugoslavs.

POSSIBLY nowhere else in the world are matters in as great a muddle politically as in Trieste, a city the size of Columbus, Ohio. A dozen political parties are active here. Each has its own objectives and slogans, but all, to a greater or lesser degree, want either independence for the Free Territory or its return to Italy. The pro-Italy Christian Democrats are the most important of these parties. Next in line is the Cominform branch of the Trieste Communist Party, which wants the two zones unified under a governor, to be named by the United Nations, and the withdrawal of British, American, *and* Yugoslav troops. The Tito branch of the same party takes the negative position of opposing the return of the Free Territory to Italy but doesn't quite come out for annexing it to Yugoslavia. As for the others, the Socialist Party favors return to Italy; the Independence Front has the slogan "Trieste for the Triestenes;" the Italian Social Movement, which corresponds to the Neo-Fascist party of the same name in Italy, asks for restitution of all Italy's lost territories, presumably including Ethiopia and Corsica; the Italian Republican Party, which subscribes to the social principles of Mazzini, favors return of the Free Territory to Italy; the Common Man Democratic Front wants Italy to have not only the Free Territory but the whole former district of Venezia Giulia, of which part is now the Free Territory, part belongs to Yugoslavia, and the rest still belongs to Italy; the Trieste Democratic Front wants independence; the Italian Liberal Party, which was once the leading party in Trieste but got only 1.84 per cent of the vote last year, is for return to Italy; the Slovene Democratic Union, with its roots in the old Slovene liberal move-

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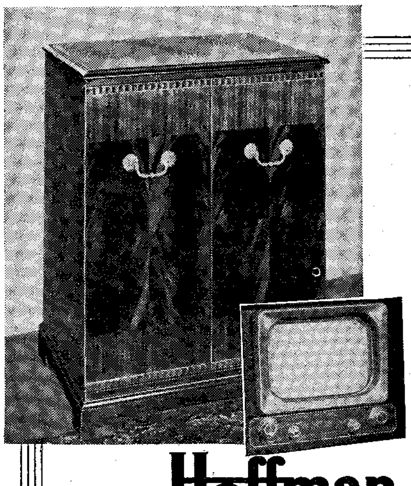

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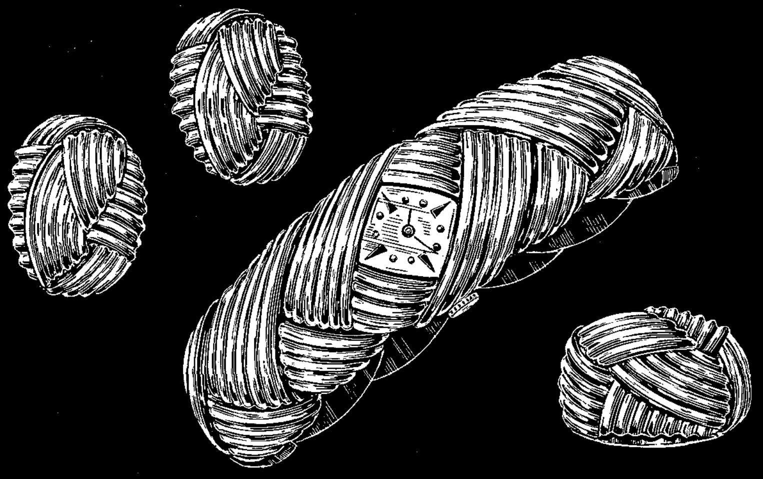
ment, is anti-Cominform and anti-Tito and favors the independence of the Territory (among its members are many chauvinistic refugees from Yugoslavia, who grumble about the Allied administration in Zone A, although it has opened fifty new Slovene schools here); and, finally, the Republican Independence Movement calls for "the widest autonomy in association with Italy," whatever that means. There you have it—as nice a mess as any Communist could hope for. Columbus, Ohio, was never like this.

The Trieste City Council is supposed to take an active part in the local administration, but it spends most of its time bickering about world politics and sending resolutions to Washington. Its theoretical responsibilities have been for the most part assumed by the Allied Military Government (British and American, that is), which manages things competently and has succeeded in turning back various departments—among them those of labor, health, and education—to the Triestenes. A.M.G.'s worst problem is the chronic one of unemployment among a people who were long accustomed to share in the city's once booming importing and exporting, transshipping, and insurance businesses. The situation isn't quite as bad as it was two years ago, however; only eighteen thousand are at present unemployed, as compared to twenty-four thousand in 1948. The improvement can be attributed to low-rental building projects, shipbuilding (a transatlantic liner for the Italia Company and three liners for Lloyd Triestino have been built here), and the construction of oil refineries, blast furnaces, a milk-pasteurization plant, and a cement plant, all stimulated by E.C.A.

Some thirty-five thousand people—one out of every three working Triestenes—are employed in some capacity by A.M.G., and what would happen to them should the Allies leave is anybody's guess. Featherbedding is prevalent. The Trieste police force, a well-trained outfit established to deal with trouble along the border, has almost five thousand men, the equivalent of a police force of a hundred and thirty thousand for New York City. There are a thousand customs officers, and three thousand railroad workers to operate the fifty-eight miles of railroad tracks in and around the city. To make matters worse, almost every A.M.G. official has his opposite number in the local government, giving Trieste a bureaucracy in the advanced stages of elephantiasis.

Another problem, and one that grows



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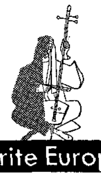

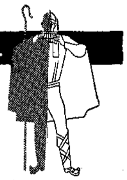

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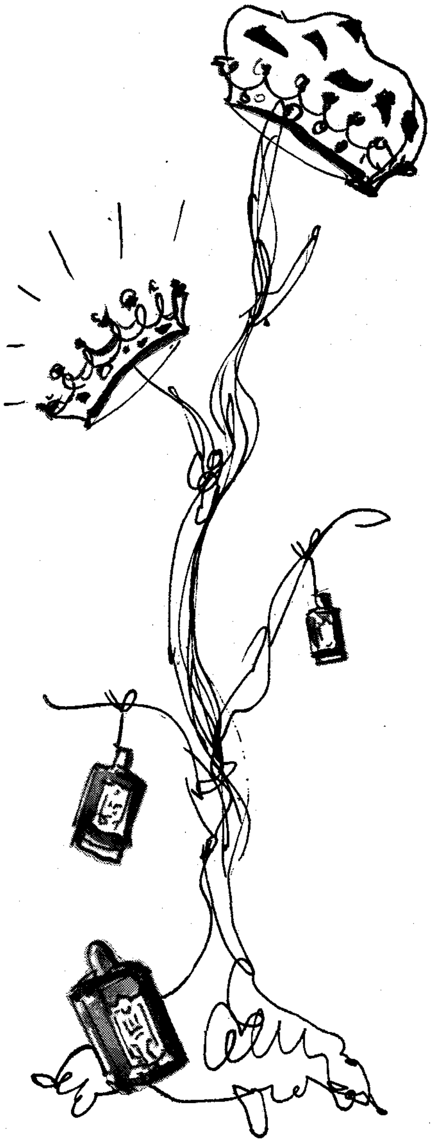

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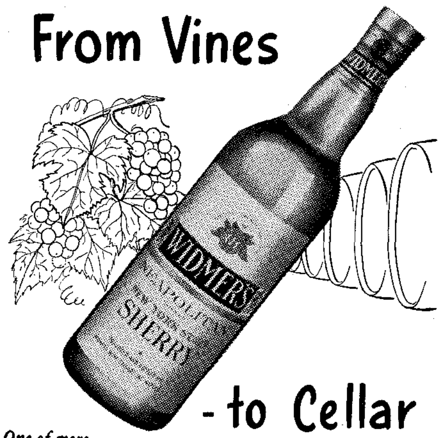
more acute every day, is posed by the constant influx of refugees. Over twenty thousand Italian-speaking residents of the coastal villages in Zone B have already moved into the city, and thousands of Yugoslavs, Rumanians, and Hungarians, as well as White Russians who fled to Yugoslavia after the First World War, are being fed and sheltered in camps the A.M.G. has opened around the city. Some of the refugees arrive in style on the Simplon-Orient Express, some are pushed, more or less gently, across the border by Yugoslav frontier guards, and some swim rivers to get here and arrive in shorts and nothing else. More refugees come in steadily, and no one knows what to do with them next.

THE number of American, British, and Yugoslav troops in the Free Territory is limited, by the peace treaty, to five thousand from each country. This gives Major General William M. Hoge, the Commanding General of TRUST (Trieste United States Troops), a little less than a standard regimental combat team to rely on for military purposes, because a third of his men are needed for administrative, supply, and clerical duties. For a while after the Cominform-Tito split, when the roadblocks had lost much of their political importance for the Americans, Trieste was one of those garrison towns where "you never had it so good," what with its fine beaches, modern movie houses, open-air cafés, excellent restaurants, and pretty girls. But the war in Korea has changed this state of mind. The Trieste garrison sees in it too many uncomfortable analogies. Trieste is a ward of the United Nations, like South Korea, and the American troops here have mainly "policing" duties. Should anything happen in this part of the globe, it might be Korea all over again. The smallness of the world has been brought home to the G.I.s here. As a corporal put it, "Gosh, I can't help thinking that if somebody had shuffled my papers differently in the Pentagon, I might be lying in a mud field in Korea right this minute instead of having an *espresso* here on the Corso. One of the fellows who was with me in basic training was wounded badly near Taegu." The fate that befell the garrison troops in Japan has made a vast impression on the men, giving them an evident willingness to drill and silencing the complaints of headquarters clerks at being ordered out for drill every morning at seven. The G.I.s are alert to the danger, but they are also G.I.s. The most important topic of con-



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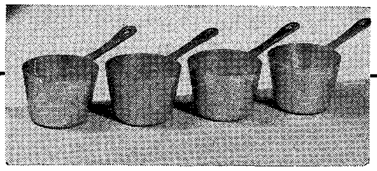

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versation all one week recently was the TRUST Baseball Championship of 1950, which, I'm glad to report, the Provisional Battalion Satans won from the 1st Battalion Tigers, 7–4, at Heroes Field.

Among the Triestenes themselves there is lamentation about American unpreparedness, and considerable Communist-instigated defeatism. (While the United Nations forces were still confined to the Pusan beachhead, one frequently heard people say, "The Americans should never have set foot in Korea in the first place.") Prices have gone up, owing to hoarding, and at the same time the banks have tightened the credit screws so much that quite a few firms are worried about whether they will be able to meet their payrolls from one Saturday noon to the next. The average Triestene makes thirty thousand lire (fifty dollars) a month and spends it all, mostly on food and drink, plus perhaps an installment payment on a motor scooter. The Triestenes don't work too hard, and they allow themselves plenty of time for griping. The advocates of an autonomous Free Territory gripe about Rome, which, they say, benefits from Trieste's port trade. (They don't bother to mention that Rome contributes a lot to Trieste's support.) Everybody gripes about the British and Americans, because "they occupy the best hotels." (Nobody bothers to mention that within a single fiscal year British and American soldiers have spent £534,200 and $3,668,475, respectively, in the shops and cafés of Trieste.)

Everybody worries about the future ("Have you heard that Vidali has sent his wife and child to Mexico?"), especially about what Tito is going to do. Ever since the spring of 1945, when the Yugoslav Partisans held Trieste in a brief reign of terror, until a division of New Zealand troops arrived and restored law and order, Triestenes have been fearful of a repeat performance. They point out that Yugoslav troops are still only a few miles from the city—and who can be sure Tito and Stalin won't make up? And there are always incidents. A few months ago, the Italian-Triestene steamer Vettor Pisani was boarded by the Yugoslavs in Capodistria, a port in Zone B, and machine guns and anti-Yugoslav leaflets were found aboard her. (The Italians claim that the Yugoslavs planted the weapons themselves.) The captain was sentenced to six months in prison. Some Allied authorities here believe, however, that this indicates great

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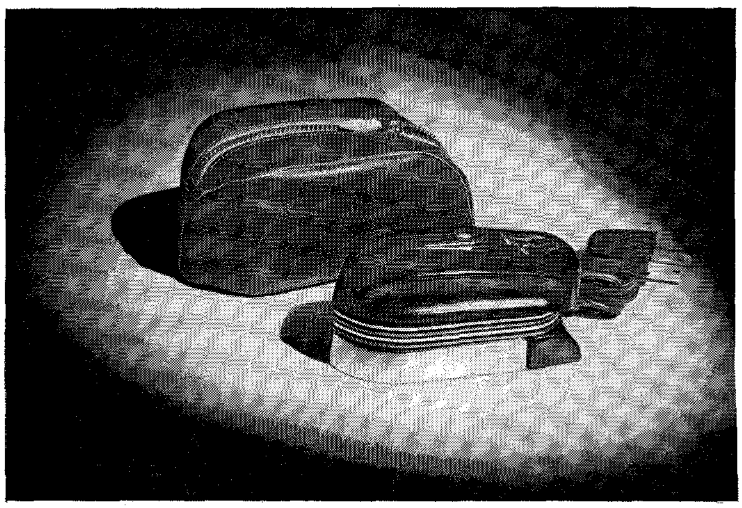

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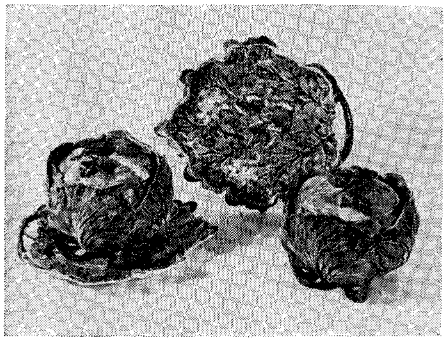

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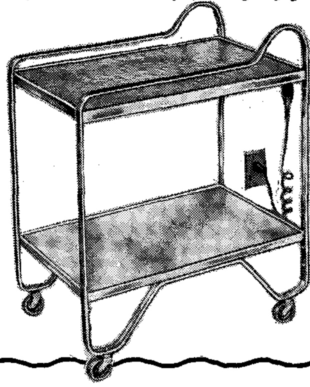
progress toward better relations; two years ago, they say, the captain would have got life. Responsible Triestenes are worried about not being able to do anything to strengthen their position. "In Italy, they at least have an Army and can build up their defenses," a local businessman said to me. "Here we will have to sit back and wait for the city to be half destroyed by invading Russians and then completely destroyed by liberating Allies." It is generally thought that at the moment Tito is quite satisfied with the status quo in Trieste, which keeps ten thousand Allied soldiers—and an open supply line to America—at his western frontier, thereby relieving at least that many Yugoslav troops for duty at more critical frontiers to the north and east.

EVEN so, everybody would be just as happy if Tito had not recently repeated his demand that Gorizia, an attractive Italian border town some twenty miles north of Trieste, be ceded to Yugoslavia. Gorizia, which controls the main entrance into Yugoslavia from the west, was once Austrian but was taken over by Italy after the First World War. In appearance, it is still typically Austrian, with its relatively high, solid buildings and pleasant coffeehouses filled with people who talk interminably about politics. Until the early twenties, the population of Gorizia included a substantial number of Slovenes, but after Mussolini rose to power, the Fascists made life so miserable for them that many crossed the border and settled in Yugoslavia, which at that time was enjoying some measure of freedom under the Karageorgevitch regime. Then the situation reversed itself; Gorizia got rid of the Fascist dictatorship and a Communist dictatorship prevailed in Yugoslavia. Under these circumstances, some of the emigrants began looking wistfully back at Gorizia, where people could talk freely and the shops were filled with goods. But when they tried to return there, they found that they were forbidden to leave Yugoslavia.

Up to a few weeks ago, the emigrants were not even allowed to meet relatives and friends from Gorizia on the twenty-five-yard-wide strip of land that, near the town, constitutes a no-man's-land border between Italy and Yugoslavia. Then, one Saturday, word spread that border meetings of groups—no one to exceed thirty people, and the total not to exceed a thousand—would be permitted the next day, from nine to twelve in the morning and from two-



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thirty to six in the afternoon. All that night, people from the interior of Yugoslavia arrived and camped on the east side of the border. Opposite them, on the Italian side, Yugoslav refugees living in Trieste lined up, hoping to find out about families they had left behind in Yugoslavia. By eight-forty-five Sunday morning, the crowd on the Yugoslav side had grown to such proportions that, in the words of a local Italian paper, "pressure against the Yugoslav barrier became irresistible." The crowd swept past the Yugoslav border guards, across the narrow no man's land, past the Italian guards, and into Italy. A number of people were hurt; five had to be hospitalized. Even a few Yugoslav soldiers found themselves in Italy—"very much against their will," they explained later. Men, women, and children rushed joyfully into Gorizia's bakeries and food shops, which had opened for the occasion.

"It was pathetic," a Gorizia shopkeeper told me when I visited the town not long ago. "They stared at our wares with their eyes popping. I'm sure the children had never seen so many wonderful things before. Within an hour, all our bakeries were sold out, and they also bought great amounts of lemons, spaghetti, medicines, sugar, coffee, wine, and beer." Gorizia's housewives, unaware that there is a shortage of consumer goods in Yugoslavia, were surprised to see almost every Yugoslav woman buy a broom. In Vittorio Square, two Yugoslav soldiers were observed enjoying a glass of good Italian beer, possibly very much against their will. The people of Gorizia have their own estimates of how many people from Yugoslavia probably "forgot" to go back. Since then, only small border get-togethers have been permitted.

JUST outside Gorizia, as I was driving back to Trieste, I came to a point where a road branches off from the highway and leads into Yugoslavia. Beside the branch road at the border were two shacks for guards, Italian and Yugoslav, and beyond the shacks was a little church. A woman dressed in black was crying bitterly and pleading with the Italian guards to let her pass into Yugoslavia, but her entreaties were being met with cheerful indifference. I stopped and asked her what the trouble was, and she replied that she wanted to go to the nearby Yugoslav village of Miren, where she had been born and where most of her family were still living. She lived in Milan, she said, and she had come all the way from there to visit

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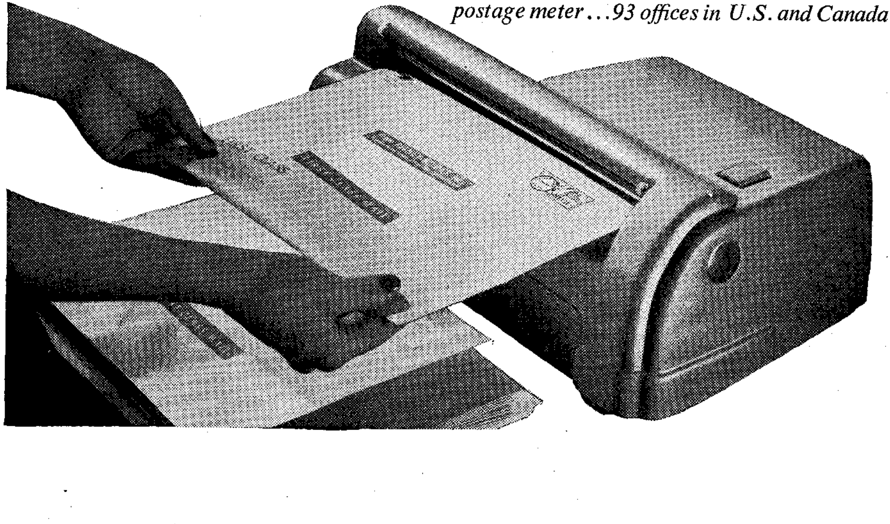

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the grave of her mother. "She's buried in the cemetery behind that church there," she said. "The border runs right among the tombstones. Last year, when I was here, it ran right across my mother's grave. Thank God, her head was lying in Italy! It made me feel better that way. But now they've changed the border—just a bit, but enough so all of her grave is on the other side. And they won't let me cross over to pray there."

The woman led me to the edge of the cemetery behind the church. One of the Italian guards, an amiable fellow with a jaunty feather in his cap and what turned out to be a ceaseless craving for my Pall Mall cigarettes, followed a few steps behind. The headstones in the cemetery were simply hewn and the wrought-iron crosses that stood over some of the graves were rusty. A weathered piece of clothesline was strung from one side of the cemetery to the other, marking the border. We stopped well before we reached it, but a Yugoslav guard nevertheless came out of his shack, unslung his Sten gun, and stood glaring at us. The woman pointed out her mother's grave, about a yard the other side of the clothesline. Emotion got the better of her, and she began to cry again. "My brother is a farmer in Miren," she told me when she had regained control of herself. "He was here a little while this morning and started to talk to me, across the border, but that guard with the gun over there took him aside and said something to him, and then my brother looked toward me and shrugged and put his hand over his mouth, and I could hear the soldier tell him to go home. My God, *Signore*, what has become of this world of ours when people are not even permitted a moment's peace to pray at the grave of their mothers?" She turned slowly and walked away from the border. The Yugoslav soldier stood staring after her, the gun still in his hands.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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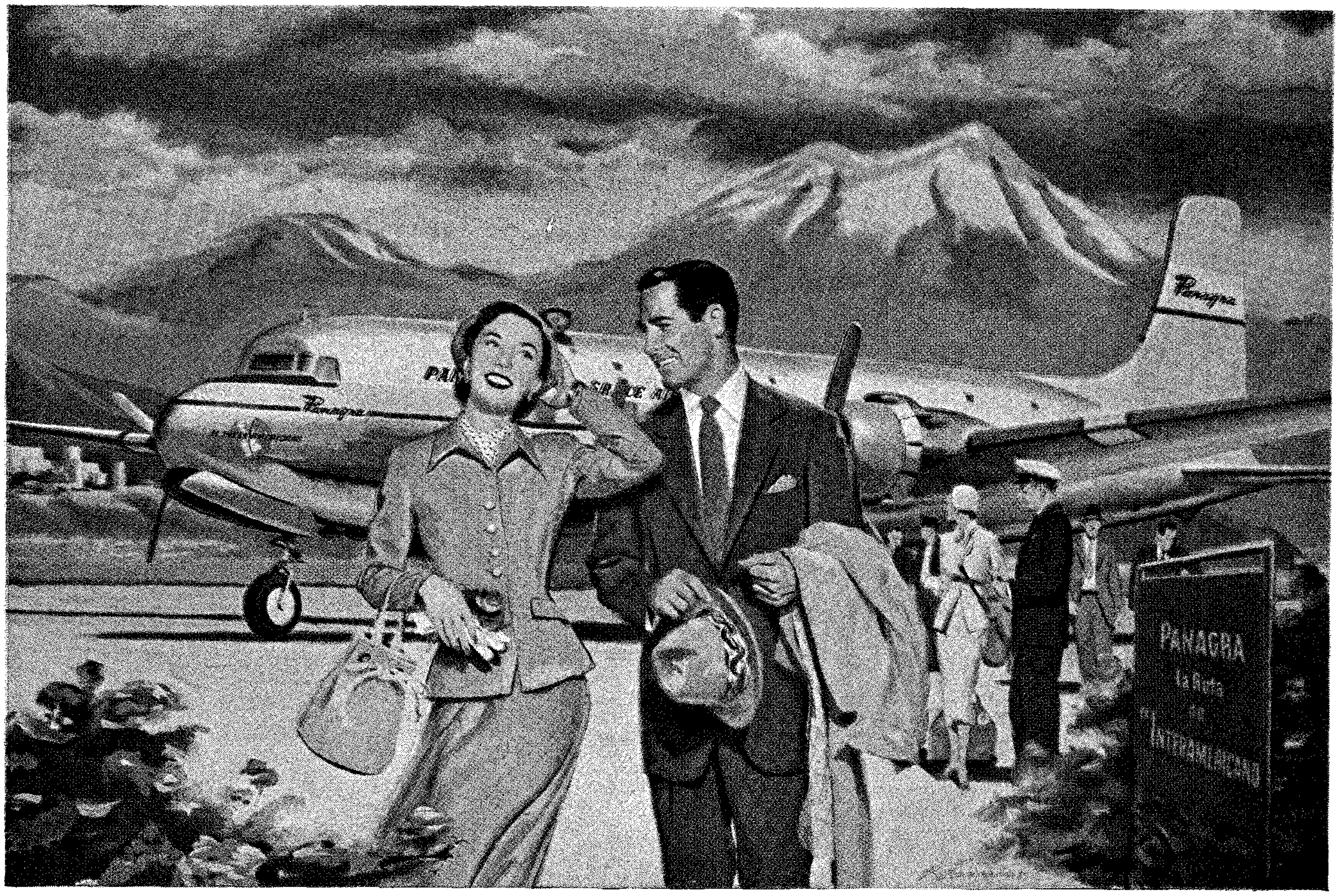
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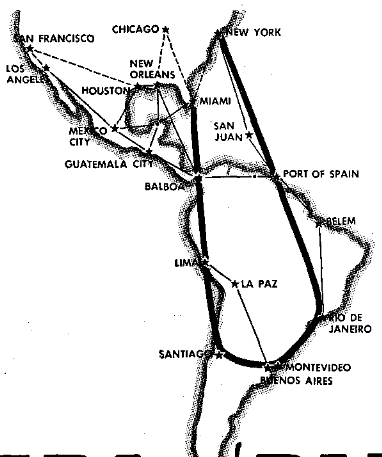
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# OF ALL THINGS

CONTRARY to some predictions, the Truman-MacArthur meeting on Wake Island was not a grudge fight. Reports say that the two men exchanged views, information, and compliments but no left hooks.

•

Vishinsky declares that if we could have another big-power conference, relations might take a turn for the better. It might be even more helpful if the U.S.S.R. would discontinue the manufacture and distribution of civil wars.

•

This year's Columbus Day in New York was marked by a remarkable coincidence. Like old Christopher, the three leading candidates for Mayor were born in Italy but moved away.

•

New York City Democrats and Liberals are rejoicing because the registration set a new record for a non-Presidential year. They foresee victory in the state election, especially if enough Republicans spend the day playing golf.

•

There is much local interest in the give-away program sponsored by a prominent bookmaker, Harry Gross. Policemen who knew the right answers got handsome television sets.

•

Communist East Germany has again shown the world the proper way to hold elections. There is none of our underhanded secrecy in voting; everything is open and aboveboard.

•

Probably the most painful feature of the new credit restrictions is the damper it puts on the buying of new homes. Henceforth, a couple who want a house will have to have a lot more than a dream.

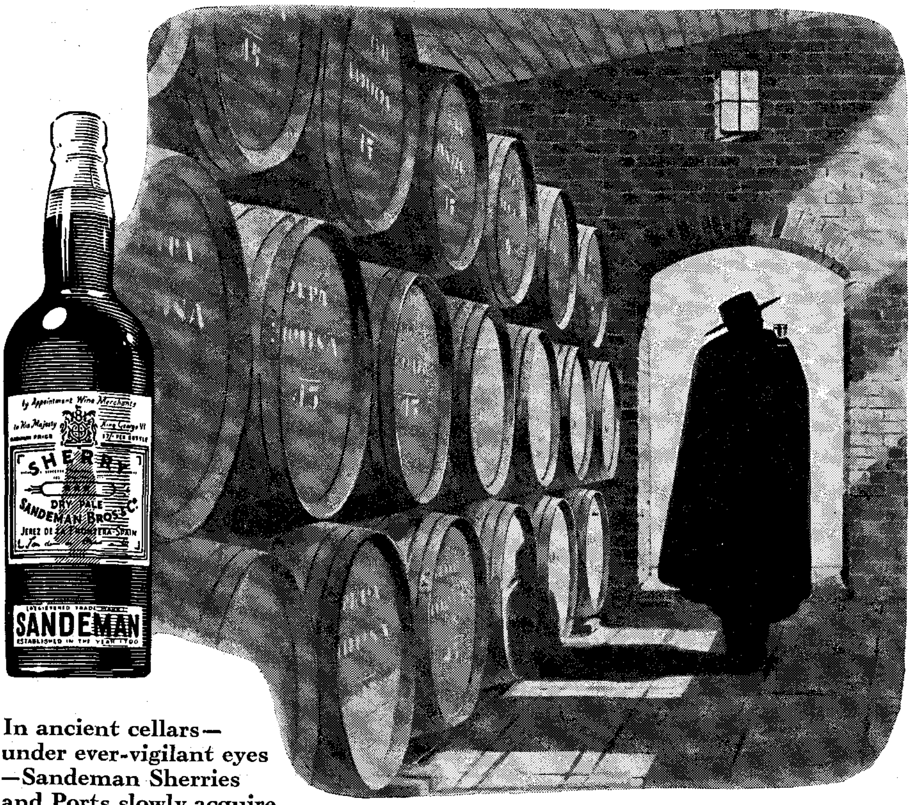
•

Joe R. Hanley, G.O.P. candidate for the Senate, declares that the war in Korea was unnecessary. Some people will never forgive Truman for not holding the thing in China.

•

Governor Dewey has learned that informal, off-the-cuff talks go better with audiences than the reading of carefully prepared speeches. Mr. Truman made the same discovery—but in time for the 1948 campaign.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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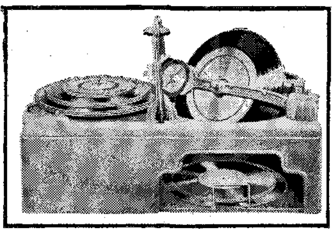

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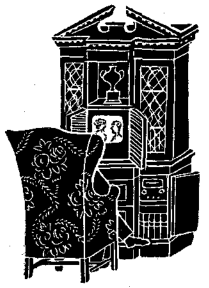
# TELEVISION

## *The Old Lady What Eats High on the Cuff*



BILLY ROSE, restaurateur, impresario, and a writer of almost Tolstoyan proportions in the cold-cuts school of contemporary letters, has now uncovered for the public still another facet of his talent. He has set sail down the dark and hazardous channels of television, with a program over A.B.C., on Tuesday evenings from nine to nine-thirty, entitled, not too surprisingly, "The Billy Rose Show." I have seen his first two presentations, subtitled "The Night They Made a Bum Out of Helen Hayes" and "The Night Billy Rose Should'a Stood in Bed" (the third, "George the III Once Drooled in This Plate," was scheduled too late for review here), and I think it fair to state that the peculiar tone of his subtitles is an accurate reflection of the tone of the shows.

Both of those I saw were about New York after dark, and specifically about that section of the megalopolis known far and wide as the Great White Way—a teeming, vivid, wicked area where big hearts beat beneath even the stoniest exteriors and where the roughest diamond may become your pal, if you need a pal. Mr. Rose has revealed the Great White Way to us by means of playlets, and although it is not clear whether he is the author of the sketches or they are the product of some poet on his staff, it is clear that whoever did write them is not unfamiliar with the works of the late Damon Runyon. Mr. Rose was on hand himself for "The Night They Made a Bum Out of Helen Hayes," delivering a few introductory remarks, retiring while the play was in progress, and returning at the end to say, "Thanks for squinting." "The Night They Made a Bum Out of Helen Hayes" was concerned with a high-stakes poker game participated in by a group of sharp and fast Broadway characters, the leader of which, a man called Sport, consciously permits himself to be bluffed out of a twenty-three-thousand-dollar pot by a young hoofer who wanders into the game. Something in Sport's curious nocturnal code—I gathered that he just never wanted to see the hoofer again, anywhere—forces him to let the young man make off with

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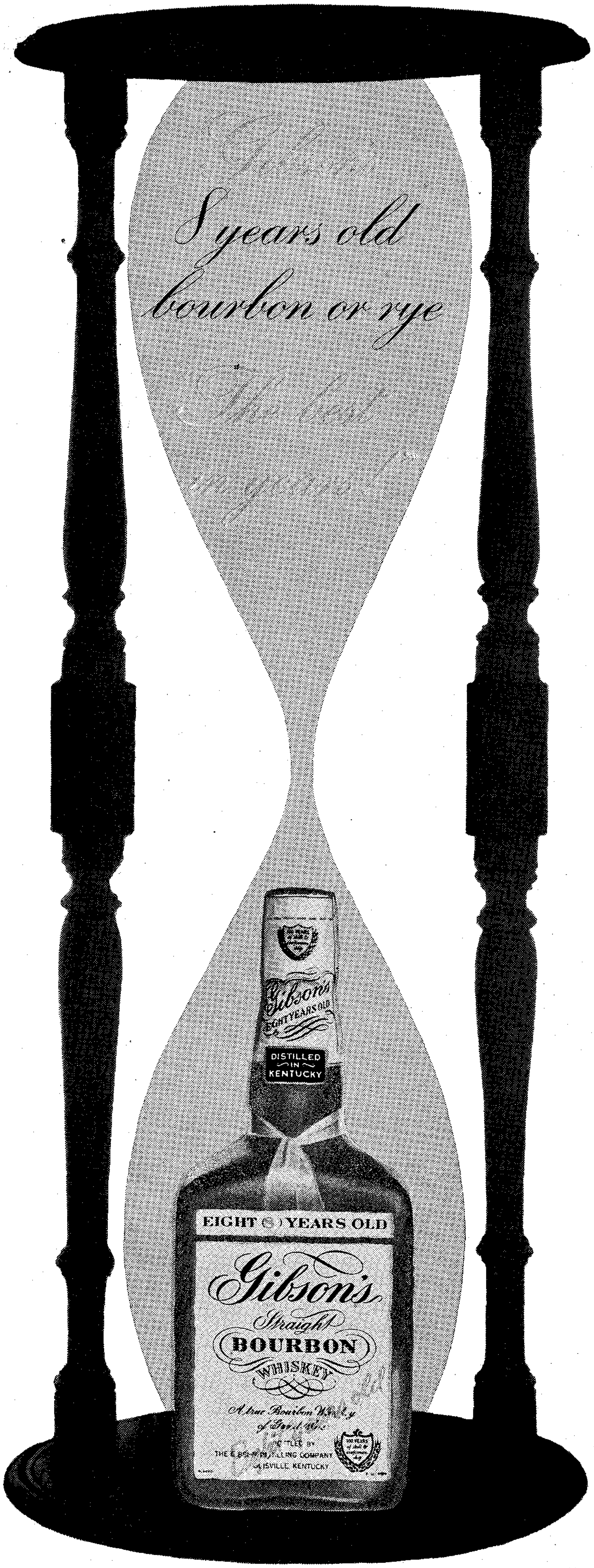
the money. Practically the entire half hour was devoted to muffled grunts of "No raise!," "Deal," "Two hundred," "No!," "I'll ride," "I'll go," "Pair of jacks," and other native cries. Now, I submit that although poker is a fascinating game of chance, it has a limited appeal photographically, and can even become downright boring to a kibitzer who not only is unacquainted with the fellows playing but isn't even in the same room with them. Nonetheless, Jackie Miles, as the hoofer, and Murvyn Vye, as Sport, triumphed over the intramural quality of the script and turned in excellent performances. I never did figure out what Helen Hayes had to do with any of this.

"The Night Billy Rose Should'a Stood in Bed" was even more intramural than "The Night They Made a Bum Out of Helen Hayes." Mr. Rose did not show up for this one, but Burgess Meredith was there portraying Mr. Rose in his capacity of owner of the Diamond Horseshoe. Into his office one afternoon comes a dear old lady, Mrs. Annie Brennan, who tells Mr. Rose (Meredith) that she overheard several plug-uglies mutter that they were going to hold up the Horseshoe and shoot Mr. Rose. She adds that she adores Mr. Rose's column ("War and Peace"), considering it to be the best thing of its kind since O. O. McIntyre's. Mr. Rose arranges for Mrs. Brennan and her husband, old Tom, to be installed at a prominent table in the Horseshoe that night. They are to eat whatever they please, Mrs. Brennan meanwhile keeping a sharp eye on the door to identify the gangsters if they should arrive. Mr. Rose's press agent pleads with him to tell the papers that he is giving the old couple a free meal, but Mr. Rose is taken aback by the cynicism of his press agent, and refuses. "These are two wonderful, wonderful human beings!" he cries. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan turn up at the Horseshoe in their best bib and tucker, go straight through the menu from caviar to cherries Jubilee, and finish off with unreasonable quantities of brandy and champagne. Of course you've guessed what Mr. and Mrs. Brennan are up to. She never heard anybody say he wanted to shoot Billy Rose; she just wanted to surprise Mr. Brennan on their fiftieth wedding anniversary, and surprise him in high style. At the point where she and old Tom are virtually awash, she confesses to Mr. Rose, but Mr. Rose is not angry. He sympathizes with them, and even sits down at their table and drinks some champagne with



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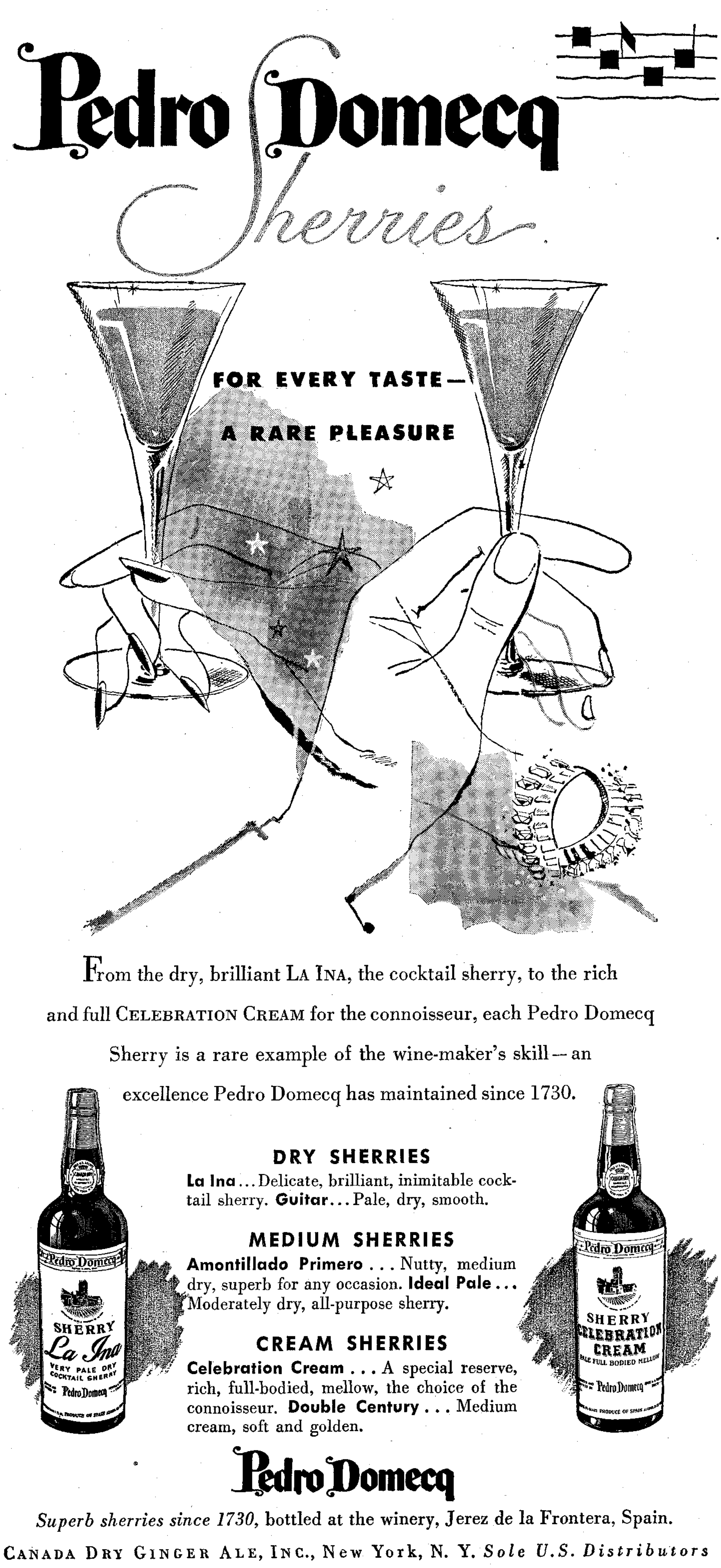

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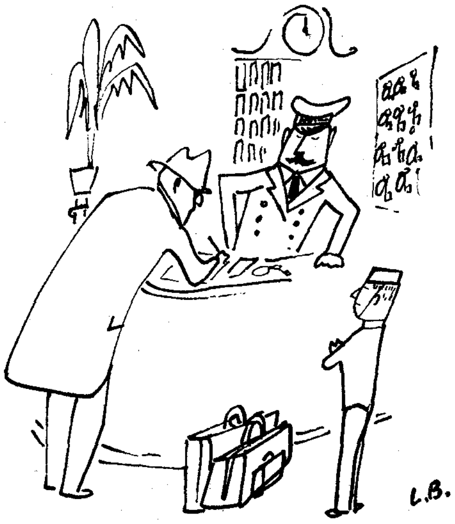
them. As far as I could make out, the major purpose of "The Night Billy Rose Should'a Stood in Bed" was not to tell a fairly obvious story but to bring out (a) that Mr. Rose owns the Diamond Horseshoe, (b) that he writes a column, (c) that you can order gourmet-type food at the Horseshoe, and (d) that Mr. Rose, God love him, has a heart of gold. Once again, though, the actors somehow survived their pitiable roles, and there were superior performances by Burgess Meredith, as the Good Samaritan; Guy Kibbee, as Mr. Brennan; and Ruth McDevitt, as Mrs. Brennan. Jed Harris produces and directs "The Billy Rose Show," and manages to achieve a fast pace and an atmosphere of crowded, smoky places, but he achieves them, so far as I am concerned, in a lost cause.

ALTHOUGH my entire scientific vocabulary consists of the symbol $H_2O$, I have found myself engrossed by a program over Dumont, on Tuesdays from eight-thirty to nine, called "The Johns Hopkins Science Review." Each week, one or more eminent scientists from the faculty of Johns Hopkins demonstrate some phase of scientific inquiry and, in doing so, impart a whale of a lot of information and prove that, in the right hands, television is a tremendously impressive educational medium. Two weeks ago, I watched a remarkable session devoted to fear, its causes and possible cure, during which I saw a young woman frightened by a snake (her hands had been connected to electrodes, and one could see the acceleration of her pulse rate on a dial); a man who demonstrated fear reactions to the strange words "Jejic" and "Zewuh" but maintained his poise when confronted with "Vecud" and "Gazuk;" and, as the snapper, a rat whose fear of noises caused him to become



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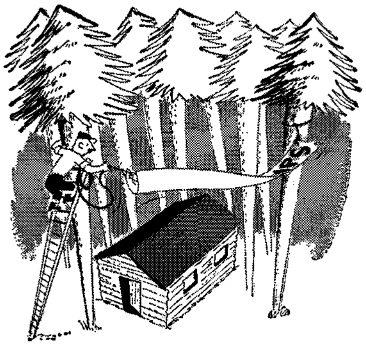
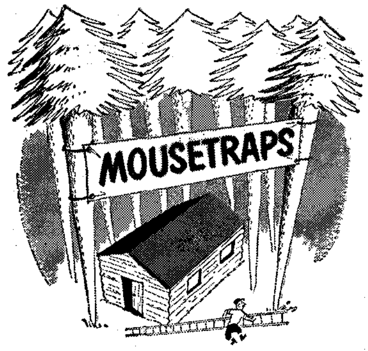
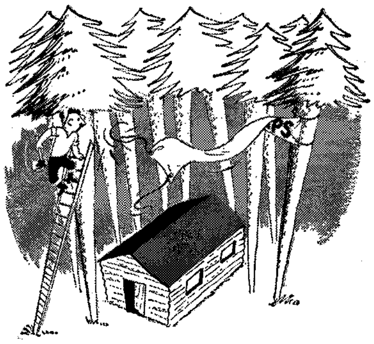
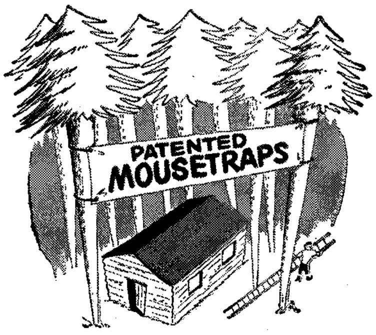



MOUSETRAPS

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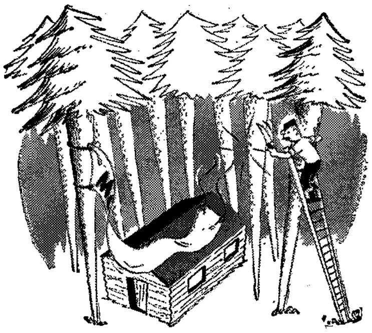

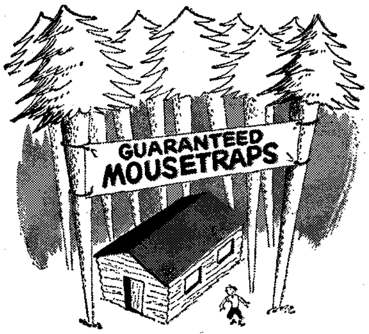
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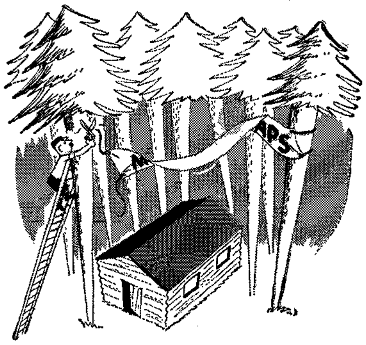

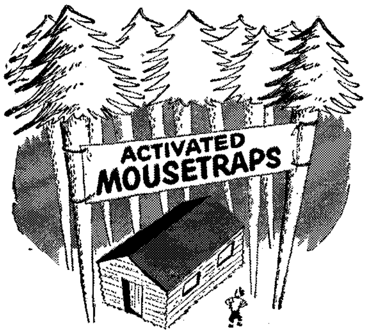
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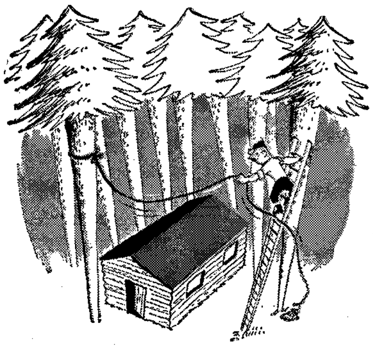

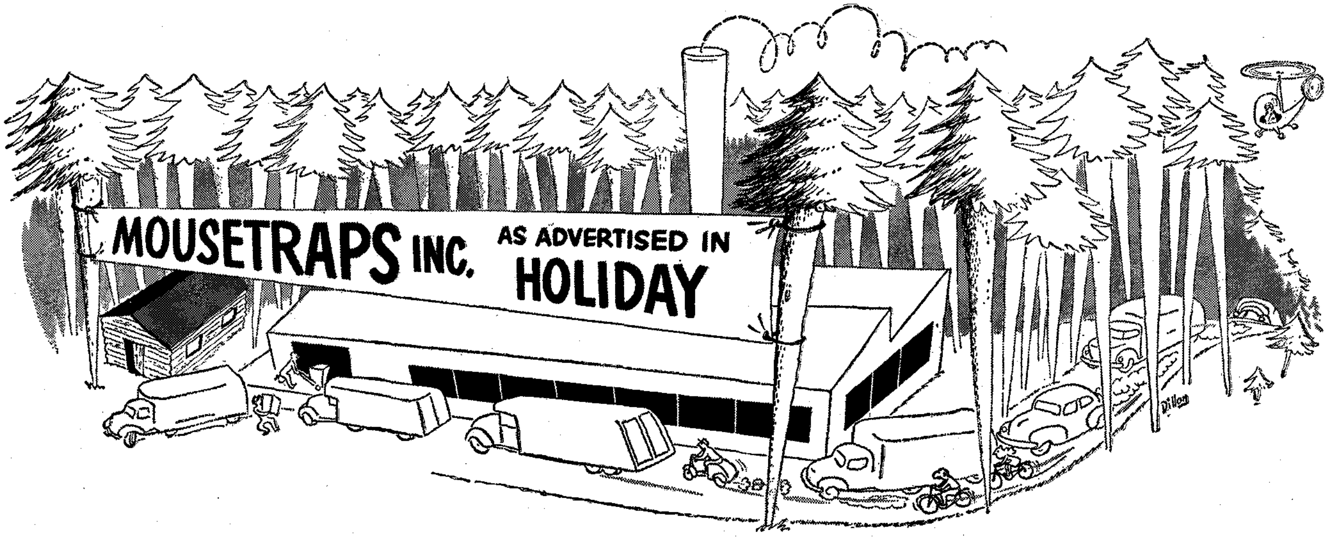
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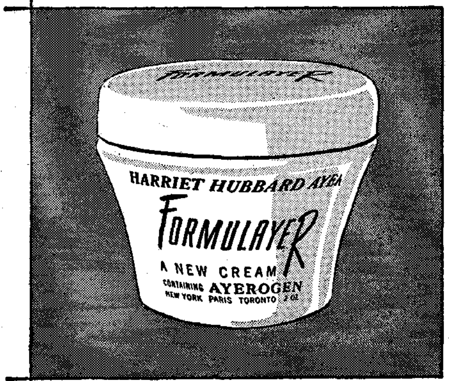

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convulsive, and eventually to collapse, when some keys were rattled nearby. In each case, and notably in the one in which the camera showed the rat scrambling madly about in a basin, the presentation was purely objective and scientific, and extraordinarily close to the finest kind of university laboratory hour. Last week, the Johns Hopkins people discussed "Freezing the Atom," and once again the performance was outstanding. During the atom-freezing lesson, liquid nitrogen was poured into a cup of boiling coffee and instantly froze the coffee hard as a rock. This was news to me.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

## TORTOISE WHO WENT TO MASS

The tortoise went to Mass—
Not of his own accord, I must admit;
He made, alas,
An impious scuffling all through Holy
  Writ.

He did not care that he
Was lately saved from horses' hoofs
  and boys,
Nor would agree
To rest in quiet and refrain from noise.

And still his indiscreet
Attempts to climb his all-encircling box
But echoed feet
Restless in brogans or in bobby-sox.

So he went unreproved,
By secular and cleric both ignored.
His flippers moved
In heathen protest lightly underscored.

We brought him home at last—
So strange a creature, yet devised by
  One
Within whose vast
Design lay sparrow and leviathan.

—ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS

•

Lawrence firemen extinguished a slight fire in a pile of rags at Rutter's laundry, 45 Brook street, at 8:14 P.M. yesterday. Box 122 at Brook Street and Arrow terrace was sounded for the blaze.

North Andover firemen extinguished a slight fire in an oil burner at 216 Stevens Street at 4:50 P.M. yesterday.

Andover firemen answered a still alarm at 5:07 P.M. for a fire in the road at the corner of North Main and Windsor Streets.

A person can live with only two quarts of blood.—*Lawrence (Mass.) Tribune.*

He wouldn't feel like putting out any fires, though.

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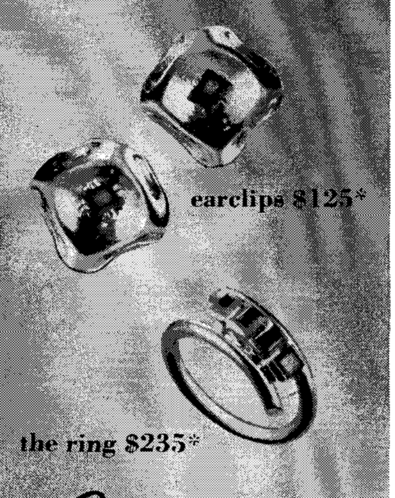

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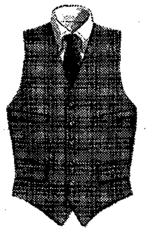

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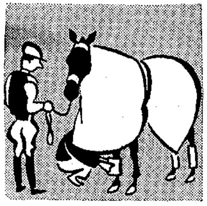
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Moving Day*

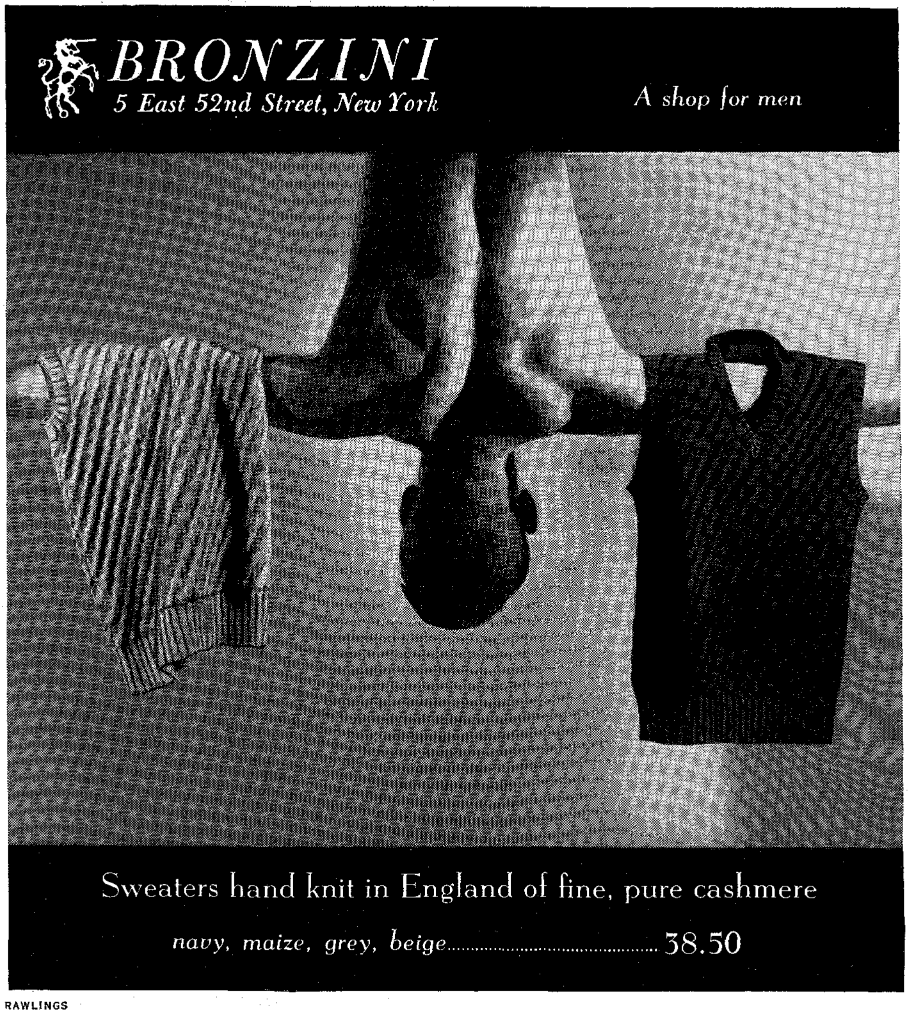


IF this department had its way—and perhaps it's just as well it hasn't—most of the racing on Long Island would be at Belmont Park instead of Jamaica, where most of it is now. Anyway, we did have three pleasant days at Belmont last week—one to wind up the Westchester Racing Association's regular meeting and two for the United Hunts—before moving on.

PROBABLY the best buy of the week was the purchase last Friday by Thomas G. Benson, a Texas businessman and an old racing hand, of three horses from Hal Price Headley, at a private sale. Next day, one of them, Lotowhite, won the Grey Lag Handicap at Jamaica, and a purse of $20,350. If Benson bet on his horse, he did all right there, too, for Lotowhite paid $31.10 in the two-dollar mutuels. In case you have a notion that lightning is going to strike twice in the same place, the other animals he bought were Valuta and Thirty Love.

I don't think you're going to see a better finish in what remains of this season than the one in the Grey Lag. Turning into the stretch, the field bunched up, and throughout the last furlong eight of the eleven runners were only heads apart. At the winning post, Lotowhite beat Piet by inches. Arise was third. The big disappointments in the race were Three Rings, who lacked his old speed, and One Hitter, fresh from his triumphs over Noor, who seemed to have left his fighting spirit at Belmont. Lotowhite obviously likes Jamaica; he has won only once on another track since he brought off an 18–1 chance there last April in the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2.

AS you doubtless know, the Champagne is the oldest stakes race for two-year-olds in America. Because it's at a mile, wiseacres also consider it an index to the winners of the next season's classics. It is hard, however, to decide just what indication of real strength was furnished by the eightieth running, won by a horse named Uncle Miltie, at Belmont Monday before last. Big Stretch lacked the zip and go he showed in the Futurity, and Black Douglas and Blue



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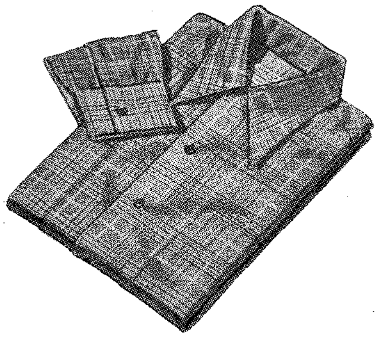

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Helmet had speed but no stamina. Nullify, who had the best of luck in the race, weakened and finished third. As for Battle Morn, who was second, I thought he didn't run too badly, but his stable did, and retired him for the year. Against such indifferent opposition, the winner seemed very good indeed. All the same, I just can't imagine anything named Uncle Miltie winning the Belmont Stakes or the Suburban. I daresay Joseph J. Colando, the breeder and owner of the colt, had a reason for naming him after some television comedian or other, but I've always believed that a good horse deserves to be well named. And, queer as it may seem, it generally turns out that the good horses are.

THE racing at the United Hunts wasn't exactly memorable, but the chances are that horseplayers will be talking about it until the snow flies; at any rate, they'll be talking about Skin Tonic, an Argentine mare owned by Horatio Luro, who won a claiming race and paid $423.60. Surprised? Well, Skin Tonic had been barred from hurdle racing because of harum-scarum behavior—in one race she smashed up her jockey when she threw herself against a pylon, and in another she bolted across the course—and a beast barred from hurdle racing is liable to do anything. Luro bet on her the day she won. "Only ten dollars," he said with a shrug. "But it helped."

I REGRET to report that Middleground's racing days are over. While galloping at Belmont the other morning, he fractured both sesamoids in his right foreleg. Sesamoids are small bones in the ankle joint; usually, in accidents like Middleground's, only one is fractured, but even then it's a serious matter. Middleground has always had ankle trouble; in fact, this unsoundness kept him from being one of our top horses. By the way, Stymie, who was going to try his luck in California this winter, has had to go back to the farm again. He had been training well for some time, but a few days ago he cuffed his right front ankle (he, too, fractured a sesamoid in that leg, a couple of years ago), so it looks as if his chance of earning that million had reached the vanishing point. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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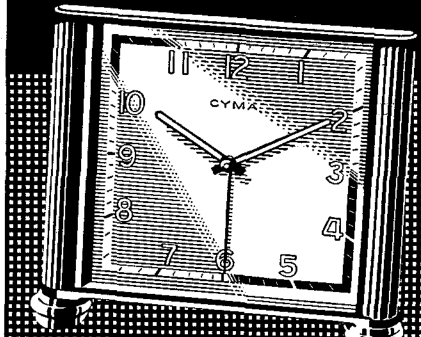

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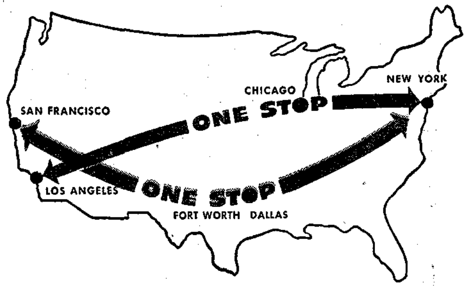
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# LETTER FROM MARGATE

OCTOBER 11

THE Labour Party Jubilee Year Conference that ended here last Friday was the second political jamboree of the autumn, which now seems to be the official harvesting season for such things. (The Liberals met last month in Scarborough, and the Conservatives are trekking up to Blackpool this week.) After the August hordes have shaken the sand out of their shoes and departed, this popular seaside resort normally sinks into a silence of closed hotels, stacked café chairs, and promenades deserted by everything but the east wind. The Labour Party conference, the third such to be held in Margate, brought it a last kick of life, and the colored electric lights strung in festoons by the sea were left up and were turned on every evening to give the proceedings a touch of festivity.

Since Margate is in a Conservative constituency, the inhabitants managed to convey the impression that the festivity was strictly a matter of business, and that though they were not displeased to be pouring off-season fish-and-chips and pots of tea down the Labour throats, they were not above hoping that the visitors would choke on them. No crowds of residents turned out to cheer Mr. Attlee's arrivals at the Winter Garden, the scene of the conference, which is a curiously constructed building decorated with neat municipal trimmings of rock plants and situated in the center of a scooped-out hollow that looks something like an imitation Roman amphitheatre. The leading bookstore in the town expressed its feelings in a dignified way by setting out a large display of the latest volume of Winston Churchill's memoirs and filling in the chinks with his book "Painting as a Pastime." In the evenings, when the delegates stopped at the various hotel bars to lower a pint before dinner, the regular customers, attended by their glum, well-tailored Scotties and fox terriers, sat sipping their gins with a self-conscious air of being in dubious company.

HOWEVER coldly the locals reacted to the sight of the Union Jacks flying over the Winter Garden and of grizzled old trade-unionists lumbering along between the carefully

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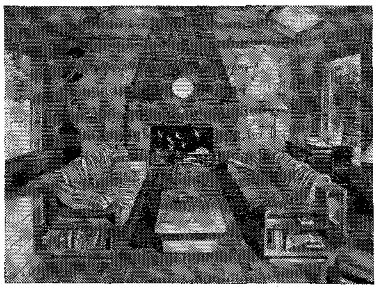

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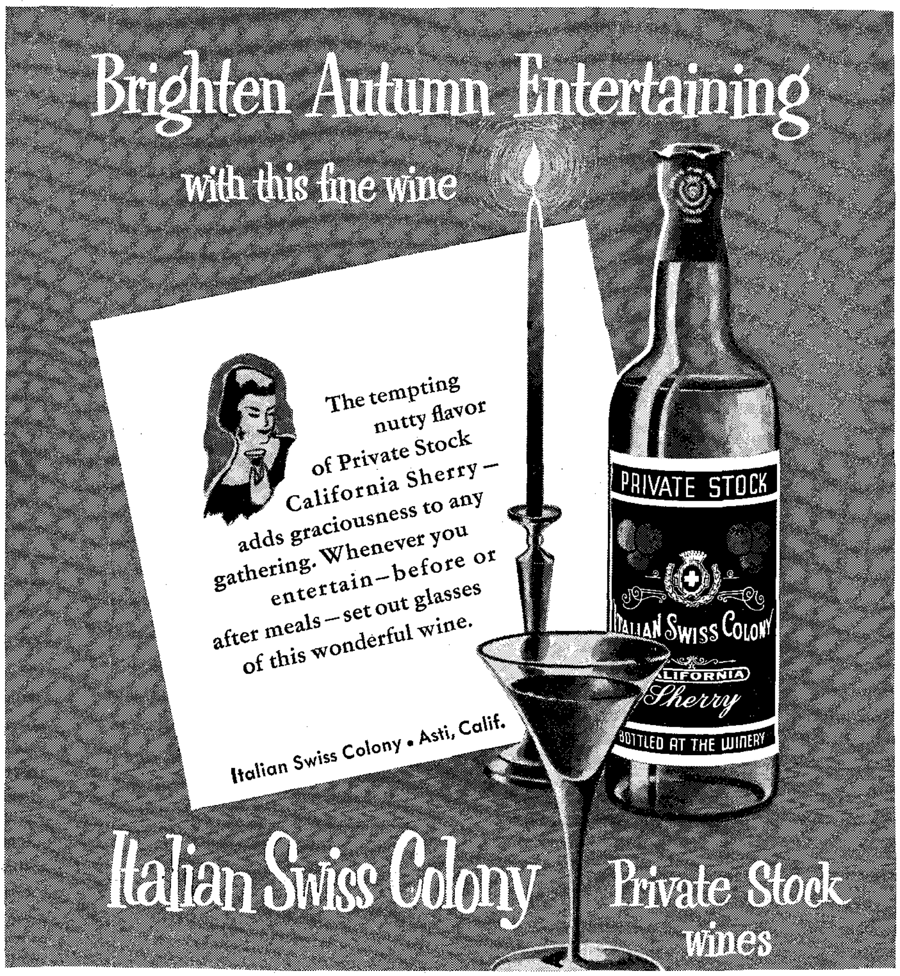

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clipped evergreen hedges on the promenade, the conference went about its business in an atmosphere of enthusiasm, hopefulness, and downright love. Though the last item was not on the agenda, the men on the dais were evidently determined to nail down the stories put out by the Tory press, which has been steadily plugging rumors of a bustup in the Socialist camp and the emergence of two rival factions, led by Herbert Morrison and Aneurin Bevan. Certainly the vast amount of public shoulder-smiting and arm-squeezing that went on among the principal Government figures looked fraternal, if bruising. As a final proof that there was nothing to the Tory stories, Morrison introduced and Bevan wound up the debate on the National Executive Committee's policy statement, entitled "Labour and the New Society," which was rather like having in two star tenors on the same evening to sing "Lohengrin." Both performers, who could hardly have been unconscious of the test, hit their own particular high notes superbly. Mr. Morrison, the counsellor of moderation, sported a challenging red Labour tie and red-carnation buttonhole for the occasion, and was rivalled in dressiness only by the large, amiable detective who always ambled along after him and whose tartan tie looked like a sort of composite gathering of the clans. Mr. Morrison's address was an extremely accomplished, nimble mixture of his considerable personal charm, soothing diplomacy for the restive spirits in the Party (he skated adroitly over the absence in the new statement of any firm timetable for the nationalization of more industries), soothing diplomacy for the alarmed spirits in other parties (who are flesh and blood, after all, he pointed out, and not "mere material in the hands of the planners"), and a strong new note of idealism, which was evident in his support of a world plan for mutual aid and of the Party's proposals for the development of the world's backward areas. This last was rapturously hailed by many Labour supporters who had long felt that the Party's old pioneering spark, intended to light a big blaze of universal brotherhood, had gone out and that the state-owned gas log now warming British hearths was a respectable but hardly inspiring substitute. Though it remains to be seen how the general mass of the electorate likes it, there was no doubt about the conference's thunderous approval. An ecstatic Welshman who followed Mr. Morrison described the new document as "a modern version of the Sermon

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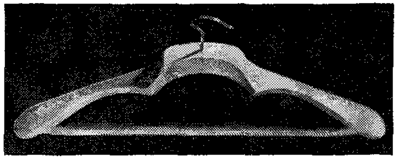

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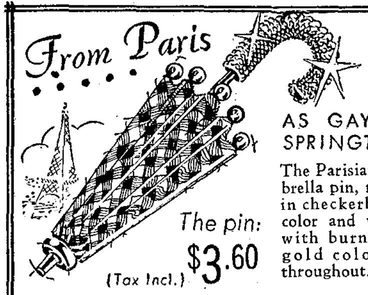

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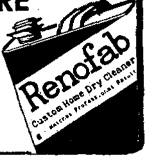

on the Mount, with a Cockney accent." ("That'll please Herb," someone said afterward. "He always likes to think that he and the chap who drew up the resolutions in the Sermon on the Mount belong to the same union.")

For the second star turn in the policy-statement debate, the delegates rose to a man, and also to a woman. Aneurin Bevan, who on a platform looks like a sort of walking Union Jack—crimson face, pugnacious blue eyes, and a thick, silvering thatch of hair—has his own brand of charm. Mr. Bevan, having come out easily at the top of the poll during the voting for reëlections to the National Executive Committee, demonstrated that he also is still the Party's most popular platform trick. His oratorical brilliance does not always read very well, but it sounds fine. Just as he is apt to be at his worst facing a hostile Opposition in the House of Commons, when the Welsh wit often turns sour, he was at his remarkable best in the enthusiastic warmth of the Winter Garden.

For some observers, however, the most fascinating figure on the platform was not Bevan or Morrison but the Prime Minister. Mr. Attlee sat absolutely immobile throughout, staring down at his pen, which he held poised over some papers in front of him, as though engaged in contemplation of an eternal doodle or permanently posed for a photograph endorsing something that would write under water—or maybe under five days of unceasing good, bad, and indifferent oratory. His stillness and concentration were strangely impressive.

ON the whole, the conference gave a general impression of caution on the platform and a slight fog of confusion on the floor. The Party executives had, after all, one or two troublesome little ideas to put across. At a jubilee conference, where the spirits of the great labor-movement fathers were constantly and piously invoked, the rank and file had to be asked to gulp down

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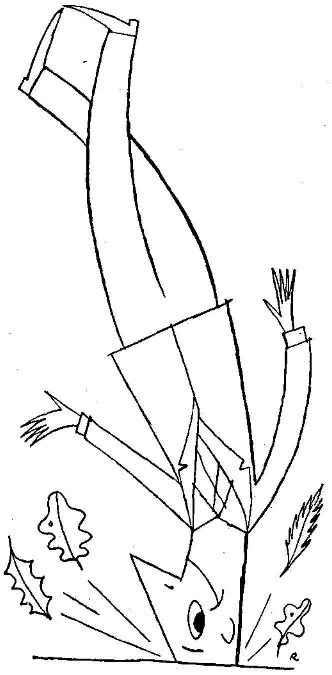

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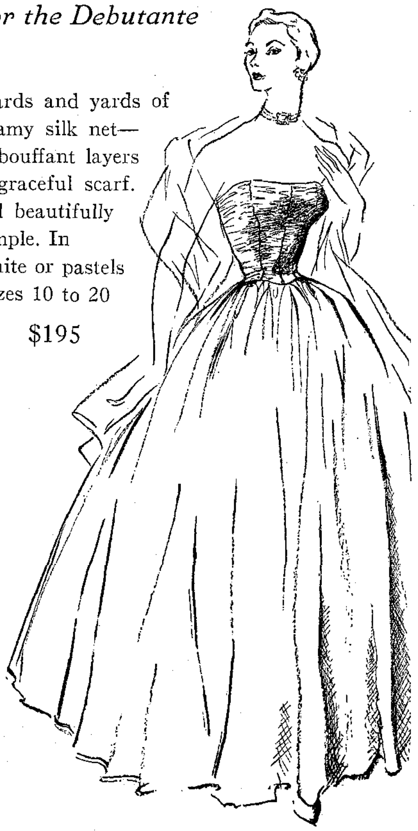

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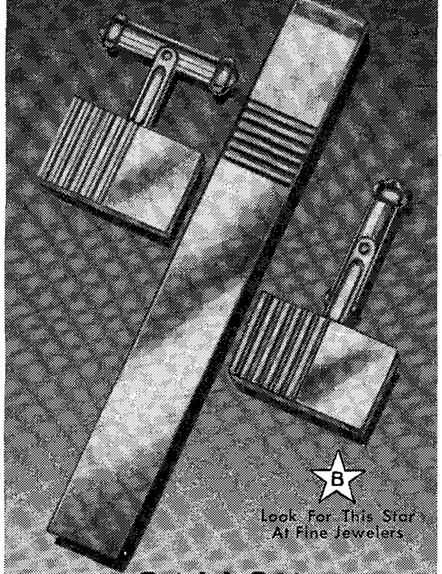

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conscription and rearmament—articles of faith so opposed to the original Party teaching that the great spirits, if they were around, may have showed up simply to haunt. Sam Watson, the Durham miners' leader, who was this year's cheerful chairman, in his opening speech boldly recalled that Keir Hardie, the great labor leader of fifty years ago, had sure enough said that conscription was "the badge of the slave," but claimed that the fifty-year struggle had brought about such a change of ownership in the country that the worker now had more to defend than at any other time in history. To judge by the worried speeches on Thursday, the day when foreign policy was discussed, lots of workers felt that the issue was less tidy than that. Twenty-seven motions put up for debate had been dehydrated and compressed by the committee in charge of the agenda into a sort of pudding that seemed to contain residual flavors of many of the worries. This omnibus motion called for, among other things, a new five-power conference, further efforts to create friendly relations with Russia (this was mentioned in several speeches, including one by a personable young woman who said that it should not be hard to get chummy with Stalin, because she never had the slightest trouble making friends wherever she went), the outlawing of the atomic bomb, seating the Peking government on the Security Council, and the end of dollar dependence by 1952. Mr. Bevin, who had made a dramatic entrance practically off the Queen Mary and had been given a big welcome and democracy's extraordinary approving dirge, "For he's a jolly good fellow," sat listening impassively, looking tired and oddly shrunken. After his fine speech against the catch-all motion, he and the Government won handsomely in the voting, but the chat among the delegates afterward went on sounding uneasy.

What the conference boggled at absolutely was providing people with any sort of realistic notion to take back to their towns and villages about how the staggering cost of rearmament is going to be fitted in with the cost of maintaining everything else in the Socialist house. With Cripps away at a nursing home in Switzerland, none of the speakers seemed anxious to furnish any arithmetic beyond fresh vague promises to soak the rich and somehow to control profits and reduce soaring prices—though, as C. A. R. Crosland, the young economist M.P., was alone in courageously pointing out, when rearmament gets going, the

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problem will be not to reduce the cost of living but to hang on desperately to keep it pegged where it is. Feeling ran high on the matter of wages and profits, but the housing debate showed plainly enough which question most worries the Government and the country. Mr. Bevan, who is involved in housing through his Ministry of Health, had a warm hour or so listening to speaker after speaker criticize the slowness of his program, and complain that too many houses are being built for sale and not enough for rent, and state that some of the houses people are still living in are disgraceful hovels. His answer was the familiar one to the effect that full employment is making the young marry earlier and the old folks live longer, so count your blessings and bear up for a bit more, comrades. The comrades enjoyed the Bevan wisecracks, but they did not seem to feel that the argument was very good. Many uneasy Labour voters think that the election, when it comes (and the conference refused to provide any pointers on that), could be lost on the disappointments and frustrations of the housing issue.

The conference wound up with a dance, a lively affair at which Herbert Morrison hopped with particular vigor in a complicated number called the valeta. The guests wore every kind of costume from formal evening dress to miners' Sunday suits, and looked hot, jolly, and pleased with themselves and their jubilee. If those great pioneer spirits were really about the place, they must have at the end felt that it was a pretty nice party.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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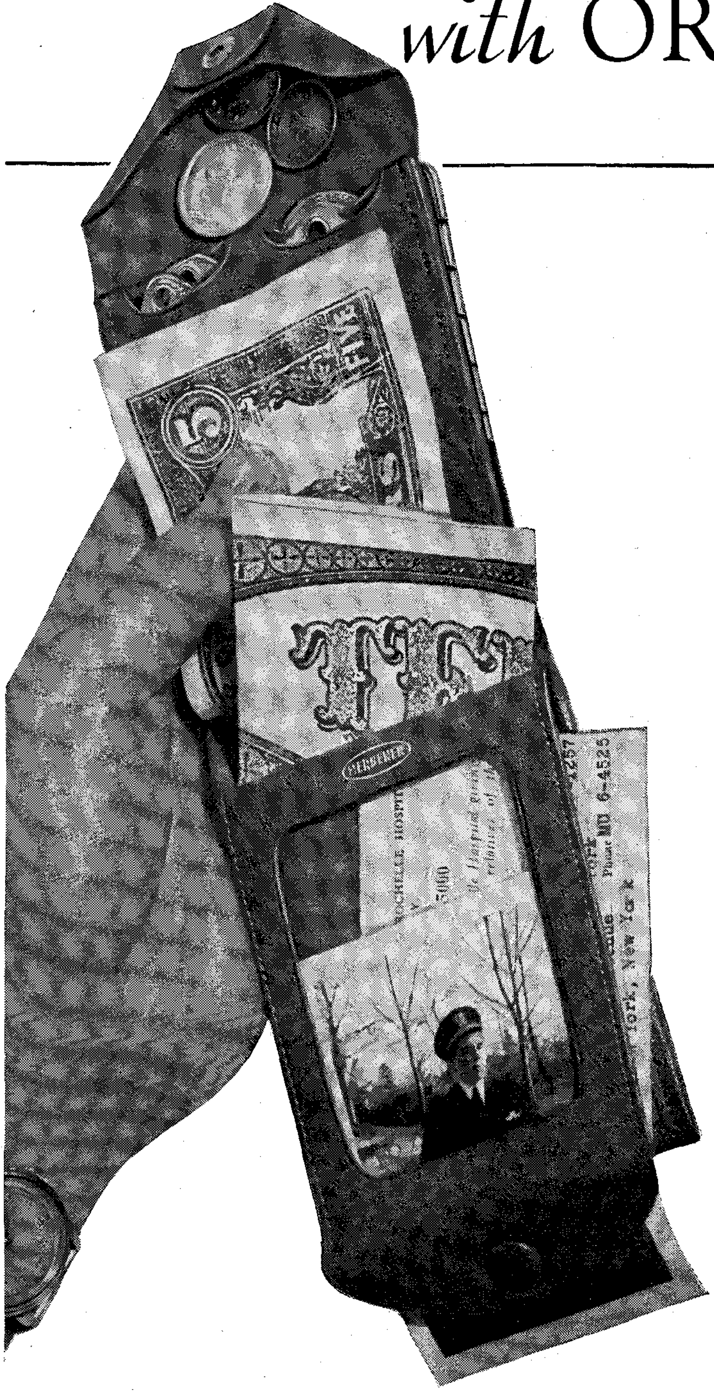

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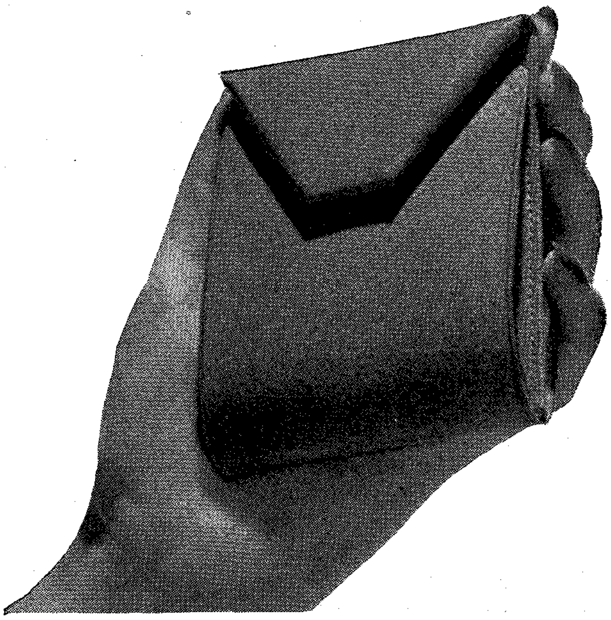

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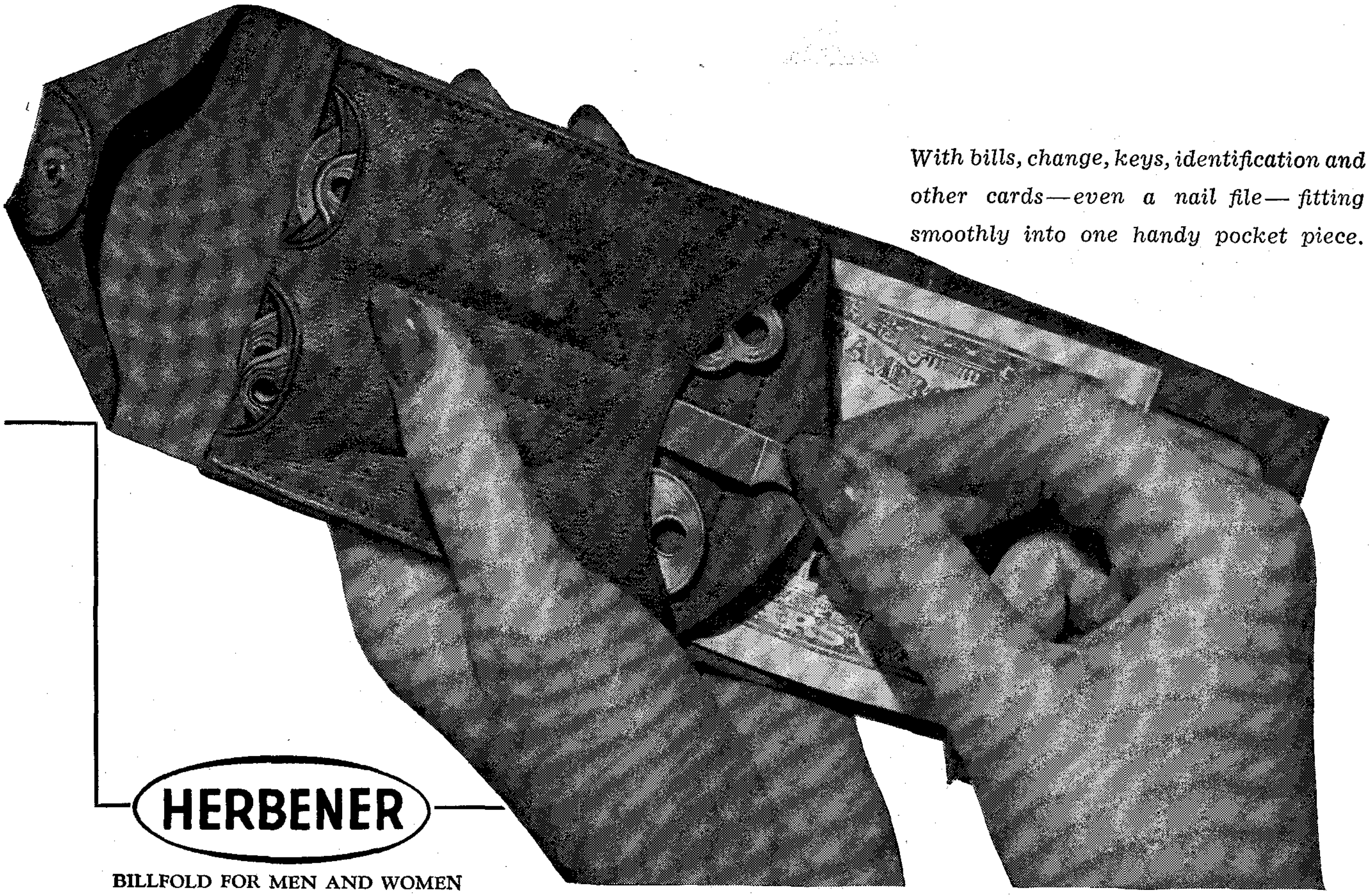

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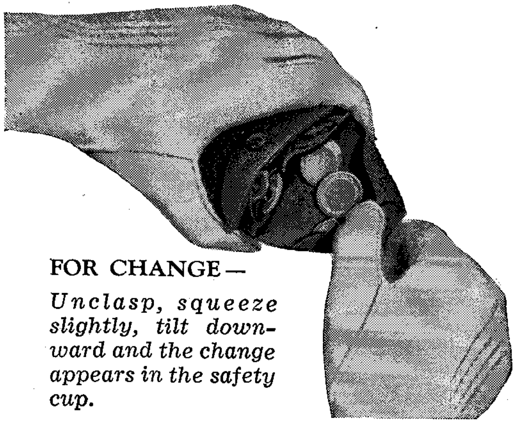
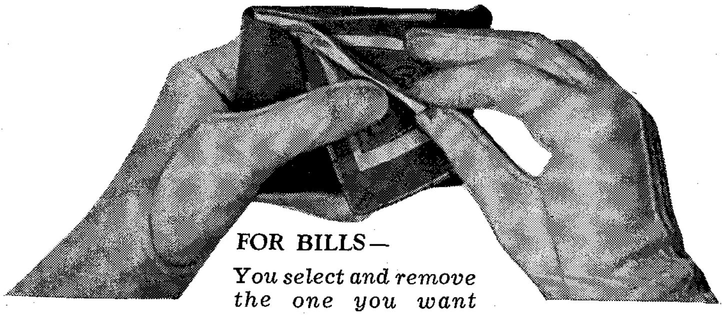


FOR CHANGE—

*Unclasp, squeeze slightly, tilt downward and the change appears in the safety cup.*



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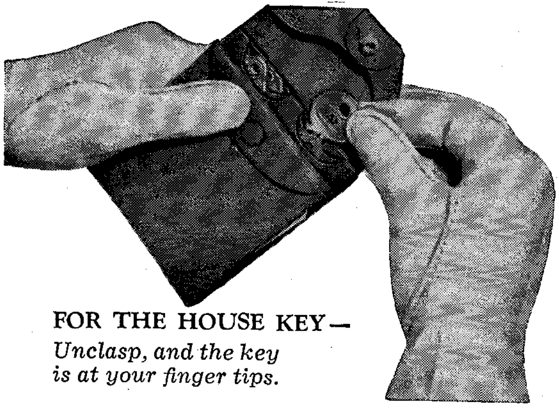
*You select and remove the one you want without opening the billfold.*



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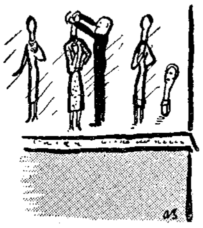
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

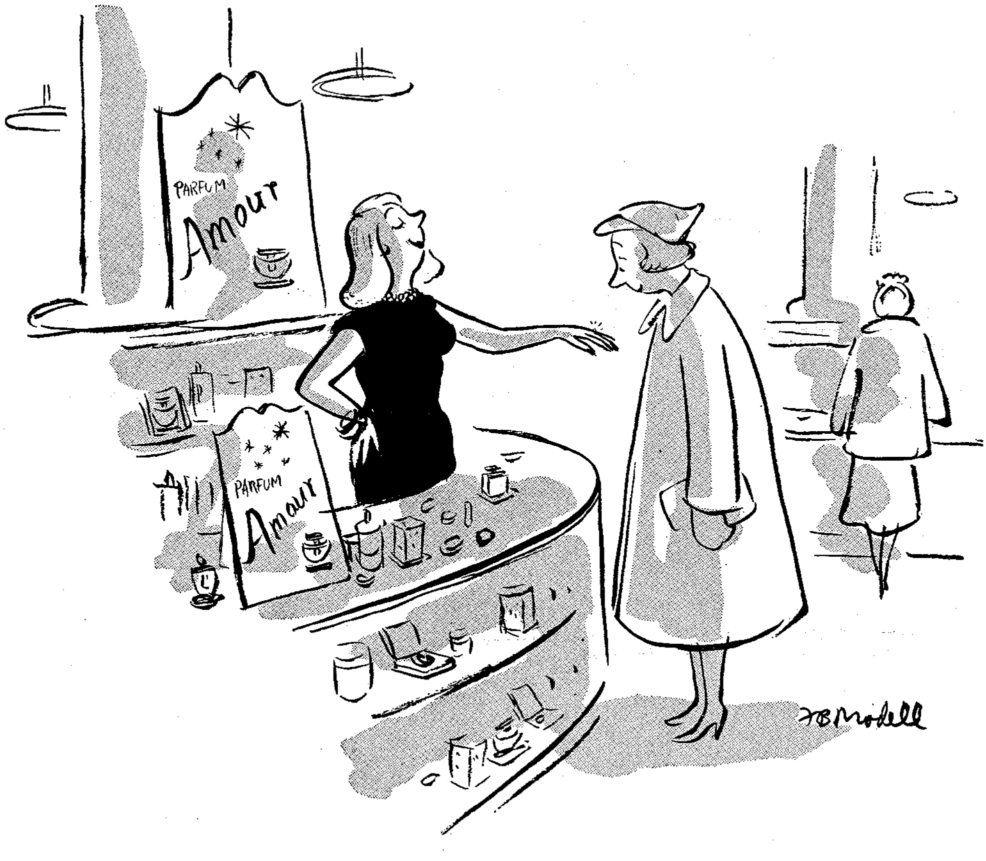


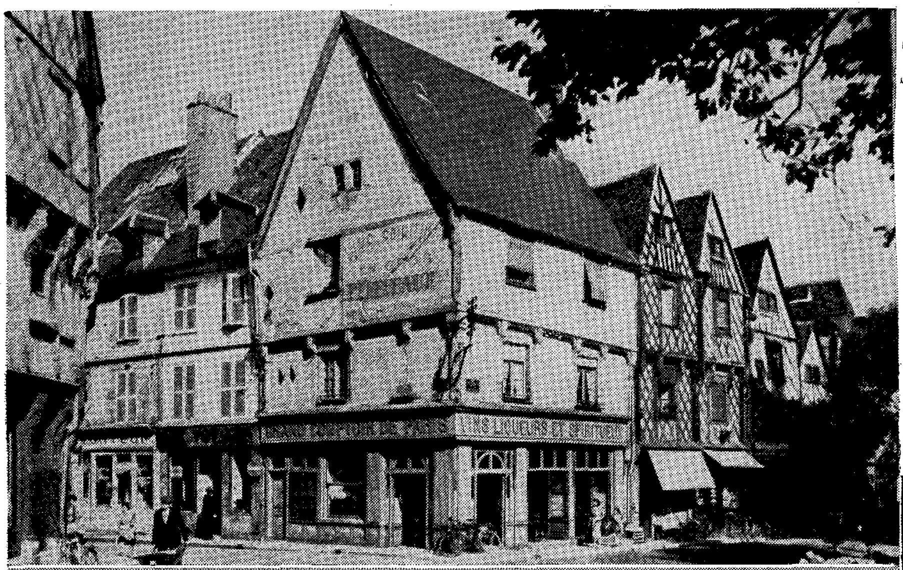
AFTER all these years, a long, warm, well-lined topcoat is still one of womankind's best and most practical friends, once winter has really set in. There is, of course, no reason it can't be handsome. Bergdorf Goodman, acting on this theory, have raised the redoubtable old reversible from its not neat and not gaudy status of raincoat and plaid topper and turned it into a pyramid coat that can be worn with aplomb day or night. The evening side is red velvet, the day side dark-gray fleece. There are jet buttons high on the chest, a big turnover collar, and great, wide sleeves that may be turned back to make contrasting cuffs. An even warmer wraparound is made of a roughish doormat sort of fleece in nut brown or pitch black, with a rolled collar, push-up sleeves, and a lining of plaid rayon taffeta. A taffeta ascot is supplied for those who like to muffle themselves up. A coat of a very different cut, narrow as a cocoon and of red duvetyn, is endowed with a high turnover collar, a yoke across the front, and brass buttons as big as quarters. The sleeves are slashed down the center (long gloves are a necessity), and when the arms are raised the silhouette changes from cocoon to butterfly—or, at the very least, moth. This is plainly a coat for anyone given to dramatic entrances. Just as spectacular are Bergdorf's coats that are sold in sets of two in contrasting colors, to be worn singly or together. They are all constructed of a wool that looks like cashmere, but one in each set is loose and raglan, with tuxedo revers and no buttons, and the other is sleeveless and slender, with a high collar and gold-metal dome buttons. Lovers of a redingote effect should wear the slender coat under the loose one; lovers of sheer warmth should wear the loose coat, pulled in tightly with a leather belt (not supplied by the management), under the slender one. Black, brown, beige, red, and purple are the hues, and the color scheme is up to you. Prices of the coats I have mentioned vary between $110 and, for the twin coats, $250.

Bergdorf's suits are nothing short of admirable. A classic violet-and-black-flecked wool should be a joy not just for this season but forever. The skirt is straight and plain; the jacket, which is single-breasted, has slender set-in sleeves and a black velvet collar. A little black wool suit, trim and lightweight, has a double-breasted jacket, decidedly nipped in at the waistline, and bone buttons that curve in two gentle undulations down over the hips. These two are $85 and $125, respectively. For special lunches and cocktail parties, Bergdorf has thought up a good-looking black suit with a double-breasted jacket of rayon moiré and a skirt of wool crêpe. The jacket has a tailored collar and buttons covered with the wool crêpe, and the whole thing comes to $90. For occasions that require a little more dressing up, there's a suit of black Jacquard silk faille. The jacket is single-breasted, tightly fitted, and fastens with jet buttons, and it has a high, flaring collar, dropped shoulders, and balloon sleeves. The skirt has a single inverted pleat down the front. The works, $150.

JO HUGHES, who's at 10 East 56th Street, has a group of blithe young suits with bright rayon taffeta linings, stiffened hiplines, and straight skirts. One of a masculine gray woollen, lined in maroon, has a feminine scooped-out neckline and an ascot that is held in place by two fake carnations; $90. Dress-and-jacket combinations are favorites here—the dresses beautifully simple, with brief sleeves, oval yokes, and high necklines tied at one side, and the jackets short, neat, and fitted. The jacket of a gray wool is lined with maroon; the jacket of a brown wool is lined with yellow, for the redheads in our midst. Other versions of this eminently practical combination, in blue or black wool, involve keyhole-neckline dresses, and jackets that have black rayon velvet collars and cuffs, edged with braid, and are lined in gold. All are $95. A dressmaker suit, for women of any age, has a little fitted raglan jacket and a short-sleeved collarless dress with a scroll design appliquéd around the neck. It's in sheer henna wool lined with royal-blue rayon crêpe, in slate blue lined with navy blue, in green lined with maroon, and in two shades of gray; $170.

As for pure glamour, there's a cocktail or dinner sheath of black rayon crêpe, plain as a pin except for four tiers of black fringe traipsing around the skirt, which is both scant and short—altogether, a throwback to the Charleston era; $70. A simpler dress for cocktails and dinners is of black or bright silk taffeta, with a flared skirt, a tight little round-necked bodice, and cap





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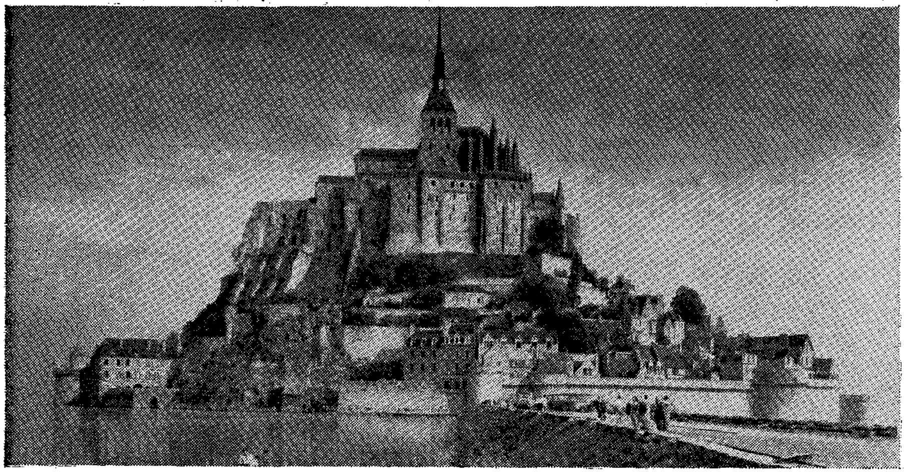

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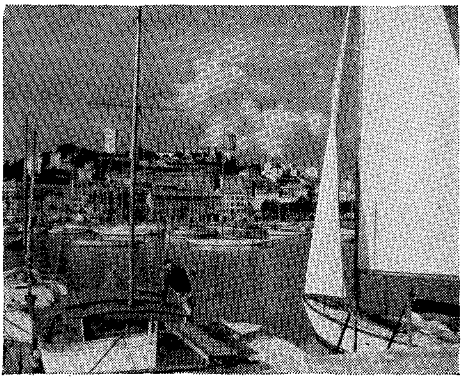

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sleeves; $50. For romantic dining out, one might inspect a very décolleté Schiaparelli copy. Its bodice, of black rayon velvet, is tight and most revealing; its skirt, of black rayon taffeta, has a tiny waistline and a smashing big kangaroo pocket stretching from hip to hip—in front, of course—and dotted with fake-jewel buttons; $90. Anyone who buys this should also take a look at Miss Hughes' off-the-shoulder wool evening sweaters, in black, pale pink, or pale blue flecked with gold or silver, and consider alternating one of them with the Schiap top. A most practical and becoming theatre outfit of soft-blue rayon velvet is a dress that's a mere sheath, with narrow shoulder straps that crisscross at the back, and a fitted jacket that is slashed to the waist and finished off with wide, flaring revers; $80. And for a posh evening, nothing could outshine a silk taffeta sheath with a trailing gathered overskirt. The dress shades from iridescent blocks of color into black and steel-gray ones; $155.

ALICE TAYLOR, up at 556 Madison Avenue (55th), has superlative hand-knit custom clothes, which she thinks look their best in solid colors. Her basic dress, which is one-piece and of a lightweight nubbly wool, is straight-skirted and horizontally banded from top to bottom with crocheted rope. Another dress of the same wool has a largish pocket and turned-back cuffs, all three appliquéd with flat crocheted flowers and leaves. The price of each is $95, the least a dress in this establishment commands. Marvellously good-looking rayon ribbon suits, knit in an allover flat bowknot pattern, are $125. Knit cocktail and evening dresses, usually short-sleeved, have V or bateau necklines and are of a shiny rayon ribbon and yarn, which has the wavy effect of old Spanish lace. A simple and enchanting evening blouse of nubbly wool and rayon ribbon is $60. It takes up to four weeks to fill an order.

ANOTHER knitting specialist, Ilse Low, at 26 East 55th Street, does, in about three weeks, suits and dresses of wool or a mixture of silk and rayon for between $67.50 and $85. They are made to measure and knit by a special and complex process. A suit in a two-tone block design is most striking in black and red. (This fabric looks a bit like tweed, but it's more fluid, of course.) It has a nipped-in jacket and a straight black skirt with vertical ribbing, and there's a nice, restrained swing

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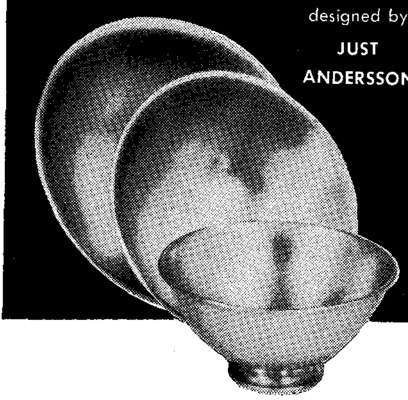

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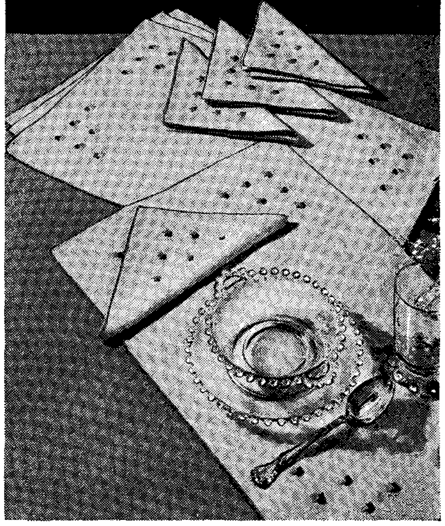

to it when the wearer is in motion. A suit in a pineapple stitch has soutache braid edging the collar, the cuffs, and the pockets; another has a notched velvet collar, velvet pockets, and velvet buttons. Some of the Low day dresses have chenille arrowheads at the top and bottom of the up-and-down ribbing on them. A triumph is a lacy snake-stitch cocktail dress, sleek down to the hips and then flaring and frothy. There are tiny cap sleeves and a round, elasticized neckline that can bare the shoulders or cover them up. This has a long, tasselled sash, and is bound to make anyone feel at the peak of her form.

ROBERT PAUL, a youthful custom-hat designer who is infatuated with brilliant colors, is now involving himself and his customers in Spanish design. His version of a matador's headgear is of raspberry velours, outlined with black passementerie—pretty and pert and wintry. A fanciful cap of pea-green velours, with black grosgrain and ball fringe decorating the sides, has a stiff visor veil of black net that sports a solitary ball of black braid. He claims he got the idea from a bullfighter's epaulets. For after five, he is almost always in favor of orange. An orange velvet pillbox, a rather loose adaptation of a Spanish policeman's cap, has a jaunty, turned-back brim embroidered with jet beads. An angelic cap of flat orange feathers, with feather swirls above each ear, is so soft and flattering that even chronic hat haters want it. A group of evening hats called the Loves of Carmen is flirtatious and dramatic. One, a tilting picture hat of red suède cloth, has a big black silk rose blooming demurely on its lower east side. Another, a platter of garnet velvet, is worn over a gold-mesh cap studded with rhinestones and imitation pearl drops. Remove the hat, and the hair is still perfectly coifed for the theatre. For women who find even these things too mild, Mr. Paul will make a vast stole, six feet long and twenty-five inches wide, of velours lined with taffeta and decorated with braid, velvet, sequins, or anything else he can think of; $50 and up. The hats run from $35 to $60. The shop is at 751 Madison Avenue (65th).

MACY has been doing some fooling around with furs on its street floor. Such as an ascot, a waistcoat, a pair of suspenders, and a bodice (a camisole, and heavenly with a plain wool dinner skirt) in red, green, orange, gray, or black curly kidskin. These are

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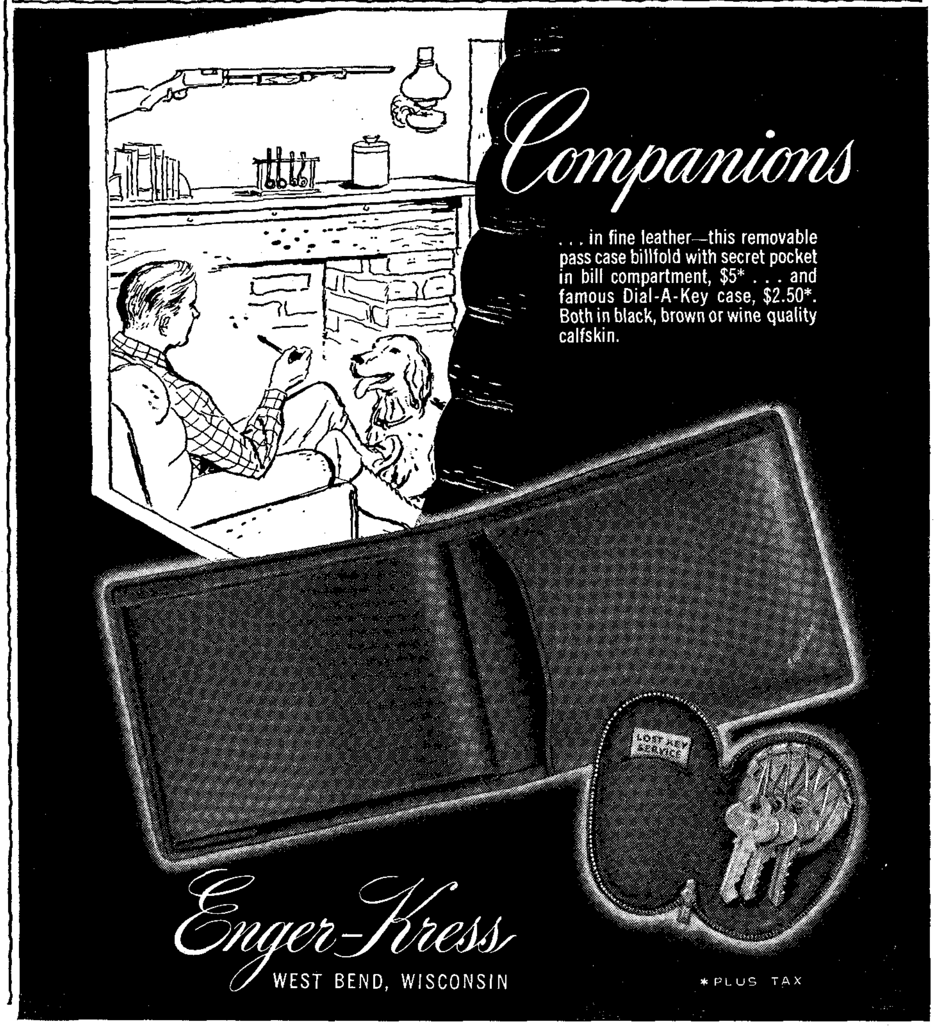

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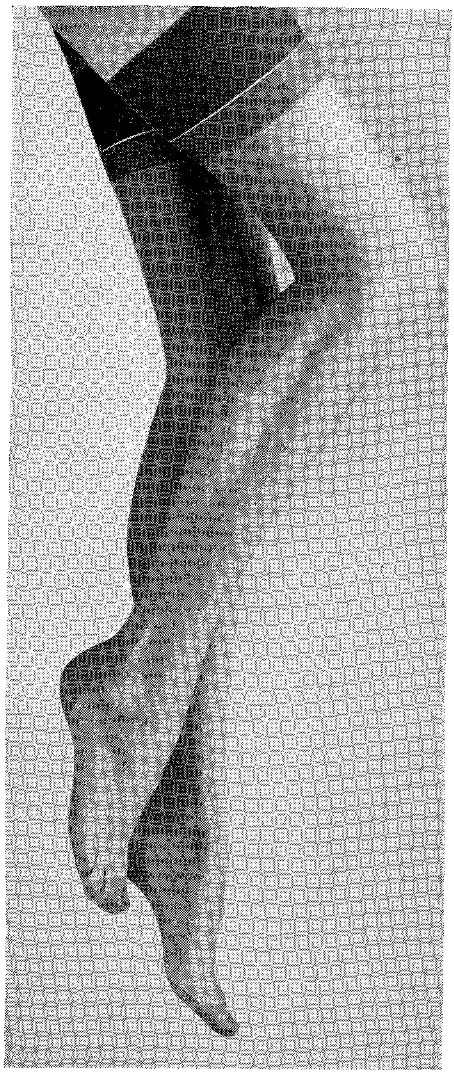

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copies of French fashions, and they run from $4.78 to $15.58.

Macy has also assembled on its street floor a huge collection of accessories, imported and domestic, that should lend spirit to any clothes. Slim but roomy French satchel handbags in black, brown, or red alligator are $35.98. For mere bus riders or for globe-trotters, there's a sturdy copy of a fat French satchel done in tan cowhide and plaid fabric, with a plaid change purse chained to the outside. It's called Fric Frac and costs $16.91. Italy has contributed some over-the-shoulder drawstring pouches in green, red, or rust reversible calf trimmed with blond goatskin. These stand six, eight, or ten inches high, and cost $7.18, $8.96, and $11.27. From France, there are also gold-metal bangle chokers, so flexible that you can swallow when encircled by one; $4.78. Matching flexible bracelets that can be shoved to the upper arm if the brevity of one's sleeve permits such liberty are $2.38, and gold-metal Creole hoop earrings to complete the gilded effect are $3.33. From Italy, there are gold-metal snail-shaped earrings, with, for no reason at all, detachable padlock drops; $5.66. Then there are heaps of massive rhinestone brooches. These garish beauties are recommended by the shop for both day and evening, but I think they'd be distinctly out of key with, say, corduroys. A chunky dome, lavishly studded with pear-shaped rhinestones, is $8.38. Intricately cut square rhinestone snowflakes, four inches over-all, are $19.18. To go with these, there are monster button earrings, each a single rhinestone; $1.12. In the vicinity of all this grandeur, there's a copy of Balmain's single silk rose, attached to a pin and fitted with a safety clasp, in red, mauve, pink, or gold, for ninety-four cents, and looking gloriously lush. All prices include the federal tax.

William Cihak, at 172 East 61st Street, makes first-rate custom shoes at from $35 to $60. His simple black suède pumps have unobtrusive patent-leather piping or piecrust cutouts, and his navy calf pumps have heels, toes, and bows of lizard. Women who don't find exactly what they want can work out their ideas with Mr. Cihak. Either way, be prepared to wait two weeks.

Jane Engel, at 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), has flat-soled nylon boots to keep feet warm at football games. She says they're water-repellent,

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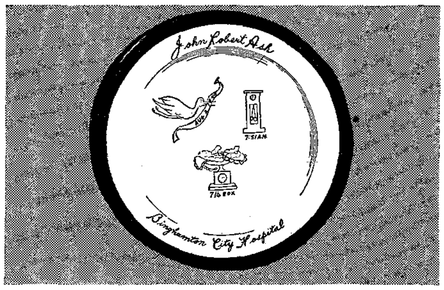

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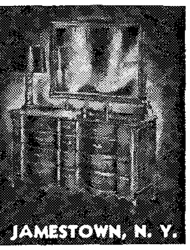

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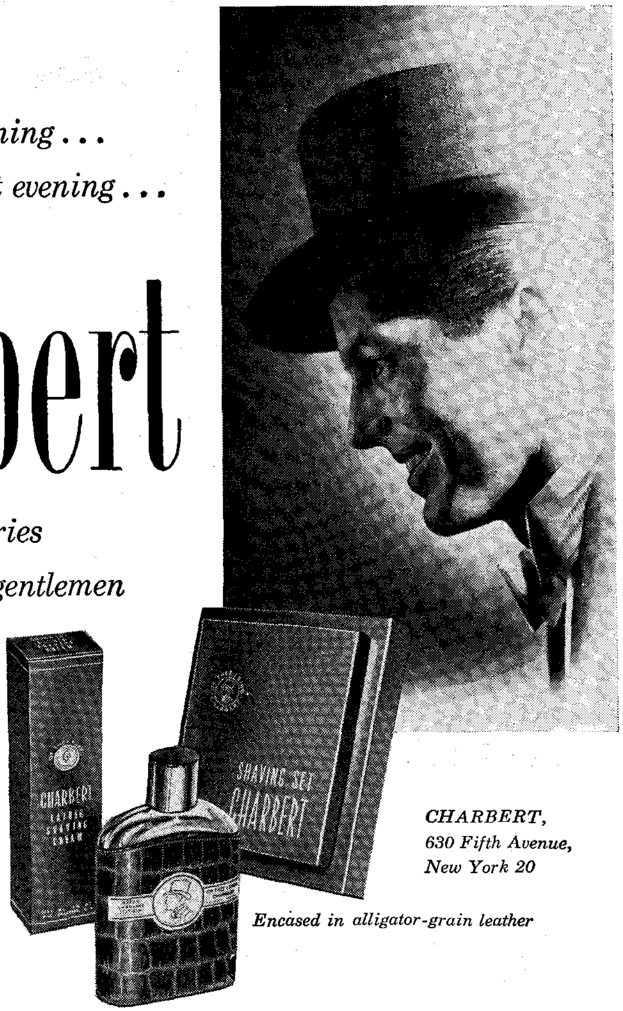
but does not suggest wading a trout stream in them. They're quite showy, what with their crêpe-rubber soles and their cuffs of realistic nylon fur, and they're lined with a downy yellow nylon fleece that's very comfortable. There are boots in sizes from infants' on through grown-up tens. The colors are red, navy, or dark green with gray fur, brown with brown fur, and, in the larger sizes, black with gray fur; $6.95 to $10.95.

AN enterprising mother has gone and designed a group of practical clothes for little girls called Wilson Wearables, in sizes 7 to 14. Lord & Taylor have them. For children in warm city apartments, the button-down-the-front shirts are of red calico, with Peter Pan collars and long sleeves; for suburbanite mites, they are of red cotton flannel printed with yellow flowers. The price is $3.95. The companion skirt is of gray flannel or plaid wool, with an adjustable waistband, an inverted pleat down the center front, and slashed hip pockets big enough to hold a handkerchief, lunch money, and other gear; $7.95. Cotton corduroy skirts, in green or light navy, have adjustable tabs at the sides, a wide front box pleat, and a concealed side pocket; $6.95. A jumper dress is $8.95. To go with any of these, there's a double-breasted cotton corduroy jacket, in matching colors, with a belted back and a turnover collar; $10.95.

A LADY who just calls herself Ada runs, at 695 Madison Avenue (62nd), an unpretentious but well-equipped little shop for small children. For infants aged six months to two years, there are handmade dresses of batiste or fine cotton broadcloth, in white or pale colors, at from $3.95 to $7.95. One of the prettiest of the batistes has faggoting, embroidered flowers, and tucked pockets. More worldly is a smocked cotton dress in the dress Stewart tartan (white ground), with a plain white collar and cuffs and a sash. It appears in sizes 1 to 6, and it costs $5.95 or $7.95. A bit too grownup in size 1, I'd say, but all right for older children. A complete ensemble in washable wool tartan includes a double-breasted jacket ($6.95), a pleated suspender skirt ($4.95), and a jumper dress ($5.95); in sizes 3 to 6. Any self-respecting young man of the world should admire a leather-buttoned cotton corduroy jacket, in a tan-and-green hound's-tooth check; $12, and in sizes 4 to 10. To go with it, there are brown or green cotton cor-



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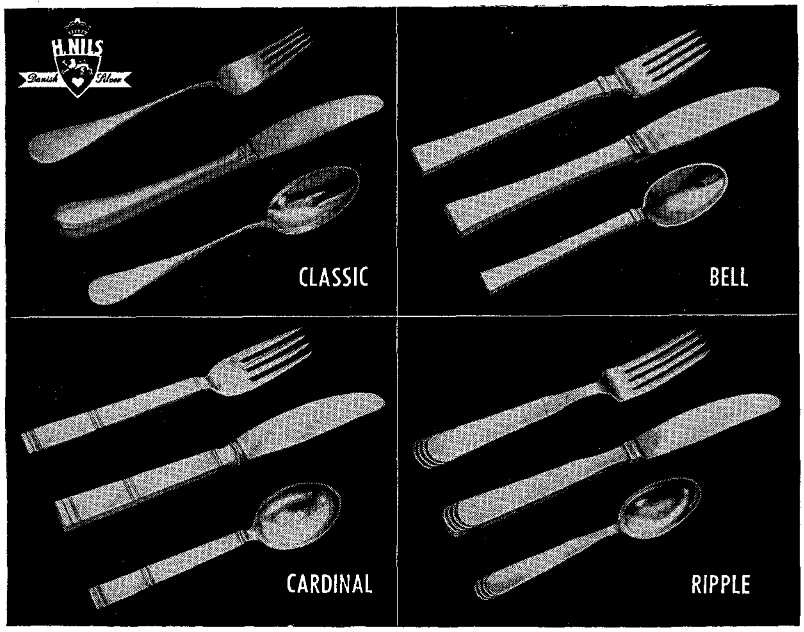

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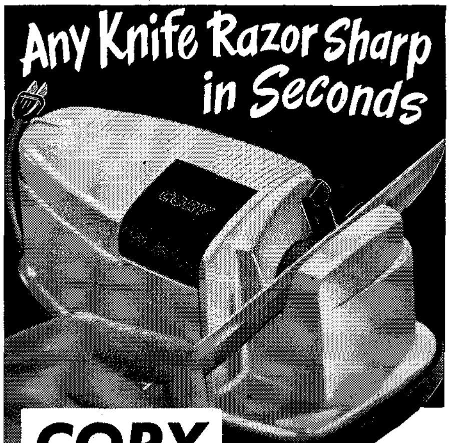

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JULIA MARSHALL, who's at 435 Park Avenue (56th), has the very best sort of handmade custom clothes for children. A dark-blue school dress of silky cotton broadcloth has cuffs, a pocket, and a collar of white linen edged with pleated white ruffles cross-stitched in red. A linen dress, clearly for Sundays or special callers, is shown in white, natural, pink, blue, or yellow, with contrasting embroidered scallops. For parties, a black velveteen jumper, with a wide tuck below the hips to make the skirt extra perky, is to be paired with either of two blouses. One is flesh chiffon, with a pleated frill at the neck and push-up sleeves; the other, of white organdie embroidered with polka dots, is long-sleeved and has a Peter Pan collar and insertions and edgings of narrow imitation lace. A dress of crimson, aquamarine, or navy velveteen has a deep tuck just above the hemline, and a linen-and-lace collar. For boys, there are straight velveteen pants (navy, black, or red) and a tucked white linen blouse with two modest rows of ruffling down the front. Mrs. Marshall says that fathers come in and buy this outfit for their sons, so there's no Little Rollo about it. For more mundane occasions, there are double-breasted linen suits with turnover collars and plain pants, or single-breasted cotton broadcloths with contrasting piping, in a number of colors. All trousers button on and are lined with white muslin. Girls' sizes run from 2 to 10, boys' from 2 to 4, and prices from $17.50 to $45.

MARIA WAYMAN, at 922 Madison Avenue (73rd), stands ready to block any knitting that is sent her, a job that must be professional to be right, and even to finish knitting projects that have been abandoned by bored females, or to fix mistakes. She will also alter hand or machine knits, or shorten skirts, which is something to consider in these days of rising hemlines, and things like that. No yarn or needles for sale here—just service. Blocking starts at around $6, hems at $5. —G. J.

•

> ... Second of a series of functions at the Bristow home will be given tonight with another group of friends invited for dinner. No market for ornamental iron work. Serious shortages of plumbing facilities.—*Paris (Ill.) Beacon-News.*

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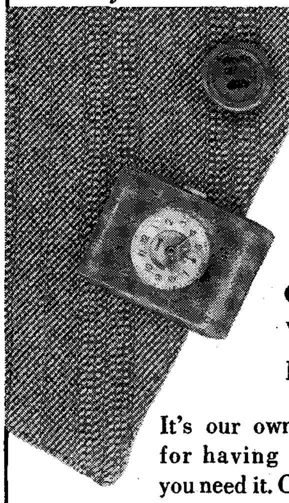

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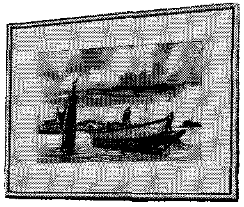

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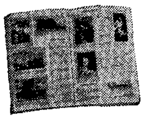

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# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Happy Birthday*

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EXHIBITION

THAT perennially youthful and lively institution, the Art Students League, which was founded by a group of young dissidents from the art school at the National Academy of Design, is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary with a Diamond Jubilee exhibition, and the show is being held—it seems to me most appropriately—at the National Academy Galleries. It's a friendly gesture by both parties after what was at one time a rather bitter feud, and a high point in the League's occasionally tempestuous history.

The thing that precipitated the break with the Academy was a rumor that the august elders were planning to cut drastically the staff and facilities of their art school, on the theory that there were enough artists around already. But the real reason was a growing dissatisfaction among the students with the old-fashioned and arbitrary methods that obtained at the all-powerful Academy, and perhaps that is why the League has been democratic from the start. The first independent American art school of any consequence and one of the first to offer life classes daily, it was also the first to be governed entirely by its members, and it was almost immediately successful. There were around a dozen in the group that started it—of whom Frederick S. Church, the landscapist, and the muralist George Maynard are now most likely to be remembered—but by the time the school opened, on September 15, 1875, in a fifth-floor loft at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, it had a membership of close to seventy, and it had to move twice, to larger and larger quarters, before finally coming to rest, in 1892, on West Fifty-seventh Street.

In the meantime, it had been a storm center. The League's early emphasis on the importance of drawing from life was a startling innovation at a time when most other schools insisted on a long course of drawing from plaster casts before the student was considered sufficiently inured to the human anatomy to be allowed to gaze upon the living figure, and although the classes were rigidly segregated, the girls drawing demure-

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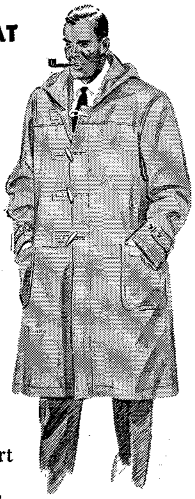

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ly in the afternoons and the men in the evenings, there were complaints about even this fairly innocent procedure. Lady journalists edged their way into the classes and wrote more or less sensationally about them, and as late as 1907 Anthony Comstock, stirred by these reports, made a raid on the school and seized copies of a League students' magazine in which a few nudes appeared. The League also provoked discussion, in the late eighteen-seventies, by engaging William Merritt Chase, an exponent of the then revolutionary Munich school, as an instructor, and again, at about the end of the century, when it took on John Twachtman, John Carlson, and other Impressionists. But the list of famous artists who have taught or studied at the League, from George Bellows and Kenyon Cox to Max Weber and William Zorach, is as long as that of any other such institution in the country, and its reputation as an art school is secure.

The current exhibition, which is a group affair of some three hundred and eighty oils, sculptures, and other items, is a good deal like the League in its feeling. Cramped for space throughout most of its history, the League, with an enrollment of about three thousand full- or part-time students, now fills its ancient and rather ramshackle building to bursting. There are classes in partitioned-off sections of what was once hallway, the common rooms and the stairways are a milling mass of students, and there is a perpetual air of amiable pandemonium. The new show reflects all this. Made up almost entirely of invited pieces from the more prominent living League members and of jury selections from the works of students and ex-students, it is crowded, too, but cheerfully, and the majority of the items have a youthful and at times slightly haphazard exuberance that corresponds to the noisy enthusiasms that develop in the League.

Apart from the contributions of the more distinguished alumni, which are by way of being set pieces, there are few really outstanding things, and, as frequently happens in school exhibitions, traces of the instructors' influences are occasionally apparent (in this case, particularly those of George Grosz, Reginald Marsh, and Morris Kantor), which makes for monotony. I liked, though, Gordian P. Davis's gay small "Vermont Village," and the brisk little study of a tenement façade called "226 East 29th Street," by Jacob Arkush, as well as Michael Insinna's dockside scene, "Hudson River School," and the

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delicately blue abstraction "The Quiet Jewel," by Bove. Among the bigwigs, I noted especially Kuniyoshi's large, luscious "Still Life with Accordion;" Louis Bouché's warm (if anecdotal) "Madison Road;" Stuart Edie's dark, trim "The Mirror;" and the brilliantly playful "Mary and Sons," by Will Barnet. On the whole, it's a lively show—chaotic, perhaps, but, again like the League, appealing.

JOHN TUNNARD, though he has for some time been established as a leader of the modern school in his native England, has never received proper attention here, and the current collection of his oils and gouaches at the Durlacher Gallery is his first full-length one in this country. It's a small retrospective, with pieces ranging from 1938 to the present, and it is interesting to note the steady improvement in his technique and the sharpening of his imagery in that period. Early works, such as the "Moonlight Sonata with the Engineer" and "Abstraction 1942," are a bit dull in texture and clumsy in execution, but as the years go by, his color brightens and his approach becomes more sensitive and more assured, and in some of the later paintings—among them "Birds Fighting," "Nocturne," and the superb "Aerial Disturbance"—he achieves an airy lightness of design that is truly charming. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

## FOR NON-EUCLIDEANS

The definition of sin is purely analytical, not geometrical.—*Encyclopædia Americana (1948), Vol. XII, page 466, footnote.*

No longer strive to ascertain
Your Jekyll-Hyde bisector;
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Of the temptation vector.

The sublapsarian asymptote,
Like mean and extreme unction,
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And Euclid was most likely a
Proleptic Manichee;
The root of evil's neither square
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•

Now, Sir Philip Eden, a cousin of Sir Anthony, is coming here to talk to Danny Kaye about starring in it. Danny is supposed to be a lot like Shakespeare was in actual life.—*Sheilah Graham in the Chicago Daily News.*

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# AN UNDEVELOPED TALENT

I HAVE reason to think that the Devil has an eye on me and harbors hopes of bringing me down in a particular form of ruin. It was in Spokane, Washington, in 1944, that I first suspected this. I was doing a lecture tour for the British government, and one evening some newly acquired American friends took me to see the sights of that city. I learned to my dismay that one of these was a crowd of people "playing the machines" in a saloon. I was raised in a puritanical part of the North of England, and, as a young girl, I was taught that drink and gambling are the two chief vices of mankind. I lost my aversion to drink as soon as I grew up and discovered that it was not invariably degrading, but my horror of gambling had never faltered. When I saw at least thirty adults feverishly putting their coins into a battery of infernal slot machines, I was appalled.

My host and hostess seemed to find the spectacle amusing, and, fearing that they also might succumb to this dreadful vice, I pleaded earnestly against it, running over the familiar arguments, moral and arithmetical, that prove the futility of gambling. A woman got up from a nickel-eating machine nearby, and I said, "Look! I'll show you how many seconds it takes to lose a dollar." I sat down at the machine with a dollar's worth of nickels in my lap, and several citizens of Spokane gathered around to watch the demonstration. I put ten nickels, one after another, into the slot, vigorously pulling the handle at each insertion. With the tenth, the machine gave a lurch and began to vomit nickels. On fifty cents, I had won what turned out to be nearly six dollars and completely lost my case. The citizens of Spokane hurried back to their own machines.

The next time I was lured into the evil practice of gambling was in an English hospital where I was a patient two years ago. The Grand National was being run that afternoon, and the nurses in my ward were organizing a shilling sweepstake. The chief nurse, who was usually concerned about her dignity, came to my bedside, beaming and brandishing a basin of tickets, and asked me for a shilling. "I never gamble," I said. "I'm afraid I don't approve of it." She told me not to be a spoilsport, and, very reluctantly, I paid my shilling and put my hand into the basin. The horse I drew had a ridiculous name—Sheila's Cottage.

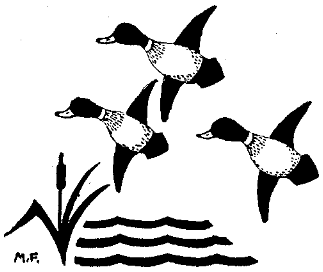
By quarter after three, all the patients in the ward, except two who were very sick, had put on headphones and were listening to the broadcast of the race. I put on my headphones and found, to my consternation, that my heart was thumping with excitement. When the announcer shouted that Sheila's Cottage was going to the front, I nearly fell out of the bed, and when Sheila's Cottage won, I very nearly fainted.

"And to think that you should win the sweepstake!" the chief nurse said, pouring my undeserved gains onto my bedspread. "You didn't even *want* to win it."

I didn't explain to her that I had been of two minds on the matter, and I didn't gamble any more until this summer.

EARLY in June, an old friend of mine named Louise invited me to go to the races at Ascot on the day of the Royal Hunt Cup. Louise said that she knew I detested gambling, and that I needn't bet, but that the horses and the women could be well worth looking at. Her husband could get three tickets for the enclosure.

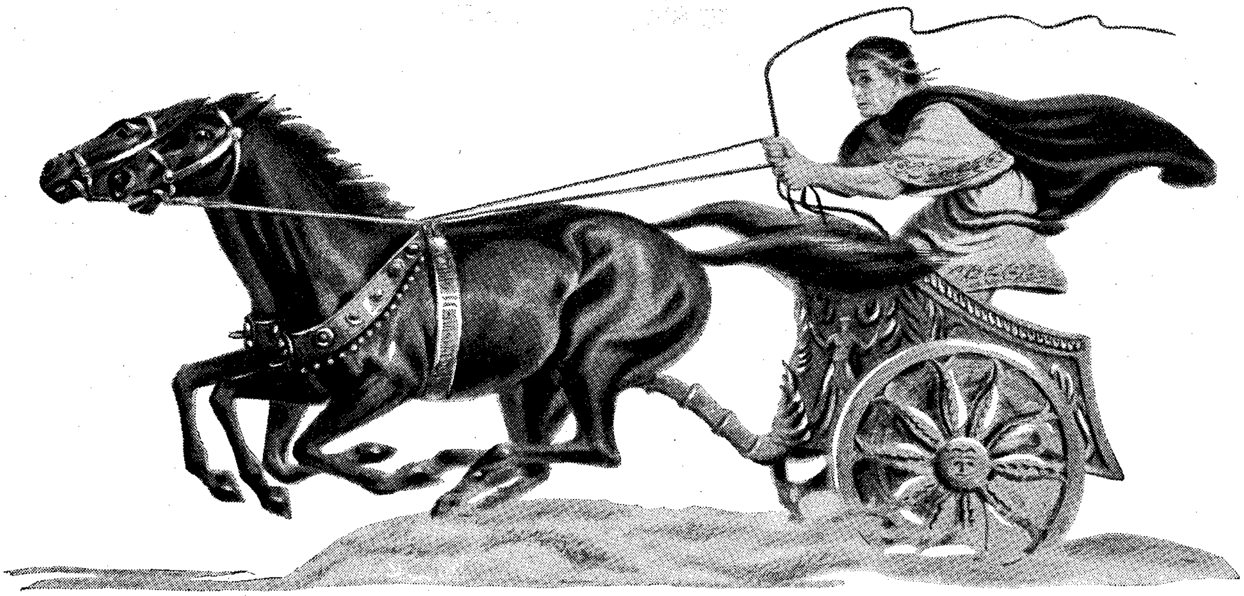
I met them at Waterloo Station in a drizzling rain, on the morning of June 14th, and was greatly impressed by their appearance. Louise is always handsome, but her husband, as is so often the case with the consorts of beautiful women, is not. However, in morning dress, with a gray top hat and a magnificent boutonniere, Henry easily outshone his wife. He held his umbrella over her—I had prudently brought my own—and we followed the other shiny gray toppers and elegant raincoats into the station.



"Would you like to read the racing form?" Henry asked me as the train started. He handed me half a dozen newspapers. "Wat Tyler's the favorite for the Hunt Cup."

"She doesn't bet," Louise said. "Henry bets all the time," she added to me. "Scientifically."

Henry is one of the nicest men I have ever met. He is intelligent, amiable, and good at his job, and he upholds



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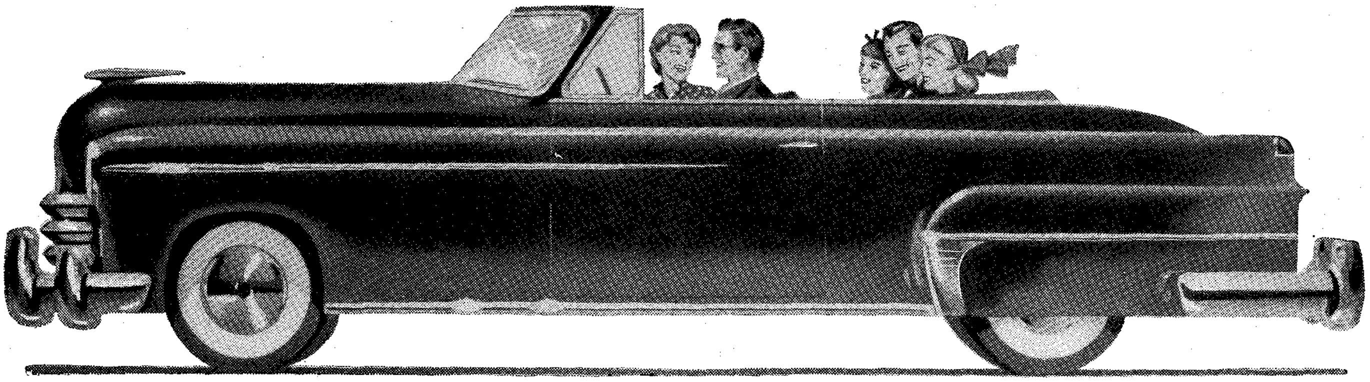

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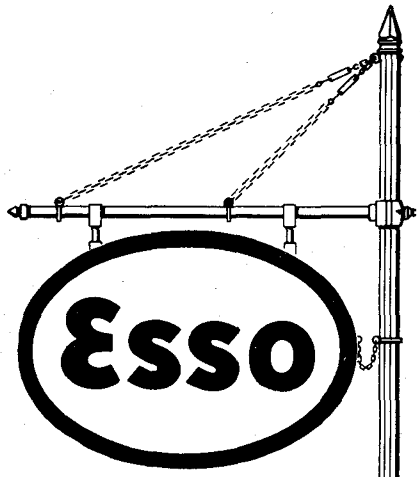

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all the right causes. I said surely Louise was joking.

"I wish I was," Louise said.

I gave a furtive glance at Henry to see if his sinfulness showed in his face. It didn't. He looked as delightful as ever. "Wat Tyler'll probably win," he said.

"But he never backs a favorite," Louise said. "There isn't enough to be gained if it wins."

Bewildered, I began to read the racing forecasts, but the three newspapers were at variance, so I decided not to be misled by any of them and looked out of the window. After all, I was going only in order to see the frocks and the horses.

When we arrived at the racecourse, it had stopped raining. Louise and I followed Henry, whose morning coat was now disfigured by a large white disc proclaiming his right to be in the enclosure. Louise said that we might as well have lunch at once. But I noticed that a number of people were going through our enclosure to an even better one, where there was a covered grandstand, and, as the sky was still threatening, I thought we should be wiser to follow them. I suggested it to Henry, who said gently that that was the Royal Enclosure, for which one had to have a disc of a different color and a royal invitation. Louise remarked, gloomily, that there couldn't be a State Drive in such weather; the Royal Family would come by car and slip quietly into their places. Anyway, she said, what she really came for was the salmon lunch, so we'd better get to the restaurant before all the salmon was eaten up. We proceeded to the restaurant, only to discover there was nothing on the menu but lobster. "What a swindle!" Louise said, but Henry and I both thought the lobster delicious.

Looking at his gay boutonniere, I decided that what was so delightful about Henry was his immense capacity for enjoyment. Then I remembered that he bet on horses, scientifically, every week of his life, in all probability, and wondered how he could be cured. Perhaps if he could be persuaded to keep a careful account of his losses, he might change.

"As it's your first time here," Louise said, giving me her beautiful smile, "the next thing is a visit to the paddock."

When I saw the horses, I understood Swift's selection of them as a race of creatures superior to mankind. The jockeys astonished me still more, for though I had frequently seen their withered faces in the newsreels, I hadn't

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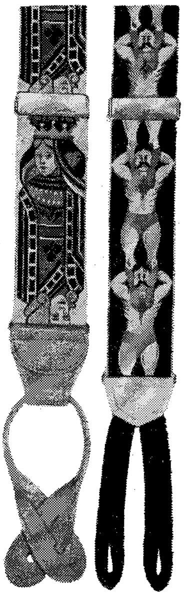

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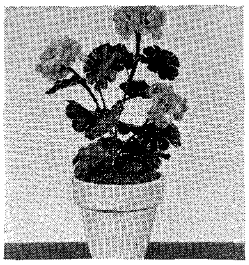

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known that their racing colors were so brilliant.

"The clothes are very disappointing," Louise said as we moved away from the paddock. "I wish you could have seen Ascot in fine weather."

The Royal Party were in their places in the grandstand, behind a bank of massed blue hydrangeas, when we made our way back to the enclosure. The only clothes worth seeing, Louise said, would be in the grandstand, for the women everywhere else would have to wear raincoats. Though the rain had stopped for the moment, Louise assured us there would be a downpour within an hour.

"And now," Henry said, beaming, "I've got to leave you for a few minutes. . . . You can have the umbrella, Louise."

"If you're going to bet," Louise said to him, "take Winifred along and bet at the totalizator, so that you can show her how it works."

The three of us strolled over to the pari-mutuel. The machines at Spokane were innocent toys compared with this gigantic mechanism for extracting the public's money. There were queues at every window; even the one that took five-pound bets had a row of customers in front of it. Henry went up to the ten-shilling window. I couldn't hear what he said, but I got the impression he gave the clerk considerably more than ten shillings.

We watched the first race, in the gray, threatening weather, and when the horses thundered past us to the winning post, I asked Henry if he had won.

"You must bet on the big race," Henry said, ignoring my question and firmly taking my arm. "There's no point in coming if you don't have a single flutter."

"You'd better, to please him," Louise said. "Just so he can say he showed you how to bet."

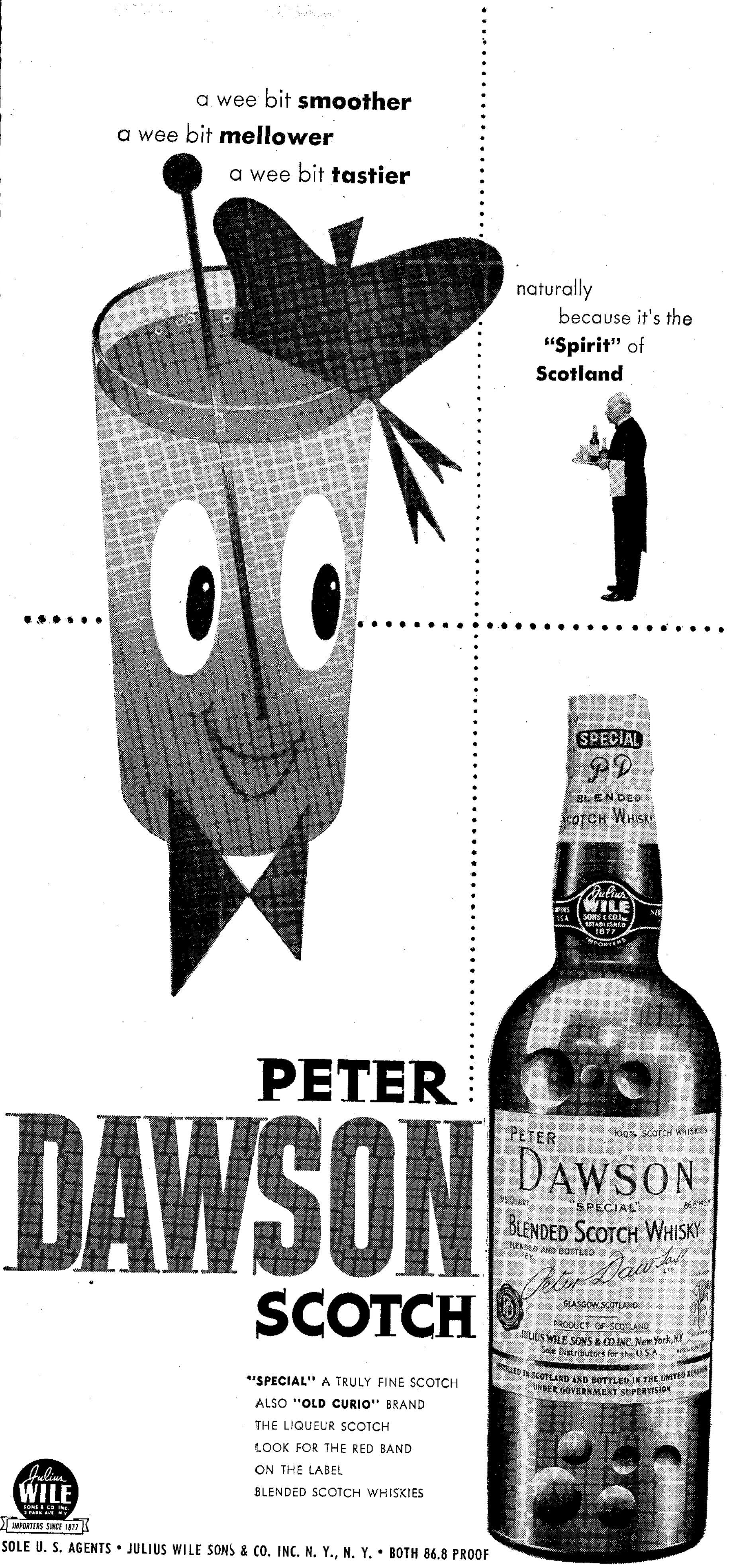
I hesitated. I had my principles, but Henry was my host, and a guest has obligations. "What's the smallest sum I can bet?" I asked.

"Half-a-crown," Henry said. "Look at your race card and see what you fancy."

"There's only one name on this card that appeals to me," I said. "Hyperbole."

"He's a good horse, but he won't win," Henry said. "Anyhow, there's your window. Just say half-a-crown each way on Hyperbole, and the chap'll know what to do."

He certainly knew. I gave him a ten-shilling note and he took five shil-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lings. I didn't dare question his arithmetic, but I went immediately to Henry and complained of having been robbed of half-a-crown.

"But you bet each way!" Henry said, and laughed uproariously. "That's half-a-crown for a win and another half crown for a place."

Well, I thought, one pays for experience. And I could afford to lose five shillings if it amused Henry. I stood with Louise while he dashed off toward the expensive windows.

In a few moments he rejoined us. "Now we'll try and get a glimpse of the three-o'clock, and then we'll get good places for the big race," he said, looking immensely pleased with life.

The crowd was so thick around the rails that our glimpse of the three-o'clock was small indeed. The spectators melted away when the race was over, and we took places near the winning post. It began to rain. While we waited, Louise pointed out to me a number of eminent faces under gray top hats in our enclosure, and I was suitably impressed, though I thought the solemn, sad faces of the men in the Royal Enclosure, a few yards away, were even more interesting. We had to stand a long time before the rainbow colors were let loose from the starting post.

"They're off!" Henry cried, raising his field glasses.

My heart began its old trick. I looked at my racing card to make sure of Hyperbole's number. I had flung away five shillings to please Henry, but I passionately wanted Hyperbole to win. When the horses passed us, Wat Tyler and Hyperbole were neck and neck and the finishing post was barely ten yards away. It was a superb moment—worth pounds, I thought exultantly.

"Well, I'm blowed!" Henry said. "She chooses a horse because of its name and the damned thing goes and beats the favorite.... You've won at ten to one! What a pity you didn't bet five pounds! Go and collect your winnings."

THE man at the window paid me without a word of protest. Quite a few people were receiving cash, I noticed, but nothing like the number I had seen handing money in at the other windows.

"What are you betting on next?" Henry asked me.

"Nothing, thank you," I said, crushing the monstrous wish that was rising up in me. "I've had my experience of backing a horse and I don't need another."

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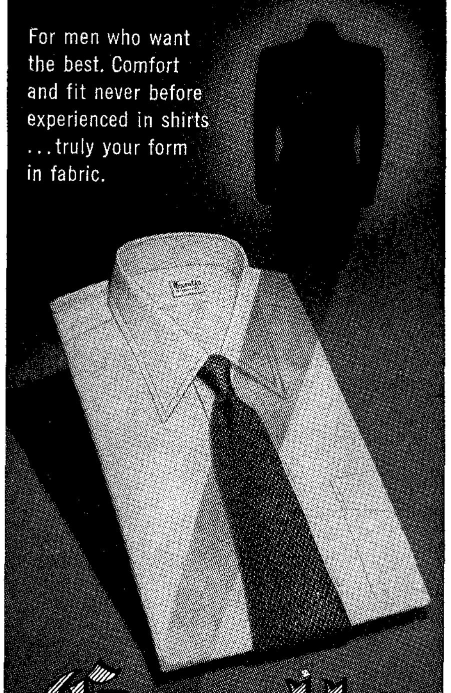

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you," Henry said. "Just choose the horse." He tapped my race card urgently.

"All right," I said. I looked at the list of horses. "Rumpelstilskin."

"He's a good horse," Henry said. This time he didn't add, "But he won't win."

The rain, which had stopped for a while, was starting again, quite hard.

"What a day to come to Ascot!" Louise complained. "There's really nothing to do but eat. What about tea?"

"It isn't time for tea yet," Henry protested. "Besides, there's the Coronation Stakes in a few minutes, and after that I've got to put your bet on Rumpelstilskin." He gave me a wink.

"Well, do you mind if we go for shelter?" Louise asked him.

"Not a bit. I'll collect you in time for the four-fifty-five."

"We probably shan't have been served by that time," Louise said. "So don't bother to fetch us. If we've finished, we'll try to get a look at the race."

It was five o'clock, and Louise and I were drinking our third cups of tea, when Henry came dashing into the tea-room. He gave his furled umbrella a shake and sat down beside us.

"My God! She's done it again!" he said to Louise. He turned to me. "I wish you'd seen Rumpelstilskin win. Never enjoyed a race more."

I didn't know what to say. I felt confused and frightened.

"You won't have won as much on this, though," Henry continued. "The odds weren't so long. There's still one more race. Get your card out."

I looked at the race card but didn't feel attracted by any horse on the list. "I'm sorry," I said, "but I haven't got any feeling about this lot."

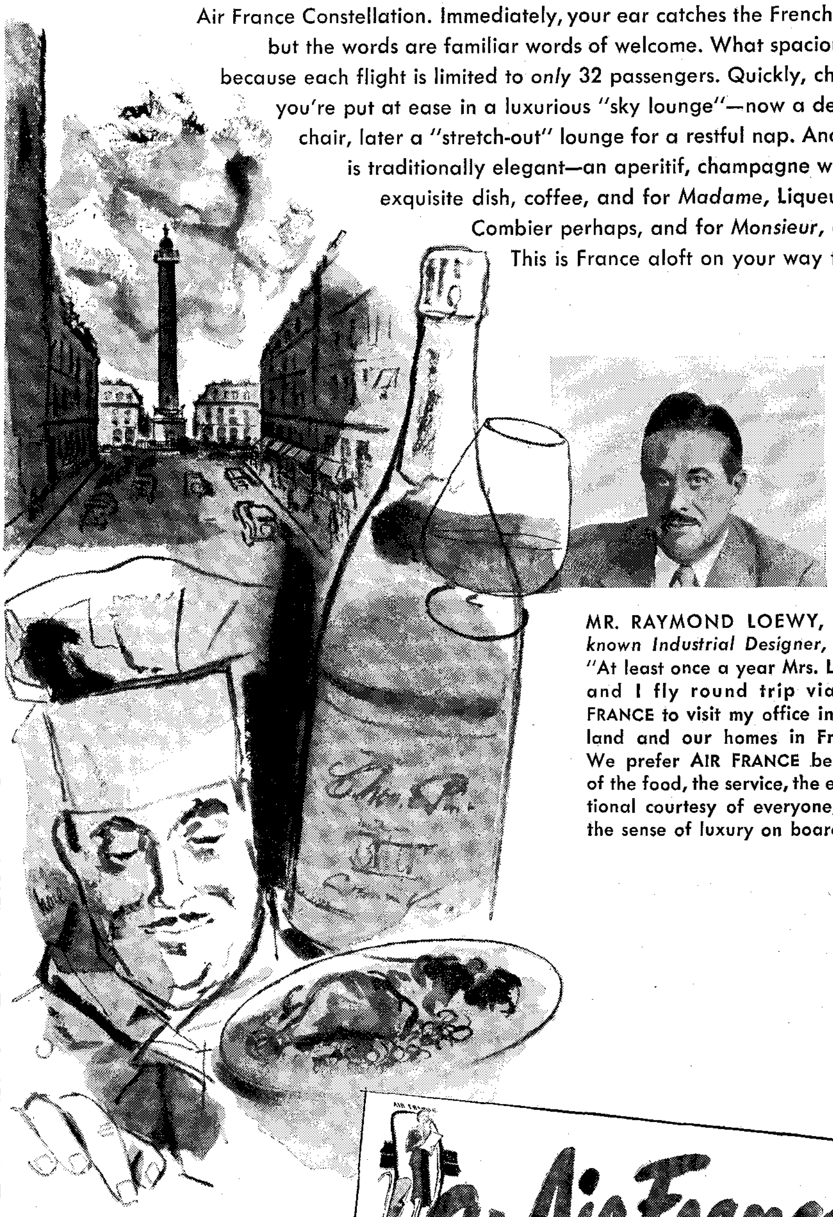
We lingered over the tea table until ten minutes before the last race, when Henry had to leave to lay his final bet. We arranged to meet him at the entrance to the enclosure after the race, and then Louise went with me to collect my winnings.

"Well, you've certainly had a surprising day," she said. "Beginner's luck."

I had a strong desire to tell her about the gambling machine at Spokane and the Grand National sweepstakes in the hospital, but I suppressed it. "Don't you ever bet?" I asked her.

"No. Don't care for it," Louise said.

We were moving over the wet grass toward the racecourse. I pictured Henry at the window of the tote. Maybe, now we weren't watching him, he had gone to the most expensive window



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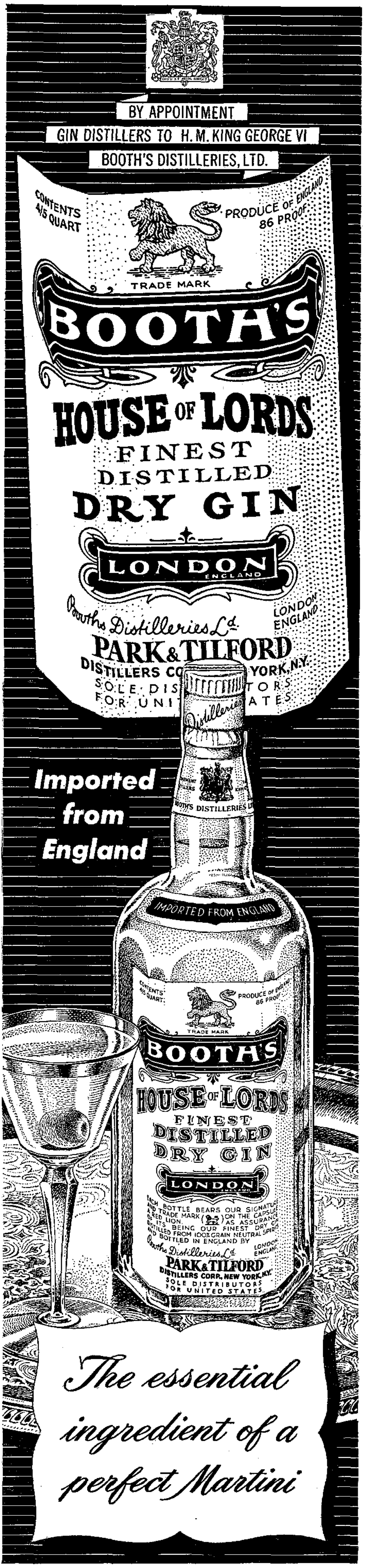
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of all. The horses were lining up at the starting post.

"You know," I said, feeling suddenly reckless, "I think I've got a gift for gambling. This isn't the first time—"

"Really?" Louise raised her fine eyebrows. "I'd no idea you weren't a novice."

"I've only done it *twice* before, and each time I had to be pushed into it, but each time I won."

"Then this is just the right time to stop," Louise said. "Look—they're off!"

When the race was over, we went to meet Henry. He came swiftly toward us, smiling under his elegant hat. "What we need now is a drink here and a good dinner in town," he said.

"Why? Did you win?" I asked hopefully.

"I *shouldn't* have needed the drink if I'd won," Henry said.

No, I decided, putting up my umbrella—for it was still raining and we had to queue for a taxi—I won't ever gamble again.

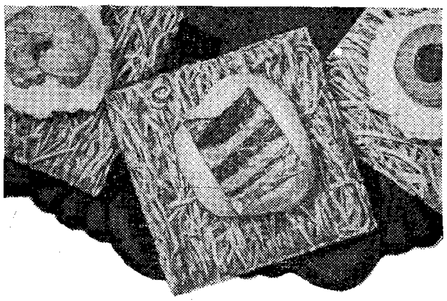
For some time now, I've respected the vow I made on that rainy evening, and I look at the racing reports in the papers only after I've read the political news and the leaders. It is a great pity to stifle any natural talent, but if I gave way to my impulses and began betting regularly on horse races, I might lose the gift. I may even have lost it already. If, as I sometimes think, the secret of my gambling success was that I didn't want to bet, then, very possibly, by longing to use my talent I have spoiled it. —WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

### WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

It was old stuff. The Yankees' dressing room was as devoid of post-series hysteria, shenanigans, horse-play and piercing expressions of twenty-four-karat joy just as the play on the field had been lacking in suspense. The world champions for the third time in four seasons just peeled off their working clothes, took a shower and departed.... World Series victories gave them a feeling of accomplishment, and little else.—*Harold Rosenthal in the Herald Tribune, October 8th.*

The place [Yankee dressing room] was a scene of noisy celebration. Headed by Coach Frankie Crosetti, Pitcher Ed Lopat, Manager Casey Stengel, and Coach Bill Dickey, this smiling, happy band came trooping into the clubhouse yelling and stamping and smacking each other on the back or playfully roughing each other up. The racket started with the stamp and scrape of spiked feet and swelled gradually, in an amazingly brief period, to roaring volume as, spontaneously, the clubhouse presented a mob scene.—*James P. Dawson in the Times, same day.*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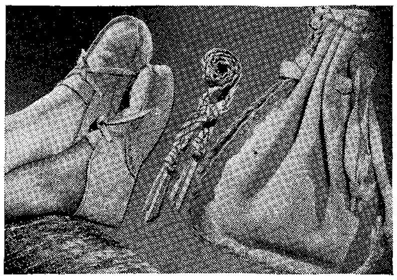

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# THE WAYWARD PRESS

## THE ORACLES OF MARS

THERE are three kinds of writers of news in our generation. In inverse order of worldly consideration, they are:

1. The reporter, who writes what he sees.
2. The interpretive reporter, who writes what he sees and what he construes to be its meaning.
3. The expert, who writes what he construes to be the meaning of what he hasn't seen.

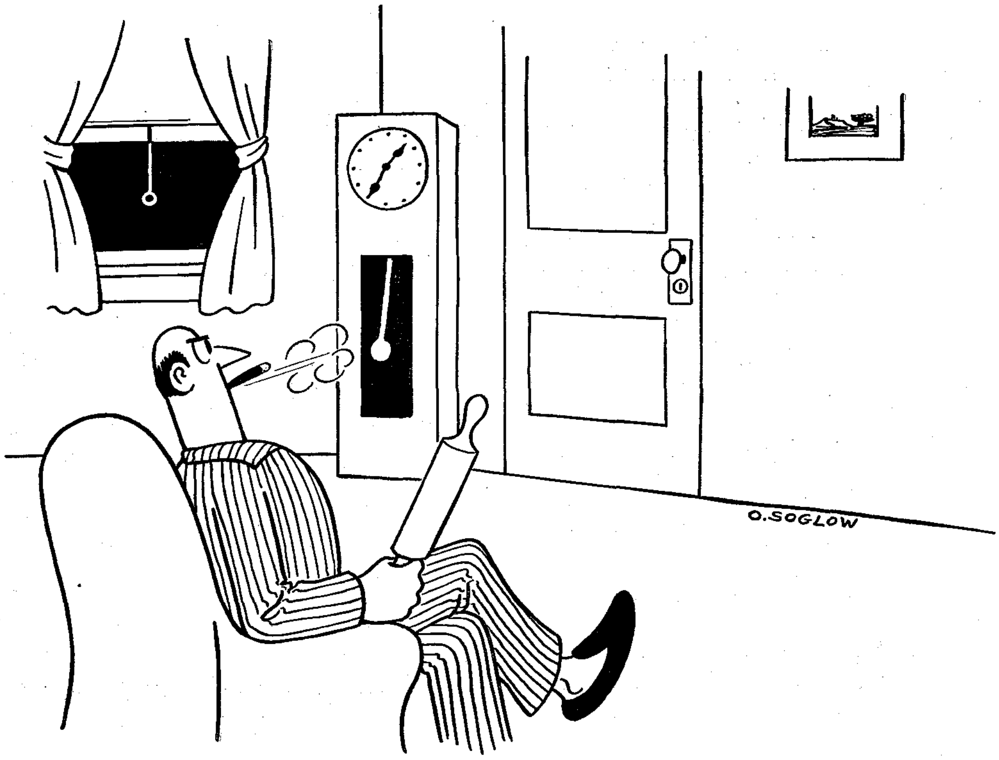
To combat an old human prejudice in favor of eyewitness testimony, which is losing ground even in our courts of law, the expert must intimate that he has access to some occult source or science not available to either reporter or reader. He is the Priest of Eleusis, the man with the big picture. Once his position is conceded, the expert can put on a better show than the reporter. All is manifest to him, since his conclusions are not limited by his powers of observation. Logistics, to borrow a word from the military species of the genus, favor him, since it is possible to not see many things at the same time. For example, a correspondent cannot cover Korea and the Pentagon simultaneously. An expert can, and from an office in New York, at that.

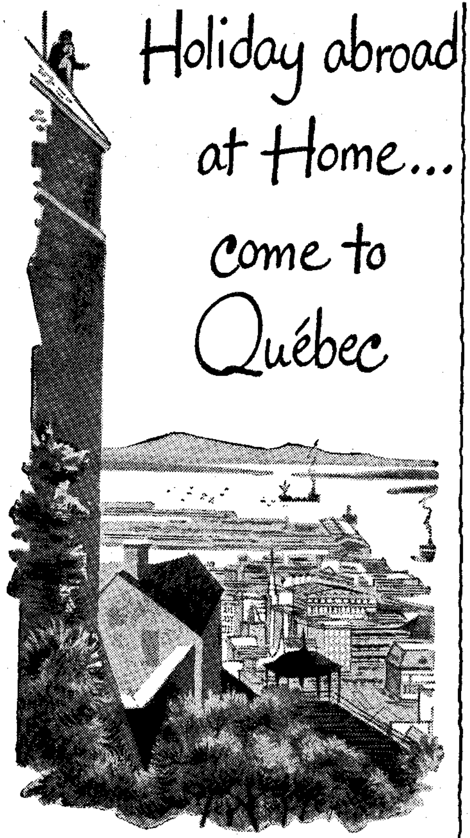
In his disdain of useless investigative procedure, Max Werner, military critic of the New York *Daily Compass*, is a kind of expert's expert among individual practitioners, although in the corporate field the record is still held by *Time*, the Weekly Newsmagazine, which started out without any reporters. (This has left *Time* with a veneration for the collective, anonymous editorial expert that lingers on, as I shall have occasion to indicate later.) Interviewing Werner in 1943, at which date the expert had already been one for fifteen years, a reporter for a weekly non-newsmagazine asked him if he ever talked with military men. "Why should I?" Werner asked.

Partly, perhaps, because of strict adherence to his doctrine of insulation, Werner produced the most engrossing account of the recent campaign in South Korea of any I read in the press. It did not always seem to be the same campaign that the correspondents in the field were writing about, but it had aesthetic shape. Theirs seemed amorphous and hesitating, and even the best of them sometimes sent dispatches that reminded me of a line in a mimeographed account of a skirmish got out by a battalion intelligence officer during our North African campaign. "Confusion in combat is normal," the line read. It may be, but it is not the way the expert prefers things. Werner wrote with continuity, zest, a rare gift for neologisms, and "above all, power, power, power," to quote one of his own phrases describing American needs. He gave you a logical, an "inexorable" war, to use one of his favorite adjectives, and I felt that the landing at Inchon, which temporarily cut him off from his base of omniscience, was a rather shabby literary trick that General MacArthur and the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff had played on him.

Werner quickly caught up with events, however. "Retreat has its rules, as well as its consequences," he had already written on July 19th, and by September 18th, four days after the landing, the *Daily Compass's* military critic had effected a clean *décrochage*. "This is a jiujitsu strategy," he wrote. That explained everything. The North Korean Army, which, according to the expert, had learned its "pattern of the battle from Soviet military science," had introduced jiujitsu into the war and into Werner's column of July 31st, when he announced, "It is obvious that the North Korean command is striving to win the campaign by a kind of jiujitsu strategy. . . . As in a match of jiujitsu, the attacker is attempting to let the defense fall under its own weight." MacArthur, it was plain, had stolen the idea from the North Koreans, who had learned it from the Russians, who invented jiujitsu, like everything else, a long while ago, and taught it to the Japanese at about the time of the siege of Port Arthur.

I first fell under Werner's inexorable spell along about the middle of July, when we seemed to be having a lot of hard luck in Korea. "Some rules of modern land war must be borne in mind to understand the dangers for U.S. defense in the coming days and weeks, and, even more so, months" was the sentence in "Max Werner Says" that caught my eye. ("Max Werner Says" is the name of the column, but it is always followed by a topical headline in larger letters; on this particular day the latter was "A RIGID DEFENSE IS DANGEROUS.") Rules, I have always felt, are handy things to go by in anything as complex as modern war, and I especially wanted to know a rule to go by more in months than in weeks or days. (How did the man propose to extract the individual day from the surrounding week, and the week from the month, I wondered.) I learned that, first, it is impossible to build a continuous front with small forces, and, second, it is extremely dangerous to hold single scattered positions against superior attacking forces. Werner continued: "The second point is especially important. . . . The highly competent chief of the general staff of the German Army, Gen. Franz Halder, in a posthumous reproach to Hitler, said that when the German blitz strategy collapsed, Hitler turned to the outdated





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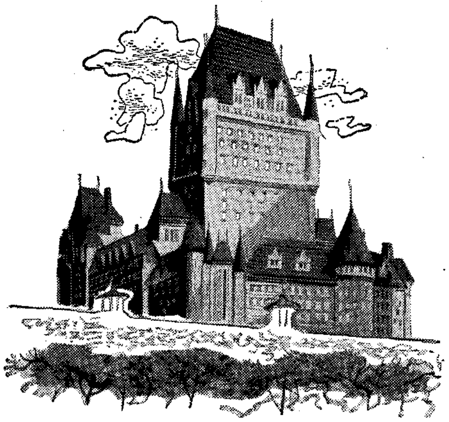

positional warfare. For the American defense of Korea neither of these conditions is available. [On my honor, I have not failed to quote anything in Werner's piece that would explain *what* conditions.] On the contrary, in Korea the space itself turns against the outnumbered defenders, since the rear is teeming with guerrillas and threatens to engulf the dispersed troops on the retreat."

The next day, Max Werner Said: "The rear area of the American defenses in Korea is shrinking [Good, I thought. Now the guerrillas will have less room. But I was let down] dangerously. . . . If this advance continues at the same pace, the American defense has hardly more than two to three weeks left. . . . The choice we are facing in South Korea is between the Norway campaign and the Italian campaign of 1943-44—more precisely the holding of the Anzio beachhead. [Note: About thirty square miles; our Korean defense zone, at its minimum, was thirty-five hundred.] Only strong American reinforcements can switch the tide from the 'Norwegian' to the 'Italian' pattern." And the next day: "The North Koreans are fighting a systematized and improved version of World War II. They are fighting on a small scale, indeed, but with all scientific-tactical conclusions. They fight a combination of tank-spearheaded mobile warfare and stubborn infantry battle. . . . It will be a hard and fateful decision for the American command to determine whether the arriving reserves should be thrown immediately into the battle for the foothold on the peninsula or assembled in Japan for a later long-range offensive."

But on the very day after that, the Werner headline read, "WAR OF ATTRITION IN THE MAKING;" this was after the landing at Pohang. "The North Korean planning shows determination to wage a long war," Werner went on to note. "The Korean war becomes more and more a race between two buildups. . . . The war of military attrition has not yet begun." That was before they introduced jiujitsu.

What I found most discouraging in the first week of my campaign with Werner was his revelation of our ineptitude. "The sharp offensive tactics of North Koreans brought the reminder that in land war the American strategy has grown conservative," he ruled on July 23rd, and the headline on his piece the following day was "TAEJON IS A REBUKE TO U.S. TACTICS." Even I knew that an army without tactics *or* strategy is in a hell of a dilemma. That left only logistics, but Werner pounced

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on them, too, on July 26th, with tank-spearheaded power, power, power. “GIs BAFFLED BY NEW TYPE OF WAR,” the headline over his column that morning read, and somebody had added another, smaller headline, “THIS IS NOT A WAR OF LOGISTICS.” “President Truman’s 10½ billion dollar long-range rearmament program has no direct relationship to the swift pace of the Korean fighting,” the morning’s discourse began, in the blackface type that the *Compass* spreads over its daily military canapé like caviar. “Inevitably, it must lag behind the tempo of this strange war where major developments may be expected in weeks, or even days. [Werner did not add “even less so, months.” The war of attrition was evidently over, the shortest war of attrition that I could recall, in view of the fact that six days earlier it had not even begun.] The Korean war cannot be assessed merely in terms of material supply and mass of weapons. This is not what the American terminology calls a war of logistics, a war of material build-up, a competition in war production and numbers. . . . They [the Americans] are opposed by a revolutionary army, fighting a wholly unorthodox war, wholly strange to the Western military patterns. . . . It is a modern [tactical-scientifically conclusive] war, too.” I remember the rest of the month as a montage of Werner headlines: “N. KOREANS AIMING FOR FAST VICTORY,” “DANGER TO PUSAN BECOMING ACUTE,” “KOREANS LAYING A NEW TRAP” (it turned out to be jiujitsu).

August brought temporary clarification. “The North Korean Army is waging a war of attrition and a mobile war at the same time,” Werner explained on the first day of the month. “The Koreans have learned this pattern of the battle from Soviet military science, and Soviet strategy has learned it from Gen. Brusilov’s offensive in the summer of 1916 against the Austrians.” On August 2nd, I read the Werner headline “KOREANS AIM AT FAST KO OF U.S. DEFENSES.” (When they were just “aiming for fast victory,” I suppose, they would have settled for a decision.) What worried me most in the piece beneath it was the reintroduction of jiujitsu. “This is a sly jiujitsu strategy which tries to knock out the adversary by striking at his nerve centres,” I read, and I was still paralyzed—the force of suggestion, perhaps—when I read, a bit farther on, “It is part of this jiujitsu strategy, highly dangerous for defense, that the attacker tempts the defenders

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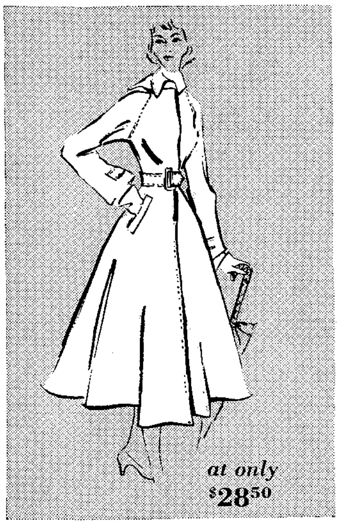

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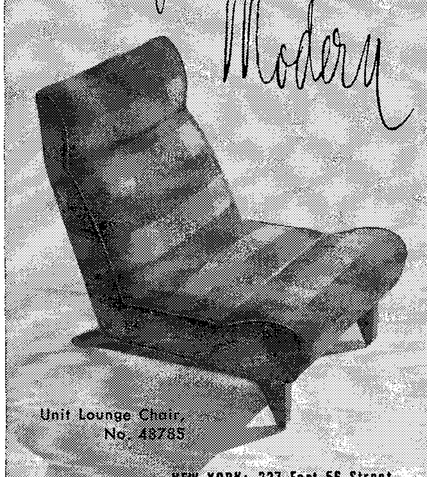

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to play into his hands." I put my hands in my pockets and sat tight.

"The city of Taegu, in the very centre of the front, has become the centre of the American defense system and what the French call its 'neuralgic' point—which means a sensitive, exposed, endangered position," I learned on August 4th, but this time Werner ventured no jiujitsu. A couple of days later ("KOREA UPSETS WEST'S TACTICS"), the military expert vouchsafed his readers a glimpse into his workshop. "Generals and politicians seem unused to reading the *Aeronautics*, the *Royal Air Force Quarterly*, the *Fighting Forces*, *La Revue de Defense Nationale*, *La Revue des Forces Aeriennes*, and other important publications," he observed acutely, leaving no doubt as to who did read them. The generals, if they kept up with Werner's reading, might have little time for much else. "It is the strength of the mass army which gives to North Koreans the chance to wage a long war, if necessary," he stated the following morning, and his headline the morning after that read, "KOREA WILL SOP UP MEN LIKE SPONGE." On August 10th came "NEXT 3 DAYS CRUCIAL." The three days passed—without jiujitsu, fortunately. The headline on the eighteenth had an apocalyptic ring: "SPACE, TIME ARE SHRINKING." "The third phase, the war of short distances, may bring the decisive battle of the campaign," Werner wrote under this. (His time, instead of shrinking, had apparently expanded, for the decision, I knew, should have been reached on or before August 13th.)

By August 21st, Werner had discovered that it was no longer a question of the North Koreans' attacking and the Americans' defending but a question of "an interplay between the active American defense and the Korean counter-defense. . . . Thus, after more than two weeks of fighting, the battle returns to its starting point." It was then that Werner enunciated what I shall always think of as a piece of flawless expertism: "The rules of war are irrevocable: equilibrium of forces leads to a deadlock; superiority secures victory; inferiority must result in defeat." I have read only one other dictum in its class during the campaign, and that from a younger and less specialized expert, Stewart Alsop, who, with his brother Joseph, runs a column called "Matter of Fact," which appears locally in the *Herald Tribune*. "It is a pretty good rule that situations which cannot go on do not go on" was Alsop's punch line on

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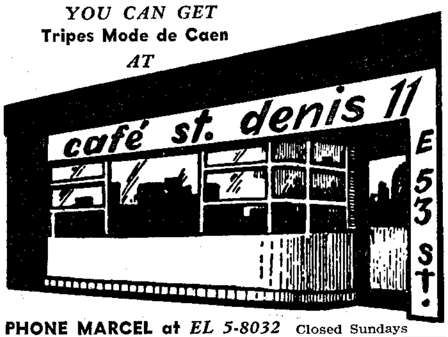

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August 20th. I prefer the orotundity of Werner's prose, but I thought Alsop's logic equally inexorable.

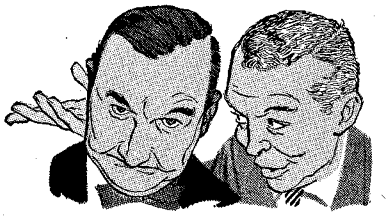
During the last week of August, Werner's war languished. He turned to questions, such as "HOW BIG MUST U.S. ARMY BE?" and "WILL CHINA REDS TRY TO INVADE FORMOSA?" and pedagogic pieces, with titles like "AIR POWER HAS FAILED"—as had been predicted, Werner explained, by "the school of British air experts, led by the brilliant Commodore McLean." In the same column, he wrote, "It stands now beyond any doubt that the fierce American bombing of the North Korean rear and proper strategic bombing of industrial and transportation centres has *not* broken the offensive power of the North Korean Army. It has been confirmed by the last Korean advances on the other hand that the massive intervention of American tactical aviation on the battlefield has been unable to halt the bulk of the North Korean forces." On August 29th, with a slight return of animation, Werner prophesied, "Thus the Battle of the North and the second battle of Taegu will disclose the next pattern of North Korean warfare: whether it will be an attempt at strategic jiujitsu . . . or a steady war of attrition."

September 15th, the day the news of the Inchon landing was made official, caught Werner with a column on General George C. Marshall. "The appointment of General Marshall as Secretary of Defense," he wrote, "will heavily influence American decisions concerning the Korean campaign." On the 16th, Werner was necessarily silent, as it was a Saturday and the *Compass* has no Saturday edition. But for the 17th, by which time the expert might well have taken some cognizance of the new development, he did a long piece attacking General Heinz Guderian, a German officer who had "declared in an interview in . . . the *United States News and World Report* that if there is one soldier in the world who could stop the Soviet offensive, this is still the German soldier." Werner commented, "This is a reckless sales talk, combining arrogance with bragging." On the day after that, he broke the news about the theft of jiujitsu.

Even then, Werner would say nothing to encourage overconfidence. "The effect of surprise, however, might last for only a few days," he warned. "One should not underestimate now the resilience and determination of North Korean leadership. The men leading the North Korean Army are disciples of Soviet Russian and Communist Chinese

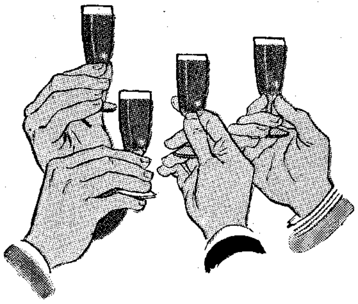
How to keep a dinner off the rocks

Why is Steve so stiff and prim?
We eat well—what's eating him?



Jack's story's swell, but it's a crime
To hear it for the fourteenth time!

Now's the time for cordials, dear—
Herbert's clamming up, I fear.



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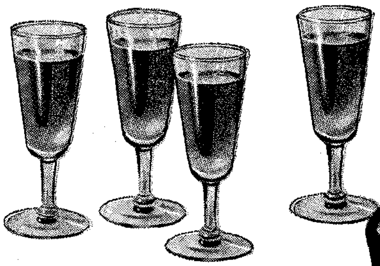

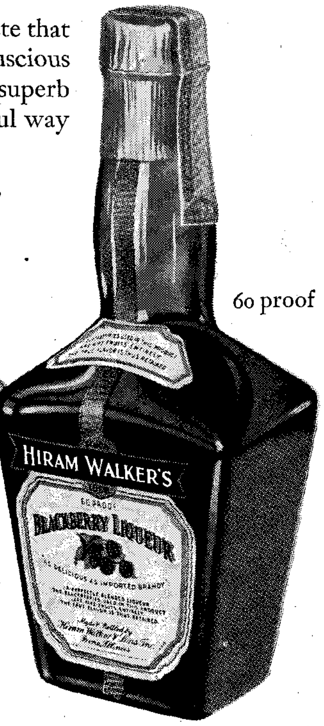

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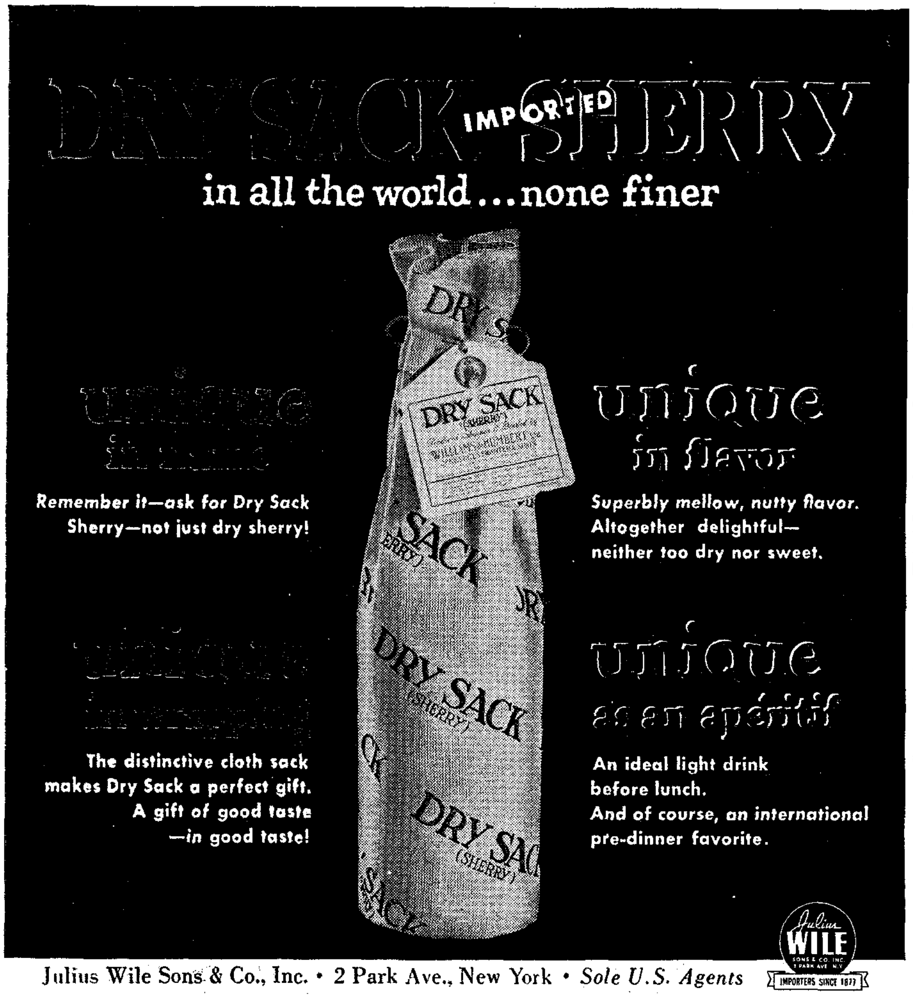

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**do you hate to shop?**

The other day, when a chap we know was making the usual complaints about having to shop, we asked him to elaborate. "What is it," we asked, "that you dislike most about shopping?"

"Well," he said, "I guess I'm a coward at heart. If I don't see what I want I'm afraid to say 'no'. I don't want to seem difficult. As a result I'm likely to take something I *don't* want. On the other hand, my wife . . ."

Yes, we guess that's how it is with a lot of men. And at Wallachs we try to do something about it. To begin with, we go on the theory that it is better to make a friend than a sale. If you don't find what you want at Wallachs we blame ourselves for not having it. And if you buy something and it isn't just right, we exchange it or refund your money willingly, not grudgingly.

As a result, a lot of former shopping-haters now admit that buying clothes at Wallachs is not merely painless, but actually a pleasure.

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strategy. If they have reserves at hand for the defense of Seoul, they will try to proceed on the pattern of the defense of Moscow in October, 1941. If they do not have reserves on the spot, they may shift to the pattern of the Moscow campaign of 1812."

It was not until October 2nd that the military critic of the *Compass* conceded. "The American plan of campaign was a peculiar combination of improvisation and minute detailed work," he wrote, in a column headed "HOW AND WHY OF U. S. VICTORY." "The plan foresaw active defense on land, air offensive, careful preparation of superiority in war material [which Werner had ruled out back in July] and preparation of the final lightning offensive. . . . It turned out that the desperate American defense in the first, unlucky stage of the campaign had a strategic meaning. At the cost of local defeats, the outnumbered, outgunned and outmaneuvred U.S. troops fought for the foothold which had to be converted later into a springboard for offensive. Strategically, the first American defeats were of no importance. . . . The plan has shown originality of strategic concept and mastery of means in the three-dimensional war. Yet the fight in North [sic] Korea was only a local campaign. . . . Toward mid-September, before the American offensive, the North Korean Army had become an infantry mass, without air power, without heavy artillery, and almost without tanks. This infantry mass, with its rear broken by bombing [the bombing must have improved astonishingly since late August], without air cover, without offensive weapons, could not withstand the onslaught. . . . Without air cover the North Korean Army had its communication lines and its rear exposed to the unhampered American air attacks. Disrupted communications and throttled supply have reduced first its offensive and then its defensive strength. . . . Thus, the Korean campaign offered particularly favorable conditions for American weapons. In Korea the strongest power of the Atlantic coalition has fought a weak and more or less isolated Soviet ally."

THE collective, anonymous experts of *Time*, the Weekly Newsmagazine, stepped into the same jiujitsu hold that threw Werner and landed on their neuralgic points. Readers of the issue of the Newsmagazine dated September 18th—which went to press September 11th and was out September 14th—must have been pretty depressed by the lead story, in the first column of the first page of editorial matter. "Something was wrong with the way the Korean war was going," *Time* said right off. "Since the commanders and troops had done well with what they had, it was not hard to trace the fault line back to the men who prescribe the pace of U.S. mobilization. The pace desperately needed to be stepped up. Phase One of the war had been the dismal series of retreats to a defensible beachhead line. Phase Two had been the creditable establishing and holding of the beachhead. But Phase Three—the buildup preparatory to a breakout—was moving too slowly. At the rate the manpower buildup was going last week, a general counter-offensive seemed no nearer than it had when the beachhead was first established. The enemy was still strong, still attacking, still forcing General Walker to dance to the Communist tune. If new U.S. divisions had been flowing faster into Korea, General Walker would by now have some reserves. He would not be forced to shuttle troops from one crisis to another, or to pull war-weary troops into action before they had been rested. It was clearly not enough to kill more & more North Koreans, for the attrition of battle was working both ways. Aside from the fact that attack requires more men than defense, when the projected counter-offensive got under way supply lines would lengthen and the front would rapidly widen out. The manpower requirement seemed to be about 12 to 15 divisions—not bobtailed Johnsonized divisions, but fully manned. . . . The pace of mobilization required by present U.S. obligations would have to be several times the pace at which Washington was ambling last week."

As this issue of *Time* appeared on the newsstands, the newspapers were carrying rumors, without official confirmation, that landings had been made at Inchon. On September 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th, they carried reports of the landing of MacArthur's Second Army and of the progress of the general counter-offensive that resulted in the elimination of the enemy in South Korea by October 1st. The enemy was weak, retreating, dancing like anything to whatever tune General Walker chose to play.

If new U.S. divisions had been flowing faster into Korea before the *Time* lead piece appeared, there would have been no divisions to send to Inchon. The counter-offensive used considerably fewer men than the North Koreans had in the field—a not uncommon circumstance in war, in which firepower and

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THE
**Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune**
COLUMN

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

HEY BALDIE, THE FUZZY hair that sprouts on the top of a head on a bald place is not the same as normal hair. It's known technically as lugo hair . . . Aren't those Californians clever? There's a flower shop in Hollywood with the intriguing name of "Little Orchid Annie" . . . If you want a reason for celebration, this may help you: Automobiles outnumbered horses on American farms this year for the first time in history . . . Identification of football players by means of numerals on their jerseys was introduced with a game between Chicago and Wisconsin universities back in 1913 . . . New item for the TViewing room is a glass coaster coated with luminous plastic. The coaster's supposed to be easy to spot in a semi-darkened room . . . Personal want ad from Los Angeles: "Very unusual man, 36, wants to meet a woman with means." What's unusual about that? . . . A new cigaret lighter is designed to be delivered from dispensing machines for a quarter. And it comes loaded with fuel.

★

IF YOUR LITTLE DEAR doesn't seem to fancy her assortment of dolls, there may be a remedy. Out now is a doll with a blank face. It comes with a set of washable crayons in appropriate colors. Your tot draws her own faces on the doll. When she gets tired of those faces she washes them off and crayons others. Some of the results should be pretty funny . . . Stick a felt corn plaster on the bottom of vases, lamps or other table-top stuff. Keeps them from scratching polished surfaces, gives them padded feet . . . For a weather indicator of sorts, keep an eye on the length of the drapes in your house, especially if they're made of a soft fabric. When humidity increases, drapes will pick up enough moisture to stretch a bit, and when drier air is on hand they'll shrink again to normal size. So, when your drapes lengthen you're probably in for a wet spell . . . The average kiss exerts about two pounds of pressure, according to an instrument known as the kissograph. A fervent one can get up to 20 pounds.

★

**YOU KNOW, SOME OF AMERICA'S best edited newspapers are published in cities so far from the Atlantic seaboard that government and business leaders naturally aren't as familiar with them as they are, for example, with New York and Washington papers. Two of these well edited newspapers, we believe are the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune. The Sunday Tribune has more than 600,000 circulation, the daily Star and Tribune (*morning and evening combined*) more than 475,000. Here are some interesting circulation comparisons:**

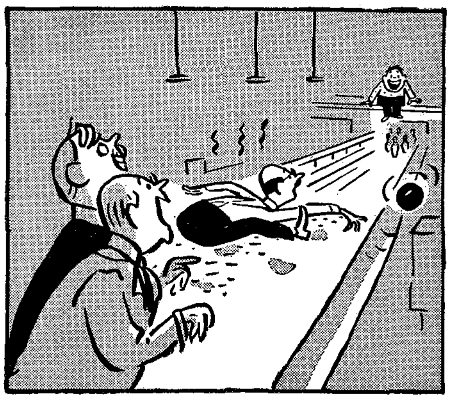
| | Daily | Sunday |
|---|---|---|
| **New York Times** | **544,974** | **1,173,764** |
| **New York Herald Tribune** | **340,905** | **675,105** |
| **Washington Star** | **223,547** | **250,668** |
| **Washington Post** | **187,369** | **195,885** |
| **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** | **475,910** | **603,778** |

**All figures are averages for 6-months period ending March 31, 1950.**

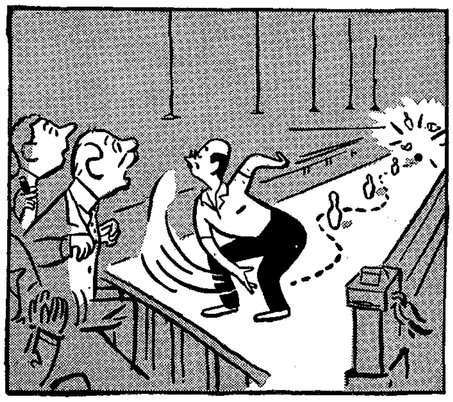
★

CURIOUS STANDARDS OF BEAUTY apply in Europe. Continental men list 27 different points absolutely necessary before any girl is tagged a beauty. Nine sets of three must be fulfilled. Check your own standards against these: Beautiful women must have three white: the teeth, the hands and the skin; three red: the lips, the cheeks and the nails; three black: the eyebrows, the eyelashes, the eyes; three short: the teeth, the legs and the ears; three long: the hands, the hair and the body; three thin: the hair, the hips and the fingers; three full: the arms, the calves, the lips; three small: the feet, the hands and the waist, and three broad: the forehead, the bosom and the space between the eyebrows.

SEVEN YEARS



make a BIG DIFFERENCE



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surprise sometimes offset numbers. The manpower requirement turned out to be one and a half divisions, in addition to the five American and five South Korean divisions already on the scene. No mobilization begun at the outbreak of the fighting, on June 25th, could have resulted in the presence of a single additional fighting man in Korea by mid-September. Basic infantry training alone required thirteen weeks in the last war, and it took a lot longer to make a useful combat soldier. This could have been established by *Time's* research department, if *Time's* collective military experts hadn't been sure.

*Time,* of course, could not have known of the United Nations High Command's plan for the Inchon landing (although its unawareness casts a shadow on its Eleusinian standing), but it might at least have given the Command credit for having *some* plan. A week later, it announced, "The Inchon landing was in the great American tradition developed in World War II. It swept around the sea anchor of the enemy flank and struck at his most vulnerable spot. The combined use of land, sea, and air power has become the outstanding U.S. military characteristic." Mr. Werner's time may shrink, but Mr. Luce's, never.

NEXT to *Time* and Mr. Werner, the expert most rudely *bousculé*, to borrow an expression from the highly competent Colonel de Grandmaison, has been David Lawrence, an all-around oracle who between military emergencies does politics, economics, and general housekeeping. On August 7th, Mr. Lawrence, whose syndicated column has appeared in the *Herald Tribune* since the demise of the *Sun*, demanded the sack for "whoever fostered the idea that land armies of the United States could fight nowadays without armored divisions of tanks" (although we have had armor in Korea, we have had no armored division there) and for "whoever took away from the United States Army its own airplane units . . . compelling the Army to rely instead on the intermittent help . . . furnished by a United States Air Force." In other columns, Lawrence called for the erasure of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the summoning from civilian life of General Eisenhower to replace General Bradley as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and the virtual beatification of Admiral Denfeld, who in 1949 retired as Naval Chief of Operations because of his opposition to unification of the three services. On September 8th,

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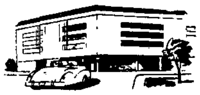

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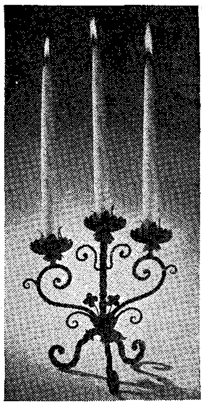

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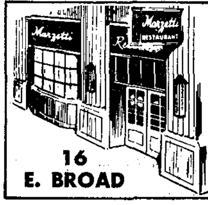

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E. BROAD

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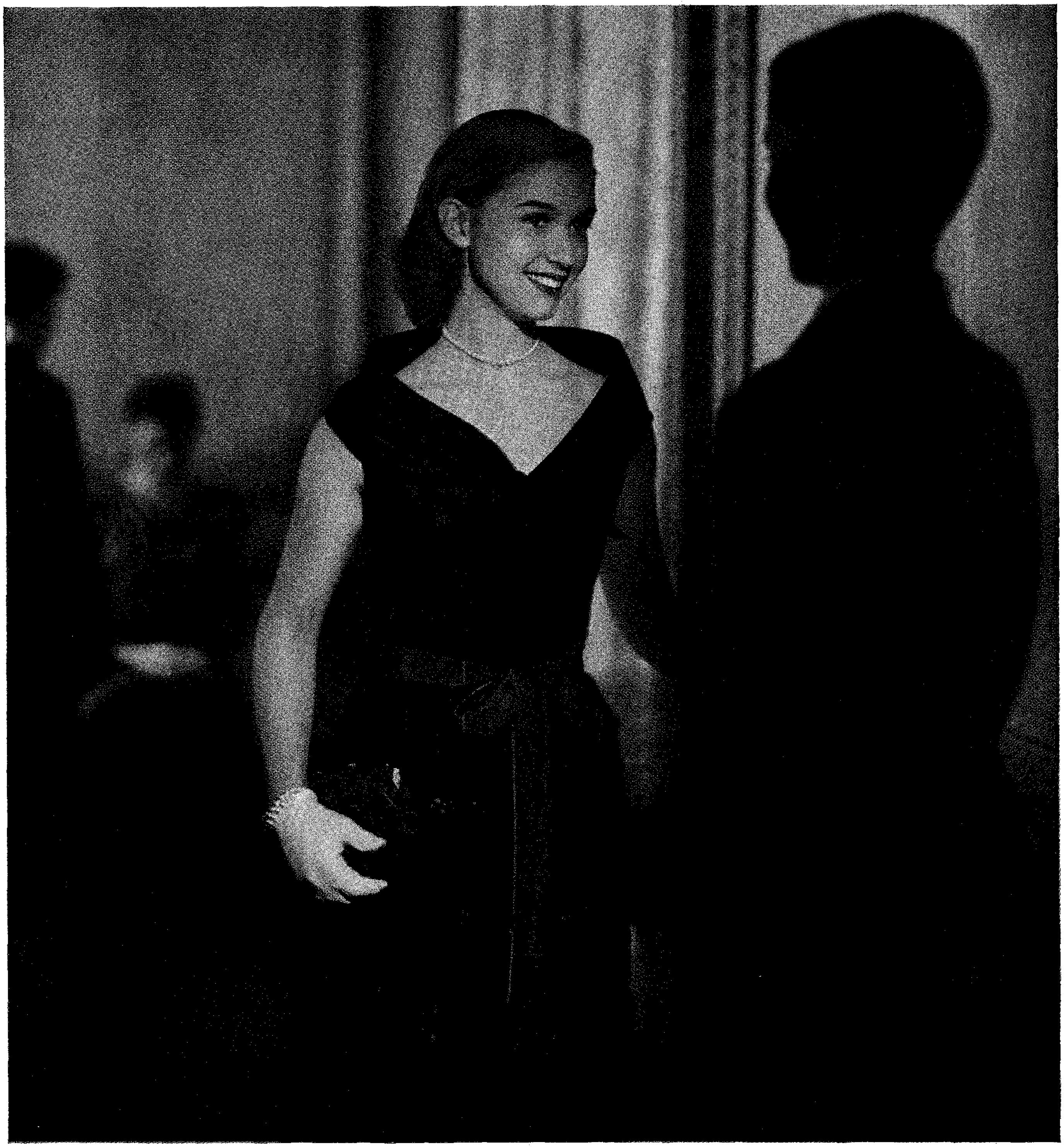

Belle of the dancing class

What could be gayer than this party dress by Suzy Brooks . . . with kerchief neckline and a bright sash to match its peek-a-boo petticoat! The whispery fabric (it keeps time with the music!) is Celanese* taffeta of acetate rayon, first choice with teens.

Navy with red petticoat. Sizes 10 to 16. About $15. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills. For other stores write: Dept. 14-A, Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

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GUINNESS'S EXTRA STOUT
BREWED IN U.S.A.
BREWED & BOTTLED BY ARTHUR GUINNESS SON & CO. INC. AT LONG ISLAND CITY N.Y.
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## How to cook LOBSTER

Open lobster flat. Remove stomach and liver. Crack claws. Prepare a dressing of 1½ cups cracker crumbs and ½ teaspoon salt, moistened with 2 tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce and 4 tablespoons of melted butter. Spread dressing generously in cavity from which liver and stomach have been removed. Cut off the small claws and press into the dressing. Place on buttered broiler, and broil 10 minutes on flesh side. Turn and broil 8 minutes on shell side. Serve with melted butter. One lobster and at least one bottle of Guinness for each person.

Lawrence warned his readers that the State Department was about to appease Russia by letting Communist China into the U.N. "The Administration's argument [for admitting China] is evidently going to be that this will avoid involvement in a war with China and might even cause the North Koreans to let American troops proceed in humiliation to the 38th Parallel," he wrote. "It's a strange plan. It is being called the 'Far Eastern Munich.' " And even on September 14th, the day of the landings, Lawrence was referring to "the debacle in Korea," for which, he said, "the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff are primarily responsible."

Four days later, on September 18th, Lawrence burst from the bounds of his column and was out on the *Tribune's* front page with an ecstatic story that started off: "Now it can be told—the story of a great naval armada of more than 300 ships assembled on short notice and delivering two full-strength divisions at Inchon for a successful landing under the protection of American naval guns and naval air power." (On August 7th, Lawrence had insisted that the United States Navy had been "scuttled.") All the rest of the piece was a torchlight tattoo for the successful joint operation—which had been planned in July, while Lawrence was denouncing the higher military authorities as cretins. His last paragraph began: "Likewise it is good news that the United States Air Forces which have done a remarkable support job in the Far East ["intermittent help"—August 7th] are being enlarged.... Today more than ever the principle of integration of our armed services is being effectively applied." There had been no change in the personnel or procedures of the Defense establishment during the preceding three days; all there had been was a landing.

The "now it can be told" lead carried a suggestion that Mr. Lawrence was, *quand même*—to borrow an expression from the brilliant General Chauvineau ("Une Invasion, Est-Elle Encore Possible?")—an expert, that he had known all along what was going to happen. The question of why, if he did know, he was so consistently abusive is left wide open. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the calendar of a church in Cambridge, Mass.*]

HYMN
OFFERTORY PRAYER
OFFERTORY
"Only a Touch" Ackley

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Now you can fly direct to
LONDON
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by
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In addition to luxurious TWA Skyliner service direct to PARIS, ROME and other European capitals.
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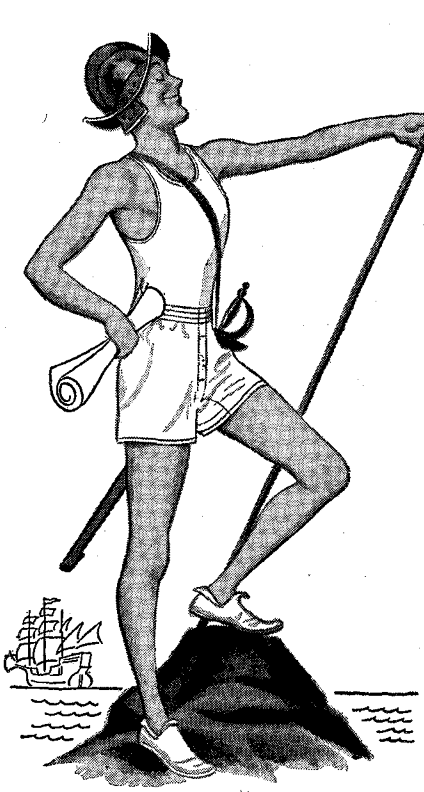

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *Bonanza for Bette*

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"ALL ABOUT EVE" is an account of how a young actress progresses from obscurity to fame. In this it is similar to a good many films that have gone before it, but Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote and directed the picture, has been so ingenious in his treatment of the subject that he has come up with a thoroughly entertaining movie. In place of the usual heroine of this kind of thing—a bright-eyed girl who doesn't doff her Mary Jane pumps until she's called upon to take over from somebody like Helen Hayes on Broadway—Mr. Mankiewicz has substituted an alarming little schemer, willing to indulge in anything from adultery to blackmail to realize her theatrical ambitions, and in following her about he discovers an amusing bunch of people, all of them witty, if not overly wise. As the Eve of this enterprise, Anne Baxter is always interesting to watch, even when her claws are showing a trifle too obviously. Among those she scratches up most furiously are a playwright's wife of infinite patience, and an actress so unstable that her own true love describes her as more than slightly paranoiac. As the wife, Celeste Holm moves ingratiatingly through a role that isn't very taxing; as the actress, Bette Davis finally has a part that permits her to demonstrate, in her high-voltage style, that when her talents are applied to something worth while she can really bring a great deal of authority to bear. Purportedly a woman of forty in love with a younger man, Miss Davis, often in unflattering makeup, jumps from comedy to pathos to hysteria with utter confidence, and she winds up by transforming a most difficult character into a lady who, however shrilly emotional, commands the sympathy of one and all.

With Miss Davis and Miss Baxter running in tandem through much of "All About Eve," the gentlemen in the film have as hard a time making themselves conspicuous as male commuters at a white sale. Of them, I guess George Sanders comes nearest to encroaching upon the ladies. He's supposed to be a venomous drama critic,

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but I doubt whether any of the boys in the play-reviewing line could ever behave as horridly as he does. For those of you who remember Mr. Mankiewicz's "A Letter to Three Wives," I'm happy to report that Thelma Ritter, who was so funny in that one, is on hand in "All About Eve." Just as funny, too.

IN "The Breaking Point," we have a solid melodrama based on Ernest Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not." The locale of the story has been shifted from Florida to California, and a lady undreamed of by Mr. H. has been added to the dramatis personae, but otherwise Ranald MacDougall, who is responsible for the current screenplay, hasn't fiddled around too much with the spirit of the original. This time, Hemingway's boatman does his adventuring down Mexico way, having no luck trying to smuggle a parcel of Chinese into the U.S., and falling foul of a group of crooks heading away from a race-track stickup. He also has an interlude with the lady who got into the piece through the courtesy of Mr. MacDougall, but it doesn't jar the continuity at all. As the boatman, John Garfield is excellent, and he gets fine support from the others in the cast, among them Patricia Neal, Phyllis Thaxter, Juano Hernández, and Wallace Ford. Michael Curtiz is to be commended for his direction.

"TWO FLAGS WEST" tells what happens when a band of Southern prisoners volunteer to help the Union Army fight the Indians, back in the days of the Civil War. As you might expect, the Yankees and Rebels don't hit it off too well, and they both have a hell of a lot of trouble with the Indians. Hardly on the subtle side, the picture does contain as much action as the traffic will bear. Joseph Cotten, Jeff Chandler, and Cornel Wilde are among the chaps in blue and gray, and Linda Darnell is around to stir them up.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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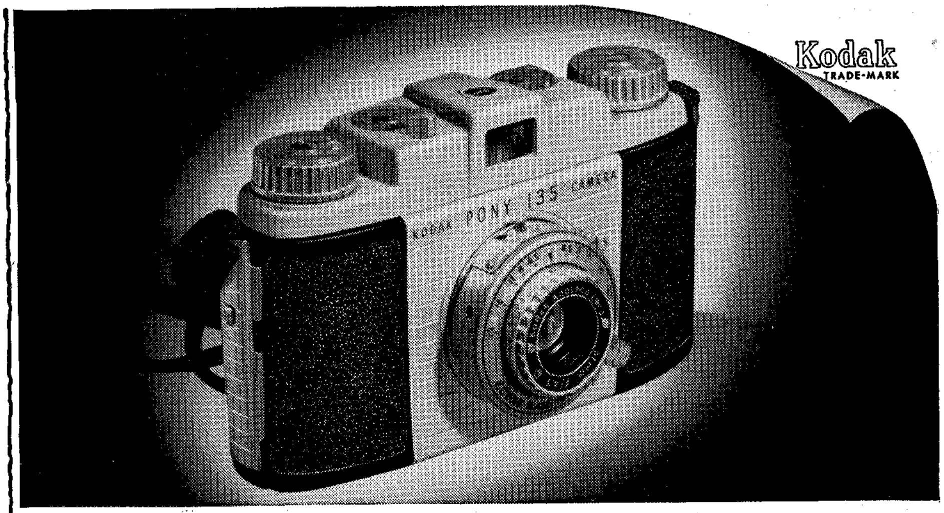

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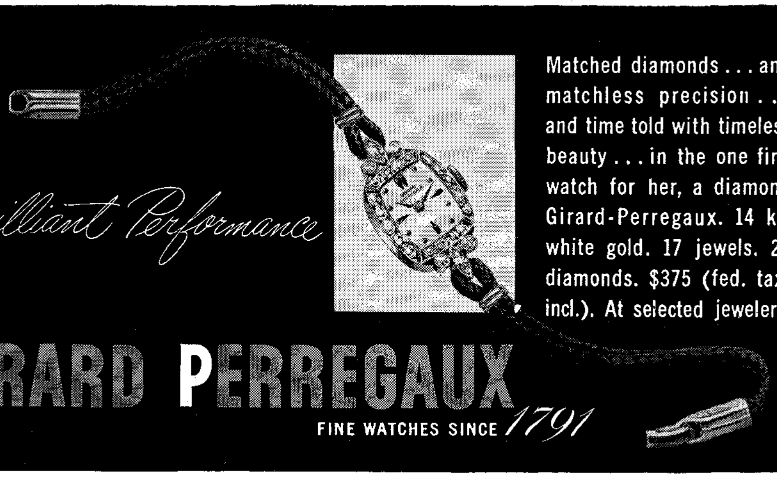

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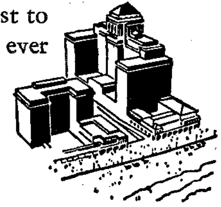

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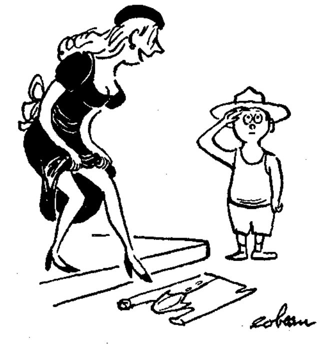

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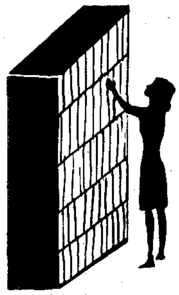
# BOOKS

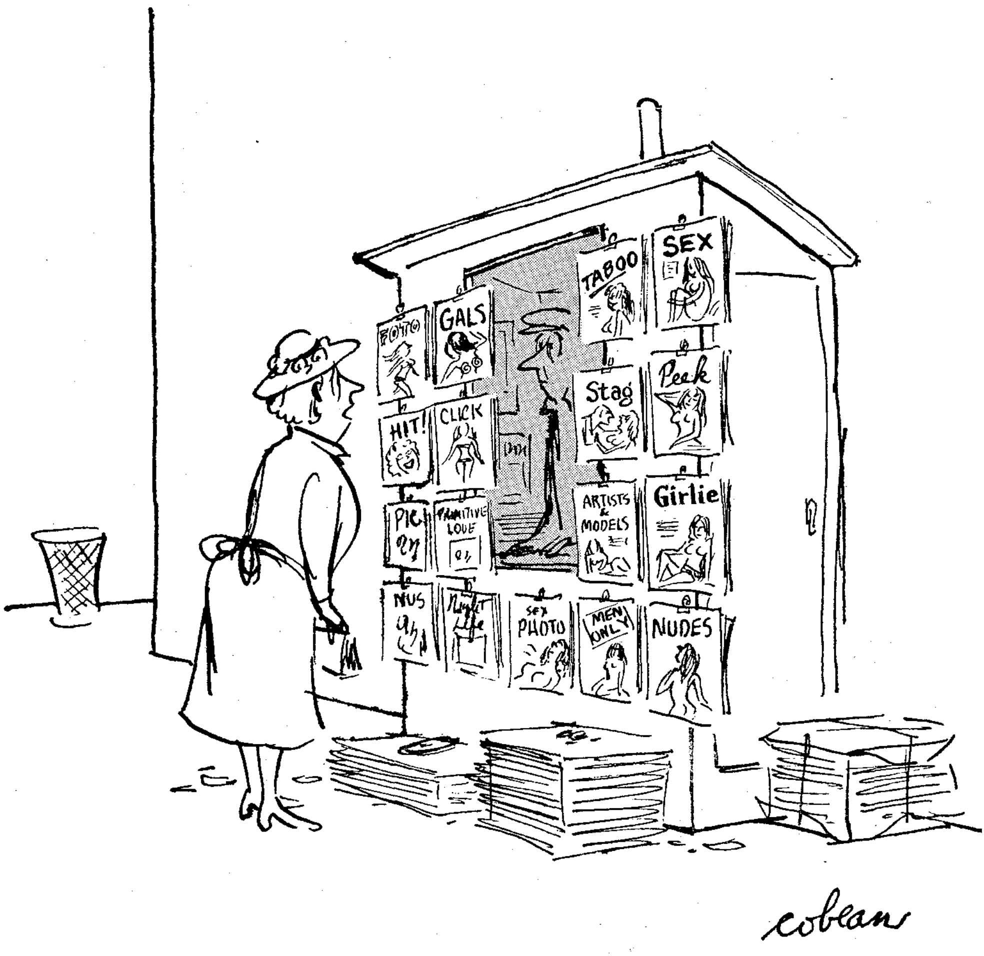
## *The Trouble and the Cross*



IN Evelyn Waugh's "Helena" (Little, Brown), a novel about the mother of Constantine the Great, Lactantius Firmianus, a writer and scholar who was once known as the Christian Cicero, turns up as a kind of Roman Evelyn Waugh. A middle-aged ex-heathen, he is an excellent stylist who has come to look upon the pursuit of style as an essentially frivolous occupation. Nevertheless, he takes a guilty delight "in the joinery and embellishment of sentences . . . in the kitten games of syntax and rhetoric," and he boldly argues that writers, while admittedly a low and lying lot, should not under all circumstances be despised. He points out that Christian writers, for example, can be usefully employed in celebrating saints and combatting heresies. Literature lends itself to work of this nature because, as Lactantius puts it, it has a peculiar way of affecting people: "It has the Egyptian secret of the embalmers. . . . One might combine two proverbs and say: 'Art is long and will prevail.' "

In "Helena," Waugh applies the Egyptian secret to both hagiography and homiletics. Fortunately for the hagiography, he is up against very light resistance from recorded history. Except for the story, apparently a well-authenticated one, that it was Constantine's mother who directed the excavations that led to the discovery of the pieces of wood that are venerated as parts of the True Cross, little is known about Saint Helena. Most historians, it seems, assume that she came from somewhere in the Balkans, but there is no overpowering evidence that she was not the daughter of a Yorkshireman named Coel, or Old King Cole, and it is this remote but engaging possibility that Waugh, who is not the sort to pass up a chance of doing a court scene in which there is music by "three strings and a wayward pipe," chooses to accept. He makes Helena a hearty, intelligent English girl, fond of poetry and horses, who grows into a hearty, intelligent English woman, fond of poetry and gardening. She marries Constantius Chlorus, an Illyrian soldier-politician, and knocks about with him a good deal in the outposts of empire. He divorces her and takes up with a floozy before he becomes Emperor himself, and it is not until after his death and the coronation of their son Constantine that Helena arrives in Rome—a tough, leathery British beldame who has recently been converted and baptized. She brings to the city, where the Christian faith is becoming the property of hair-splitters, logic-choppers, and worse, an honest, hard-headed, no-nonsense frontier Christianity. She has heard and read a lot about the Cross, and she has wondered what ever became of it. She asks Pope Sylvester, who shrugs and says he really hasn't the foggiest notion; he imagines, though, that if God had wanted Christians to have it, He would have given it to them. This strikes Helena as poppycock. "I bet He's just waiting for one of us to go and find it," she says. "Just at this moment when everyone is forgetting it and chattering about the hypostatic union, there's a solid chunk of wood waiting for them to have their silly heads knocked against. I'm going off to find it." Off to Golgotha's westward slope she flounces, and although Waugh introduces none of his outrageous anachronisms in this scene, one can scarcely avoid seeing a lady archeologist perched on a shooting stick, sweltering in durable tweeds, equipped with expensive binoculars and perhaps a thermos of tea, directing the workmen in friendly, authoritative tones. The workmen finally find the wood.

All this is thoroughly acceptable Waugh. It is not the best, but it is far from the worst, which is, of course, none too bad. I am inclined to think, however, that the book stands as a fairly effective refutation of the Lactantian proposition that truth can be pickled and preserved in a solution of style, wit, and piety. "Helena" is a gay, diverting version of an old legend, but it is also a polemic against democracy ("a wave of irrational sentiment, a lump of unconsidered prejudices") and against all kinds of secular liberalism. Waugh has at least as much to say about Constantius Chlorus and Constantine as about Saint Helena. Both were honest, benevolent men, reformers and doers of good works, but evil flourished around and under them. Helena, observing this, ex-



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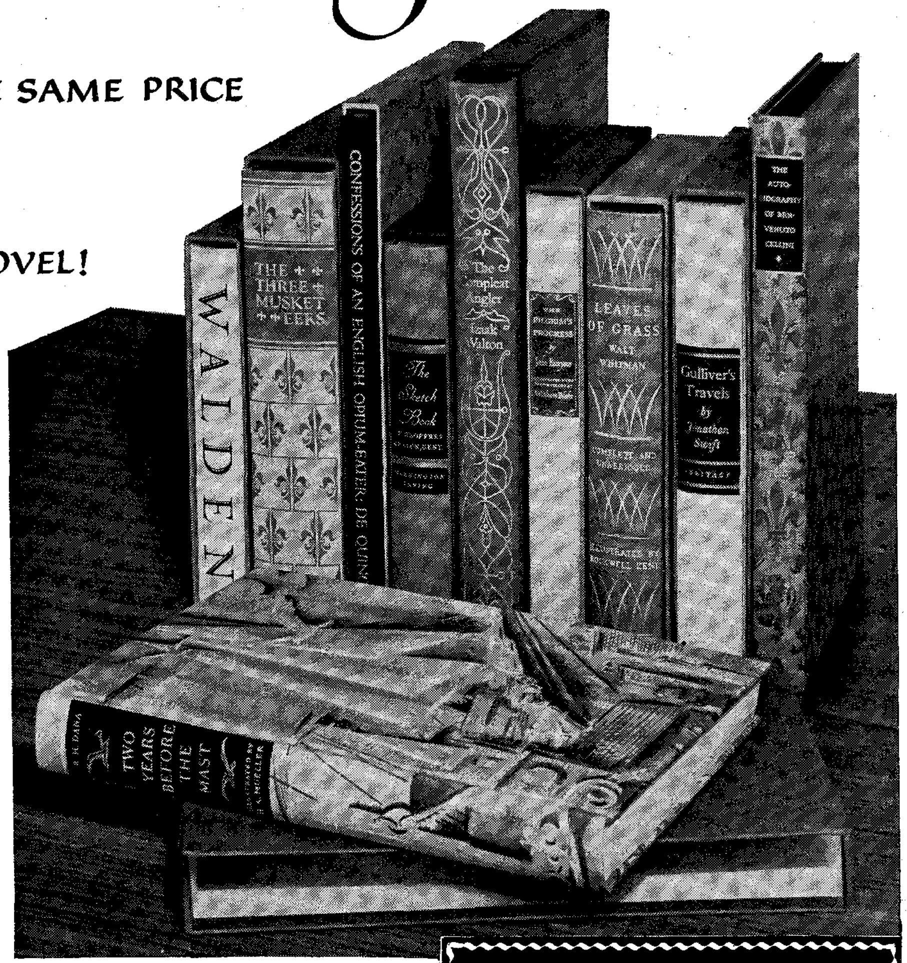
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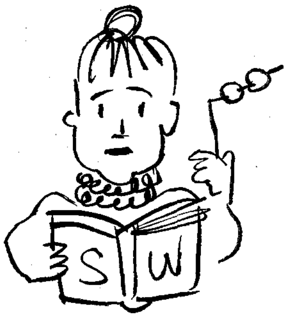
plains that power without grace inevitably leads to evil and that the only grace is the grace of the True Cross. Naturally, the second of these principles is the more important one for Waugh. I think that he fails to establish the antecedent principle and therefore fails to make out a strong case. He expends much stunningly good style on creating a sense of evil, but nothing remotely like evil comes through. Somehow, the murders, the subversion, the vice and corruption of Constantine's Rome seem, in the context, not so much iniquitous as bad form and poor taste. In Waugh's view, a particular evil of the age—in fact, the evil that made the discovery of the True Cross so urgent—was the almost idolatrous reverence for a device of semi-heraldic design, called the labarum, for which the strongest words of disapproval Waugh can find are these: "A magnificent piece of arts-and-crafts."

BRENDAN GILL's first novel, "The Trouble of One House" (Doubleday), is a chaste, austere, disciplined work of fiction in which the author, by muting his prose and keeping himself in hiding from start to finish, appears to be insisting that he be judged purely on his sensibility and imagination. These are obviously not his only gifts, but they are the only ones he has chosen to put on display here. He never once indulges in the kind of writing that calls attention to the art rather than to the matter. He does not interpret, interpolate, or intrude on his story in any way. By his uncommon restraint, he appears to be saying that he will speak through his characters or not at all. Happily, his characters do speak for him.

They are, on the surface, a drab crew to be coming along in this day of topical and highly colored fiction. They are all middle-class Irish-Americans in a middle-sized city—denizens, in short, of the American middle depths. With one exception, they lead lives of desperation; in most of their cases, it's loud desperation. The undesperate one is Elizabeth Rowan, whose death, from cancer, gives the book's title one of its two meanings. Among the Irish, one gathers, "trouble" is a euphemism for "death" that the refined and delicate use when speaking to the recently bereaved of their bereavement. The loss of Elizabeth is the immediate trouble of her household; it is, too, an event that illuminates assorted other troubles, or disturbances, among the survivors in her family and in her circle of friends, confessors, and attendants. To say that Elizabeth was



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a saintly woman would be to speak one kind of truth about her, but it would be, I think, to go a bit further than Gill himself would have gone if he had indulged in any asides or commentary. She was intelligent and charitable. She loved easily and truly. She was pretty much without self-concern. This last is what sets her apart, for the thing her death reveals is that the self-concern of the general run of mankind is powerful enough to assert itself in the face of any tragedy. Self-concern is not only universal and formidable; it is quite intricate. There are wheels within its wheels. Elizabeth's sister Margaret, the one completely vicious character in the book, shows it in her own unlovely nature by the diligence with which she carries on her hunt for incriminating evidence of it in the others.

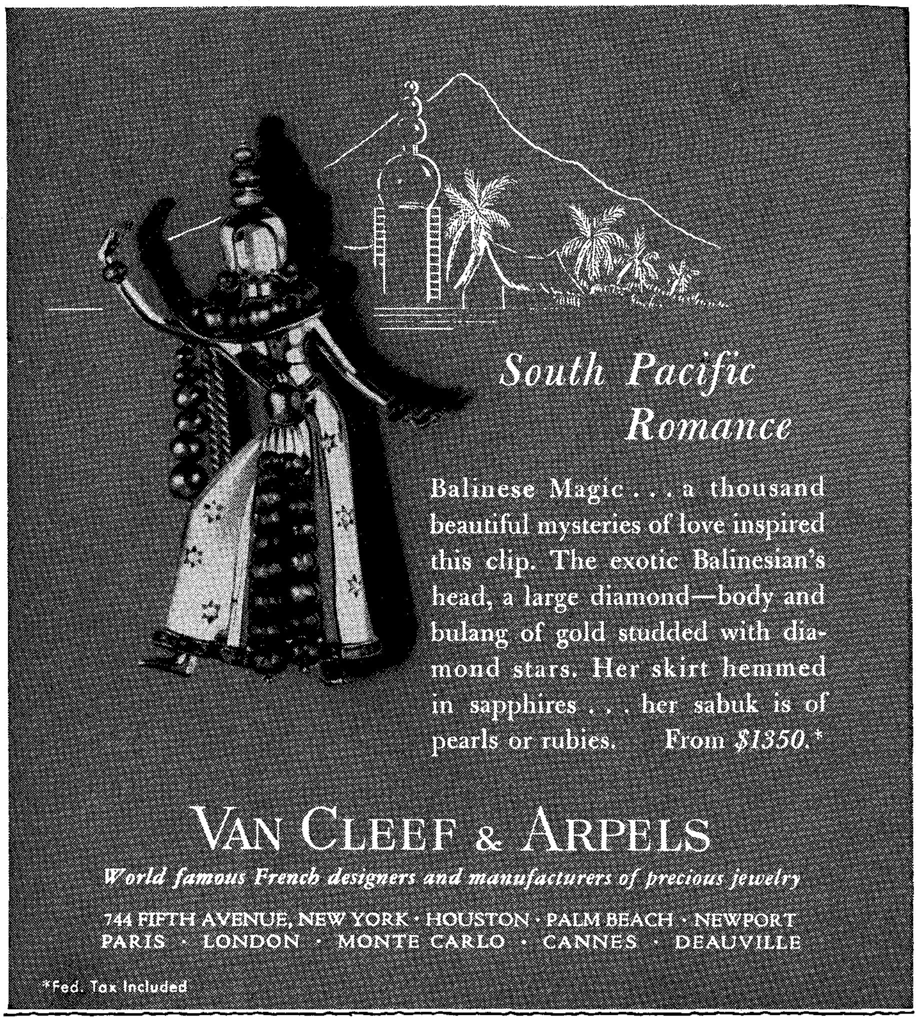
Between Elizabeth, good, and Margaret, bad, there are perhaps a dozen others. Among the best are two priests, one pleasant but stupid, the other unpleasant but wise; an undertaker, not lugubrious, thank God, but only awkward and melancholy; and Elizabeth's three children, bruised, bewildered, and altogether pardonable in their unconcealed self-concern. Gill has done a memorable job with all of them. If I have any fault to find, it is the tendency he shares with a great many other good writers to impart too much of his own felicity with language to his characters. They fence with one another a bit too adroitly; their skill and marksmanship in giving hurt to one another is a little too high to be altogether believable. Taken by and large, though, "The Trouble of One House" is a deeply moving work and one of the highest integrity. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A FEARFUL JOY, by Joyce Cary (Harper). Mr. Cary writes about Tabitha, quite pretty, quite loving, altogether good-natured, whose life is an accident from beginning to end. Being completely at the mercy of those she meets and pitifully at the mercy of those she loves, Tabitha is also entirely at the disposal of the reader, who can make her the heroine of a love story, the dupe in a melodrama, the central figure in a somewhat untidy pageant, or the very image of all human beings trying to keep going, according to the way he reads the book.

SON OF A HUNDRED KINGS, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday). The story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of an English waif named Ludar Prentice, aged six, who arrives, penniless and alone, in the Canadian town of Balfour in the year 1890. Mr. Costain conducts Ludar through the years of his boyhood and includes a chatty history of almost every member of every family in town. With so much happening, and so much back gossip to catch up on, there is, of course, no time to waste on personality or on a consideration of the driving human needs that most writers contend with when they come to deal with human creatures. Literary Guild selection for November.

The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth, B.A., by H. F. Ellis (Little, Brown). This story, told in diary form, of a mathematics master at an English preparatory school appeared originally as a series of pieces in *Punch*, and proves once again that no one can top a skillful English writer in the field of pure comedy. Mr. Wentworth, who sees himself as a victim but not as the natural target he is, records the daily skirmishes with boys, other teachers, and the headmaster that explain, he feels, how he came to lose control one July day and fling an algebra text at the head of a child named Mason. It's hard to tell which is funnier, the deadly poise and deadly strategy of the heckling British schoolboy, whose every impertinence scores a bull's-eye, or the foolishness and incredible resilience of Wentworth himself. He has all the requisites of a perfect clown, and the fact that Mr. Ellis lets him play both hero and narrator makes the joke a double one, for we can thus watch his tumbles and recoveries through his own self-approving eyes.

Go Home and Tell Your Mother, by Max Wylie (Rinehart). A novel about all the things that happen to a twelve-year-old boy, the son of a tyrannical Presbyterian minister, in a supposedly placid Ohio town during the summer of 1910. Mr. Wylie's premise that both adolescents and small towns are potentially explosive is, of course, an inarguable one. In elaborating on it, however, he exposes one unfortunate youngster to a number of experiences, both emotional and physical, that might well be considered par for a lifetime. This overambitiousness puts considerable strain on a style that is admirably geared to describing the minutiae of Middle Western life and to estimating the perils of excessive piety

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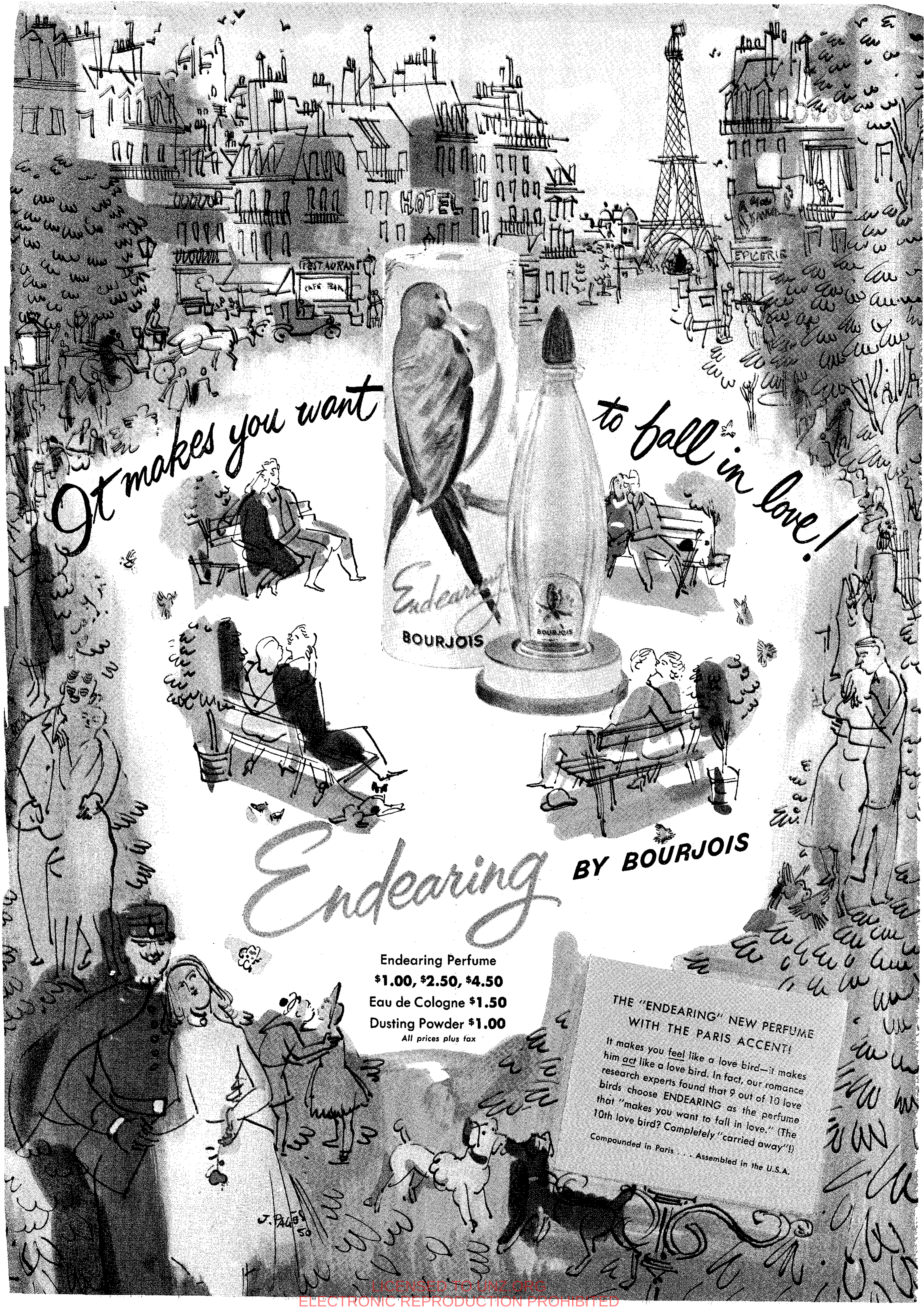
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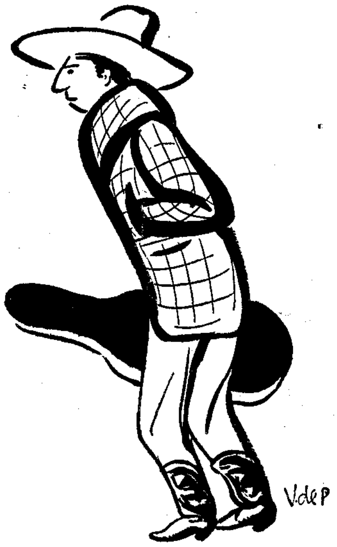
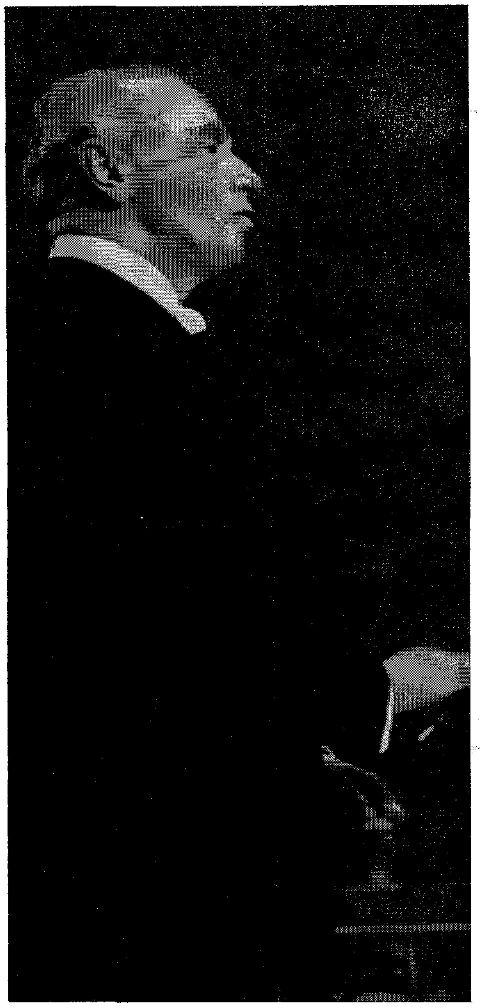
but doesn't rise successfully to the demands of cumulative tragedy.

THE INVISIBLE WORM, by Gordon Sager (Vanguard). A beautiful, rich, elderly lady named Madeleine West slashes her wrists in her magnificent Sicilian villa, and a lot of people, affected more or less by her death, wonder how she came to do such a thing. Mr. Sager starts off with the suicide and devotes the rest of his time to the wondering, which takes him to a great many parts of the world, including various American cities. He writes lightly and with polish, producing a briskly melancholy tale that is easy to read and just as easy to forget.

THE WATCHFUL GODS, by Walter Van Tilburg Clark (Random House). A series of sweeping panoramas of land and sea and sky, in which birds and animals appear by right while the people who turn up from time to time are only strays, living in loneliness. Even when Mr. Clark puts four walls around these people, or takes them into town, they remain dwarfed creatures, certain to be outlasted by the places they inhabit. The best of the stories, perhaps because it is the most human, is "The Indian Well," in which a prospector takes revenge for the murder of his only companion, a burro.

THE SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). For the most part, Mr. Aiken's stories are rueful, diffident, and wry, with an undertone of intimacy that is half their charm, since it leads us to believe that we are hearing something quite secret and possibly scandalous about the lives of the nice, ordinary people he is concerned with. These stories, which are of every type, have no theme in common, un-





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less it is the notion that most people compromise and complain and make mistakes, and that they are to be liked and respected none the less for that.

NOTE: "Mixed Company," a collection of short stories by Irwin Shaw, most of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Random House.

## GENERAL

THE EMERGENCE OF LINCOLN, by Allan Nevins (Scribner). A two-volume continuation of the work Professor Nevins began in his "Ordeal of the Union." The author, one of the ornaments of the ever-flourishing Lincoln industry, covers the four years preceding Lincoln's election—the years of unhappy impasse between the ambitious and arrogant South and the bullheaded, implacable abolitionist North, an era of political chaos unequalled in our history. Buchanan was, of course, President at the time, but the first volume is dominated by Stephen A. Douglas and the second by the emerging greatness of Lincoln. The political figures are seen, as they were in the first installment of this chef-d'oeuvre, almost completely in the context of their times, for the author has ranged widely over the period and has neglected none of the cultural, social, and economic factors that gave it its peculiar quality. Illustrations.

THE BEWITCHED PARSONAGE, by William Stanley Braithwaite (Coward-McCann). A study of the Brontës of Haworth Parsonage and the literary works of the three ladies of the household. Mr. Braithwaite goes at his task with an air of misgiving. "To tell again the story of the Brontës is to invite the captious eye of the literary historian," he says. He needn't have been so apprehensive, for the book is excellent. His critical evaluations of Anne, Emily, and Charlotte, and especially his discussion of the revolutionary impact of "Jane Eyre" on Victorian society, are acute and of considerable substance, and his treatment of Branwell Brontë and the story of how he came to ruin is compassionate and sensible. So is his handling of the Reverend Patrick Brontë, one of the pet tackling dummies of captious literary historians and outraged lady biographers. Portraits and photographs.

WAR AND CIVILIZATION, by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford). Observations on

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war, man's principal "engine of social and spiritual self-defeat," culled from Toynbee's six-volume "A Study of History." (Little of this material is included in the popular one-volume abridgment of that masterwork.) The selections were made by Albert V. Fowler, in consultation with the author. The categorical tone this great historian takes is both impressive and frightening, for it is plain he has no doubt that war, for whatever cause, including that of "saving civilization," must in the end—however distant that end may be—destroy civilization. There are no ifs, no buts.

JANE MECOM, by Carl Van Doren (Viking). A biography of the youngest of Benjamin Franklin's sixteen brothers and sisters, and his favorite among them all. Jane—or Jenny, as Franklin called her—married a poor and chronically ailing saddler in Boston, and spent most of her hard life there. She saw her adored brother only on very occasional visits, but she followed his vivid progress in the newspapers and kept up a correspondence with him until his death. Although many of their letters are still around, the late Mr. Van Doren had to do a prodigious amount of digging before he got enough facts about Jane to enable him to attempt a full portrait study. He hasn't quite accomplished that, but he does present, without fictional embellishment, a sketch of a remarkably spirited woman who, harried by the worst kinds of misfortune (eleven of her twelve children died before her, two of them insane), fought through to a serene old age and was one of the lights of her brother's life. Illustrated.

THE WISDOM OF THE SANDS, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (Harcourt, Brace). In Saint-Exupéry's great, soaring books, there was always a vein of mysticism, in which some hostile critics discerned an aura of Fascism. In this "*œuvre posthume*," which he worked on for many years, he gave the mystical side of his nature its head, and the result is regrettable. Saint-Exupéry's life, spent in the clouds in more ways than one, and his death, while flying against the Germans, were unequivocal answers to his detractors, but this last testament, an extended parable about a prince who rules over an imaginary desert realm, seems to be a song of praise for hereditary aristocracy and a defense

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of the divine right of one man, or an élite hierarchy, to command the destinies of lesser men—for their own good, naturally. The book is poetic in tone and, in a non-Christian sense, religious. It is sometimes obscure and sometimes tedious, and it will do little to increase the author's deserved reputation as a writer of clean, hard prose.

SNOW, ICE, AND PENGUINS, edited by Charles Lee (Dodd, Mead). The story of Antarctic exploration, as told by the men who did the exploring, or by those close to them. Mr. Lee has drawn on many of the great books about adventure at the bottom of the world, and his selections are first-rate in that they constitute, in one volume, a pretty well-rounded account of what Antarctica is like and what anyone who goes there is up against. Captain James Cook recounts how he crossed the Circle, Dr. Charcot describes an Antarctic picnic, Amundsen tells of the actual discovery of the South Pole, and there is a long excerpt from the harrowing diary Captain Scott kept during his fatal trek back from it ("There is little doubt that we are in for a rotten critical time going home"). The penguins, who are the aborigines of Little America, are dealt with in a fascinating article by G. Murray Levick.

PEOPLE NAMED SMITH, by H. Allen Smith (Doubleday). A compilation of information, a good deal of it very diverting, about the possessors of what is currently by far the most widespread surname in the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Smith, who probably qualifies as the most indefatigable of the whole clan, hasn't limited himself to a geographic survey, however. His Smiths turn up in history, fiction, the *Social Register*, *Who's Who*, Sing Sing, and elsewhere. An exceedingly thorough piece of work, which may, unfortunately, pall a bit on readers who bear the name of, say, Robinson.

PILGRIMS IN THE NIGHT, by the Rt. Rev. Edward E. Swanstrom (Sheed & Ward). A book, addressed primarily to American Roman Catholics, in which Monsignor Swanstrom calls attention to the serious plight of twelve million people who were forced to quit their homes in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and other countries after the war and dumped into Germany, the land of their presumed ethnic origin. These expellees, as they are called, are not rec-

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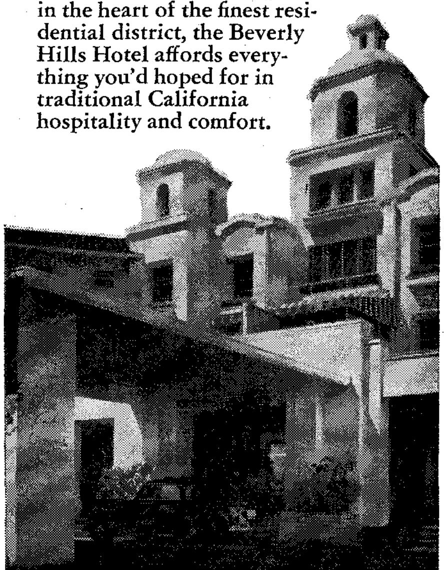

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ognized as an international responsibility—as, for example, displaced persons are—and no official national or international committee is directly concerned with their welfare. They are starving, jobless, and dying in a defeated country that cannot fulfill the needs of its own citizens. The author concerns himself with typical individuals, portrayed in case histories and in terrifying and pitiful photographs, and he makes a strong appeal to common humanity to do something about the sufferings of these victims of the concept of mass guilt. He also quietly reminds us that the millions of young people among them who are growing up without hope, religion, or ideal can be a vast potential for evil.

SCIENCE AND THE GOALS OF MAN, by Anatol Rapoport (Harper). Subtitled "A Semantic Orientation," this unheralded book is a brilliant, important, and marvellously readable attempt to explore the human values implicit in positivistic science. Dr. Rapoport, a professor of mathematical biology, a concert pianist, and a semi-pro semanticist, asks that we define our problems in operational rather than formal terms, and thus automatically focus on the *operations* that may lead to their resolution, with predictability the only criterion of truth. The pompous jargon that afflicts most semantic popularization is rare here, and the usual patronizing of benighted earlier thought that sees philosophy and religion as "the babbling of a child learning to speak" is kept to a fortunate minimum. Dr. Rapoport writes with eloquence, wit, and a majestic faith in human sanity.

THE ART OF T. S. ELIOT, by Helen Gardner (Dutton). Miss Gardner concentrates on a detailed interpretation of "Four Quartets," but she sees these later works in the light of Eliot's work as a whole, and she analyzes the earlier poems and plays with sympathetic insight. Part of the book is based on a series of lectures delivered by the poet in Oxford in 1948. A volume to stand beside Matthiessen on the now crowded shelf of Eliotiana.

THE POPULAR BOOK: A HISTORY OF AMERICA'S LITERARY TASTE, by James D. Hart (Oxford). This study of American best-sellers is an undistinguished book from the literary and critical points of view, and though the author does make some effort to explain the social reasons

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for the changing fashions in books, it is not interesting to read straight through. But it is valuable as a work of reference for students of literature and history. A chronology makes it possible to look up the best-sellers for any year from 1561 to 1949 for which information is available. The statistics in the text on sales are, however, incomplete.

THE MAKING AND MEANING OF WORDS, by G. H. Vallins (Macmillan). Another of those popular books about language—this time a discussion of English from the points of view of etymology, grammar, spelling, and punctuation. It should be entertaining as well as instructive for anyone who has enjoyed Mencken's "The American Language." Mr. Vallins—though he pays his respects to the enrichment of the language by Americanisms—is occupied almost exclusively with the native English of England, and is especially interested in sorting out the French, Saxon, and Danish elements in the language.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF MALTE LAURIDS BRIGGE, by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by M. D. Herter Norton (Norton). This is Rilke's central prose work, and a key book in the genesis of what has come to be known as "modern sensibility." First published in German in 1910, it later became widely known in its French translation, on which Rilke collaborated with Maurice Betz. The only previous English translation, "The Journal of My Other Self," done by John Linton, has been out of print for some time. This new rendering is painstakingly accurate and adds a series of notes that help to identify difficult allusions as well as to place the work in relation to Rilke's develop-

ment, which last is important because of the work's semi-autobiographical character.

PORTRAIT PAINTERS, by Allan Gwynne-Jones (British Book Centre). Portrait painting is and always has been a highly specialized form of art, and when done by a master it can express and illuminate the artist's philosophic approach to life and humanity as perhaps no other art form can. Yet the subject has rarely been treated as other than a sort of by-product of great painting, and this book is one of the first in English to pay it the respect it deserves. There are a hundred and sixty-three full-page plates, in halftone, ranging from the earliest known Greco-Roman funerary portraits, through all the subsequent great European schools, to the present, and though the choice near the end leans a bit too heavily toward the English (the author is an Englishman and a portraitist), the selection on the whole is wise and authoritative. There is also a running commentary on the artists that is both succinct and informative.

SYMBOLS, SIGNS & SIGNETS, by Ernst Lehner (World). Though this was designed chiefly for those interested in the graphic arts, it is the kind of book that anyone who has a fondness for the oddities of artistic expression can pore over with delight. Its field embraces the codelike simplified symbols that men have used, both before and after the development of the alphabet, to express personality, ownership, or ideas, and it covers pretty much all branches of the subject, from the ancient religious, astrological, and alchemistic symbols down to modern hobo signs and Western cattle brands. The interrelation that crops up unexpectedly among them (such as the curious similarities between some of the cattle brands and alchemistic symbols) is only one of the things that give the book its charm.

ENGLISH FURNITURE ILLUSTRATED, by Oliver Brackett (Macmillan). Not only will this handsome volume, with its two hundred and forty illustrations—a revised and greatly enlarged edition of an earlier work—doubtless prove an invaluable guide to collectors, but anybody with the slightest feeling for antique furniture is bound to treasure it as a beautiful picture book. Not the least enlightening feature of the work is the use of numerous reproductions of

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With a Denicotea cigarette holder you cut down on these poisons, *without giving up a single cigarette!* Try the Denicotea *anti*-nicotine, *anti*-tar diet for 11 days. After you see how much better you feel, you'll *never* go back to smoking without a Denicotea!

**NICOTINE AND TARS *are better in* HERE *than in* YOU!**

*That's why so many doctors and dentists strongly recommend Denicotea for constant use.* They know that nicotine and tars trapped in the efficient Denicotea crystal filter *can't reach, can't harm* your mouth, teeth, gums ... your nose, sinuses, throat ... and lungs.

Denicotea, with aluminum ejector and 11 filters........$2.00

Lady Denicotea, long, slim, with gold-tone ejector and 13 filters........$3.50

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*LESTER LANIN*
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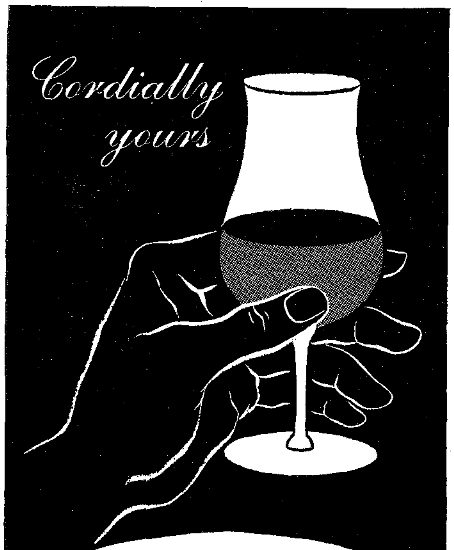

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is the key to the world-wide preference for exquisite Garnier Liqueurs. All popular varieties, plus exclusive specialties. Both French and American.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
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paintings of indoor scenes by English artists—Hogarth, Arthur Devis, and others—showing the furnishing of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century interiors with some of the very pieces, or their duplicates, that appear in the plates.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Shot of Murder, by Jack Iams (Morrow). Rocky Rockwell, city editor of a Middle Western paper, wangles a free honeymoon by volunteering to locate an American singer who has mysteriously disappeared in Poland. He has trouble en route with agents of the Polish government and with a Dr. Edelweiss, who is far too free with his syringe. Assisted by a brunette adventuress who dislikes the Communists because they have no chic, and a pediatrician who has just discovered vodka, he finds the girl in a sanitarium. Her memory is practically gone, but she responds when he sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" to her. Amusing treatment of fairly routine material.

Butcher's Dozen, by John Bartlow Martin (Harper). Fine, exact reporting, aided by what seems to be an almost infallible ear for police and underworld vernacular, of six celebrated murder cases, including the apparently aimless, and still unsolved, killing of twelve men and women in Cleveland between 1935 and 1938; the rise and annihilation of the Shelton gang in Illinois; and the death, in Wisconsin, of sixteen-year-old Pat Birmingham at the hands of a college freshman named Milton Babich. Mr. Martin, an old newspaperman himself, tells each story in a competent manner. Highly recommended to those who like their homicides handled with style and restraint.

•

Ontario hunters can co-operate with the Research Division of the Department of Lands and Forests by shipping buck deer heads to the Department's cold storage plant in Toronto. It is hoped to secure a few hundred of these heads for the research project being carried on by the division. Fish and game are co-operating fully in this regard.—*Ontario Government Services.*

Vanity, probably.

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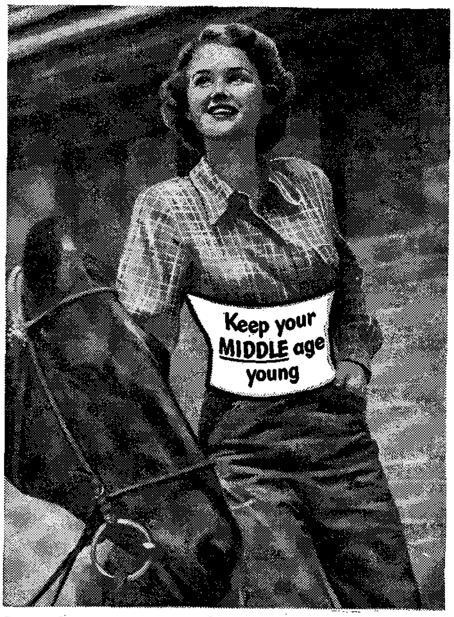
### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Picture caption from Parade*]

Believe it or not, President Truman and Betty Grable both have same type figures . . .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**THOMAS' PROTEIN BREAD**
*—for reducing diets*

Two slices of this famous loaf contain about the same calories as an 8-oz. glass of orange juice

THOMAS' PROTEIN BREAD
THOMAS' PROTEIN BREAD

THIN SLICED
*SO DELICIOUS*

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YOU'LL FIND THAT CONTINENTAL TOUCH AT THE
**DORSET**
*Bar Cafe*
luncheon through supper
HOTEL DORSET
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*Nick and Arnold present*
**EDITH PIAF**
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
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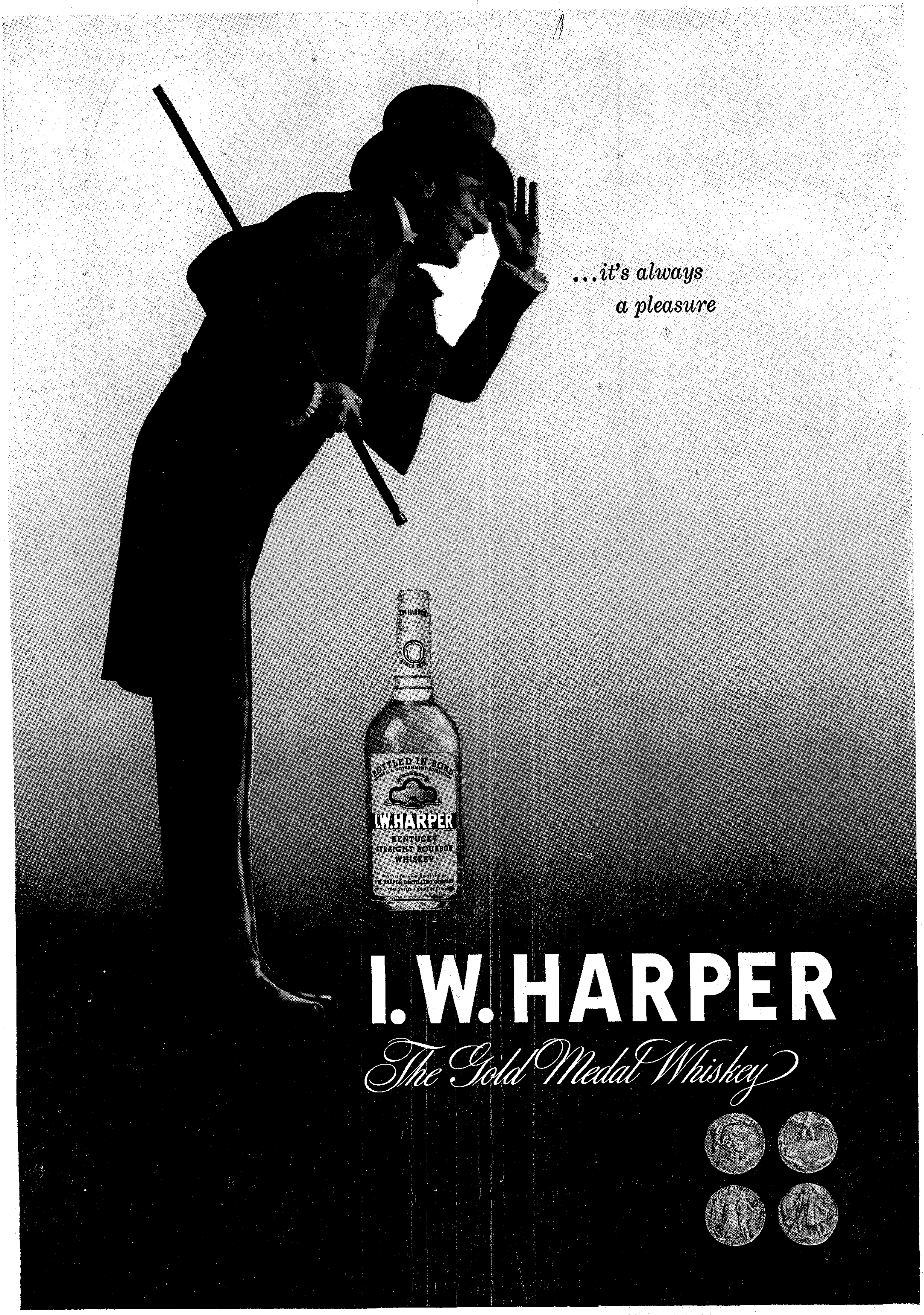
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